

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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FROM AN AUSTRIAN PRISON

BY ALICE G. MASARYK

[THE writer of these letters is the eldest daughter of the late President of Czecho-Slovakia. Her mother is an American lady, and she herself, in preparation for a life of service, spent many months in residence at Hull House, Chicago. Her father, in private life an eminent professor of economics, has given his best years to the enfranchisement of his country. In order to curb his revolutionary activities, since Professor Masaryk was himself beyond its grasp, the Austrian government, in defiance of law and civilized usage, arrested the daughter and kept her imprisoned as a hostage. During the long ordeal Alice Masaryk wrote continually to her mother, and from these letters, which tell their own story and are so full of the spirit that brings Liberty into the world, the *Atlantic* is privileged to make a selection. — THE EDITORS.]

IMPERIAL ROYAL PRISON
VIENNA, November 12, 1915.

MAMA, —

Well, I have arrived quite without mishap in my native city. The journey was not bad. A beautiful day — a yellow light everywhere — like *Worpsvelde* — the plain near Wisch! The real thing!

Here it is more according to the *Fidelio* effect. I am in K. K. Landesgericht (state) prison, but we will not speak about that; one must have character, and I have given my word not to complain; on the contrary, to get the best and most human experience out of my relations here.

And now, how are you, my splendid, noble mother?

A little too much for a mother's heart? Please, no. Everything is all

right. Every experience helps us in life, and this is truly better than the *Ladies' Home Journal* experience which many women have. Even so, I would by no means be opposed to a little piece of garden. I shall have my books, and then I shall be saved entirely.

I had hoped that I would not please them here; that, as soon as they saw me, they would send me back. But they have left me here. However, 'Thy will be done!' A kiss, and an end to these things.

Perhaps I shall get a room for myself and then I shall look still more blooming. Each one of us has his cross, but one must have firm muscles in order to carry it. And so I am a Hercules for my cross, and bear it smilingly. But to see how the people here have taken root in their misery, and with the second step

have succumbed with sighs and tears! I shudder! I am oppressed by the deep misery of humanity. Yes, mama, if they free me, I shall live still more intensely, and strive humanly for the simplest and noblest things. The life of Christ!! — But really I must stop.

Send me the books in my black book-case, the ones I had prepared for the winter session. My work!

I should like to hang up a couple of pictures from the Modern Gallery. — Would it be possible?

Have you found a nurse — a good one?

Please tell my friends to write to me. I shall write in German, for it will be sent quicker if I do. Greetings to all!

I am as always,

ALICE.

[A. G. M. came to the prison from the railroad station on foot, carrying her baggage, and arrived at 11 P.M. The warden led her to the cell, where she received scant welcome from her fellow prisoners because of the already overcrowded state of the room, 12 by 14 feet, in which twelve people were forced to live. In these crowded quarters the mattresses piled in one corner during the day covered the ground at night. The warden, who undressed her, and took away everything that might suggest the slightest bit of comfort or luxury, was most favorably impressed by the silk lining of her coat, which at once established her social position.]

November 23, 1915.

DEAR MAMA, —

On the 20th¹ I was with you the whole day. I am always. Sixty-five years old and yet you are not alone, mama! I know you better day by day and treasure you unendingly.

When I was traveling to America the

¹ Her mother's birthday.

sea one day was quite still, like a mirror in which the face of the heavens was reflected; in the distance it was a bit 'ruffled.' An endless quiet reigned — it was boundless, full of strength, beautiful. And now I too am quiet and industrious. 'I do not cry over fate' — I only do what I can, and stop.

Often I see beautiful pictures before me, very often the sea. The contrast is marked. Here everything is narrow, small; there all is large and open.

I am so sorry that I could not send you any roses. (Here at the utmost I could only decorate a straw pillow with a mouse and send it — and such an expression of reverence would hardly be allowed!) In the night my arms were filled full with lovely roses; then from the Imperial gardens came two women who carried more baskets of them. I chose a couple of long-stemmed buds, wonderfully formed, and added them to my roses. The women said that there was a bower of unbelievably beautiful roses — I should ask the Kaiser for them. I entered the garden and found myself among the loveliest rose-beds; the courtyard had a splendid appearance. I got my roses and promised to come again. 'Such a dream can only come from contrast.'

I look very well and feel finely. I take care of keeping the house in order.

Indeed, I would not allow the wardens to be discourteous to me, and if it is necessary, I ignore them. The wardens are not so bad as I imagined them to be during the first days. I live, learn, and like everyone — there is nothing else to do. Write, and think of me as well, strong, and happy.

Many, many kisses.

[Once A. G. M.'s fellow prisoners understood who she was, they lost no opportunity to express their respect and admiration for her. They felt the influence of the spirit of freedom that radi-

ated from her, and they loved the artistic grace that her red-and-white striped uniform of a nurse and her red slippers expressed. She had served as a nurse in the hospital in a city in southern Bohemia the preceding summer, and had worn there the uniform and slippers which held the admiration and interest of her fellow prisoners.]

November 25, 1915.

DEAR MAMA, —

Yesterday I had a very severe headache and then I understood how weak people can suffer here — and it then is hard! But I began to philosophize a little — thought over the meagre relations between body and soul. Then I called on God for help, and now I am quite normal again, quiet — but also with firm faith! I should like to know if all my friends love me and think about me. I write only to you, because I don't want to bring trouble to anyone.

Listen — I must tell you a wise saying of Buddha: 'Right faith, right decision, right word, right deed, right life, right endeavor, right thoughts, right self-abnegation.'

There are five political prisoners here and one — God alone knows under what category she comes. She looks like the old woman in [Turgenieff's] *The Spade*. It is an art to look on at the inner, individual world from the outside. It is necessary to be very clear and pure. You know that I hate and despise talk which has two meanings, and I have already turned and made a *break*, and now I have peace. I know a new side of the world. No amount of social pathology gives such an insight as this. At first I felt horror at the injustice of the jail-keeper and nausea at the common criminals. God, how unjust! All, all are human beings, and in each one flickers the divine spark, no matter how miserably small the flame sometimes is, put out through poor education, greed, or a desire for power.

Two sparrows have come to visit me — God bless their warm little hearts! They open their little bills and look pert and happy.

So is it granted to each one

That his spirit may press upward and onward
And lose itself far above us in blue space.

Hurrah, hurrah! it cannot be the lark. It is only the sparrow against the sky and the chimneys. Ah, mama, love me, believe in me, that I may love truth with my whole soul and work once more for unhappy people. I feel power, and I see that my interest will be kindled anew here. Long live social pathology! How necessary it would be in our prisons! But I will not talk about it. For heaven's sake, write.

[The cell was white-washed, and on the court side had two windows near the ceiling. It was furnished with a long table, three benches, one tiny washstand, two small pails for dirty water, two pitchers and a row of shelves, whereon each prisoner kept her very small store of belongings. Each had a folding bed, consisting of three iron horses covered over with thin wooden slats on which reposed a straw mattress. The cell was designed to admit of no privacy.]

SUPREME COURT, Cell No. 207.
December 1, 1915.

MY DEAR MOTHER, —

I am afraid that sometimes I write too disorderly. I confess that I have been through a depression which I wanted to laugh away; that is one method, but not the right one. Three days long I suffered physical pains in my heart, and I could not sleep; which is quite excusable, if you consider things as they are in reality.

A great sense of peace came over me to-day. I felt myself to be young, for I was strong and healthy. To-day I feel that I have changed completely. I feel as if I had died physically, and a new

human being had come into birth. Can you understand this?

My dear mother, everything seemed to be so dark here. Now, although I see many gloomy sides, I also begin to see the good and the human. One must be and *should be* just.

I should like to know if our friends remain faithful even in misfortune.

In this peace I consider my whole life. The Slav and the German have melted in me together in this hard test; it has always been fatal for me: on one side the highest exaltation followed by deep depression; on the other side the faithful and the strong — the brain. Now I imagine I have reached a combination where there is a grade of development. This grade, I hope, we shall reach in Bohemia too! I saw so often proofs of it.

With regard to this state of mind I do not expect the impossible, but I take without a shudder what is given to me, hard and bitter as it may seem. I know there are a great many people who give advice without knowing why man really is as he is. 'Here I stand and I can do no other,' said Luther; and I feel as he did.

Mail is so slow here, it is possible that you will get this letter only by Christmas. What does Christmas mean? 'Peace to people of good-will' — no more and no less. It is much. You, mother, you have the right to this peace, for I do not know any person of better will possessing so much love of truth as you do. — And I? I wish I could go once more through the days of my early development. No, I am still in development, and to-day I still feel a longing for truth. I hope I shall be permitted to have books and to write. It is said about Kant that he took a walk only once a day, but he *always* had sky over his head. Only good-will, and you can feel even here that there is blue sky over your head.

December 2, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Last salute of fire, heavy drums, music going home, a gay march — formerly it was a melancholy funeral march. There are often funerals in Olser Street. I find my identity in music. So often I long to hear the harp and piano — to listen to some pieces and forget myself entirely. Orpheus was a happy man; he gave deep peace to men and animals.

I find peace only in work. Often I see very sad things.

Goethe says: 'A miserable state of mind is the consequence of cowardly thoughts.' — Yes, miserable — this is the right word.

I should be much better physically even than I am; but please be convinced that I have always aimed for a better life and do so from day to day.

Olser Street! What a fate for me! When I was standing at the threshold of my life in the Public Hospital,¹ I had no notion how my life would turn out! I do not mind the hard situation for myself — I am only very sorry for my friends, because they feel for me. I am rather indifferent for my own sake.

I am thinking of you so often: —

Oh, what about the love of a mother!
In the mountains you do not extinguish it,
In the sea you do not drown it.²

Now *au revoir*!

December 11, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER, —

William Shakespeare was a fellow!
Two Gentlemen of Verona: —

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lamentest.

To-day was such a fine day. At four o'clock we went for a walk. O mother, the sky! I look at it, and forget every-

¹ She refers to her first experiences when, as a medical student, she worked in the Prague City Hospital.

² From the *Cosmic Poems* of John Neruda, a famous Czech poet, who died in 1899.

thing, everything. It is surrounded by the square frame of the prison roofs; from one side you may see the top of a high birch tree, in the background the fine tissue of branches; otherwise, only the Renaissance sills of the Court of Justice, and even this gets a reflection of the sky — yes, even the prison is surrounded by the sky. At four o'clock we took a walk, three soldiers watching us. But the clouds! They were light pink on the night-blue heaven. The sky did not light. Then suddenly I discovered the silver moon among the pink clouds, and not far from this the lovely evening star. Everything was so free.

Music in the afternoon: a funeral — a beautiful funeral march, beautifully harmonized. I went for a walk with a poor woman, evidently paralytic. What contrast between her and the clouds!

In this meditation I have forgotten where I really am. When I awake, I cannot remember; all at once I find the way, but I cannot understand why I am here. At the end I remember all. So, —

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lamentest.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Yes, now I have courage to stand alone in the world. *Alone* — there is such a great force in it. The right to love you all — that is my birthright.

Good-night, dear mother.

[The prisoners were expected to take a walk every afternoon. No regular time was set: it might be between one and two o'clock, between two and three, between three and four. It all depended upon the whim of the soldier who had charge of the prisoners at the time. He came to the cell-door, and shouted, '*Spazieren gehen*' (Go to walk!). Prisoners from about four cells went for this walk at the same time. In the yard, which was only about forty feet square, grew several chestnut trees; also one birch in which a blackbird had her nest.

Three soldiers guarded this yard, and the prisoners had to walk two by two, going round in a circle, thirty at one time. The period was as long as the soldier who took us out decided it should be — a half hour, three quarters, or a full hour.]

December 12, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Sunday. — Behind the grating a pure sky, a soft wind; both windows open.

Depression in my forces; the skull — what a small house for the brain! Sudden change at noon: strong will for life, for love, for truth. Victorious above all — like the Victory of Samothrace — in the kingdom of truth and soul. Nothing useless — but life.

A man who wants good must not succumb to weakness.

I have always understood Christian duties, the faith and love — but now I see that hope has a place in the life of man.

The anchor, yes, the anchor is on the ship when it is far from shore, when foaming breakers assault the keel in rage. Sailors leave the anchor on the ship when it is not used for the moment. Why cast it away? Many a ship that has passed through a storm has reached the quiet bay in safety by the evening. Then the anchor fastened the ship and the sailors stood in longing, contemplating the windows of their native town, gilded by the evening glow.

And if the anchor should not be used at all? Is there any change in the subject? Sailor to the end. Long live my ship! Cheers to the tempest that sharpens my forces!

For goodness' sake, don't stop loving me.

[No date. Received December 17, 1915.]

DEAR MOTHER, —

Only imagine I am standing at the seashore, relating, relating, convinced

that you hear me. It does not occur to me even to stop, for it seems to me that you answer me, that you feel with me. All of a sudden I awake from this dream — silence all around me, the gray sky over my head and the sea murmuring, roaring, ignoring completely my presence — that I am standing here with hope and longing, courage and resignation. Waking up is so sad. May be that you, far away, are standing at the sea like that, too, and are longing like me.

Man disappears as a stone in water. We see some rings, which spread to the bank more and more slowly; now that last ripple splashes, and it is silence — deep silence! And so I disappeared here. And now, after resurrection, I seize work again and want to live on with my own life here at the bottom.

I hear that books have been sent to me. It is so hard for me, so hard, that I do not know what is going on out-of-doors, how you live in Prague, and how you all are! I have had such a fit of anxiety for you that I really thought it was all over with my understanding.

Now I make the decision — for the second time already — to approach the chalice with my lips and drink as if it were honey.

Could I not get some old illustrated American newspapers? It is such a pleasure for me to see people in movement.

I see that I must not be petty. Bells are ringing, ringing, rising from depth toward heaven. How I would love to be changed into the metallic sound, which is vibrating, mounting higher and higher until it melts in heaven. Such longing! It is to be seen that things are not going so badly with me yet.

December 23, 1915.

MOTHER, yesterday I wrote you from the shady side of my existence —

I felt so tired. I feel fresher to-day. It is snowing, and I shall take a walk now.

To-morrow is the 24th.¹ The thought that you are thinking of me makes the evening quite tolerable: I am thinking so much of you.

You have often mentioned that I shall understand you when we are far from each other. It is not quite true: I always used to love you; but it is true now that I see you free from the petty Prague conditions; it must have been very hard for you to live there and educate us in your own spirit. Your faith is the right one — I acknowledge it fully. Olga² will probably develop to this spiritual truth, and we all shall live in it united — if I shall be bodily present then; this is another question, but of no importance.

I do not mind that life is a little unpleasant, you may feel quite easy.

In the calm night I was thinking of the following verses: 'In the midnight sky an angel appeared and sang a quiet song; the moon and the stars and clouds.' It has so much feeling. I thought of [John] Huss — I must think much of him and admire him greatly.

Good-bye, my dear mother, and write me, if you feel inclined to.

I got 200 crowns. I am not permitted to get any cakes in my cell.

Time-table

MOTTO: 'In spite of myself.'

6 o'clock: Getting up. Fixing room.

Washing. Gymnastics.

7.30: Coffee. Social pathology.

12: Dinner.

3 P.M.: Coffee. Wardrobe. To keep shoes in order. Gymnastics.

When light made: Belletry.

8 o'clock: Going to bed.

¹ The evening of the 24th is the great Czech Christmas celebration.

² The younger sister; an active member, before the war, of the World's Christian Student Federation.

[This letter reached Mrs. Masaryk when she was utterly alone in Prague. The soldier son, Jan, at the last moment was given leave and managed to reach home late Christmas Eve.]

January 3, 1916.

On the *first*, in spirit I wished you: Here's to 1916!

I have not written for a couple of days, for two reasons: first, I was not well; and second, I had no paper. Before me on the table lies Asard's *Welfare and Regrets of Youth* — a very practical book; and there are moments when a wave of happiness softly soothes my wounded spirit — that is, when I forget myself in my world of work. The promise of the family life as it goes on in our villages demands regulating, to give the woman who expertly rears a family warmth and happiness. It is true that I always believe in the family, but I take conditions as they are, and I have found my place in just these conditions. Dear mama, it could be an unbelievably pure, helpful, and æsthetic world. When I think about my room, about music, pictures, and sculpture, it is beautiful; when I think about the relation to the children of a great city, it is helpful; and when I think about the relation to God and people, it is pure. Now I have been cruelly thrust out of the world, and I feel forsaken by God and man, because this is not what I have been destined for, and I am powerless, helpless as a child; whereas in my own world I was sure and joyful as a man. May God forgive me that I ever thought of such things at all! But why groan? This sounds like complaining again. Prison, everything, is nothing to me; only my inner struggle tires me to death.

I often think of Jane Addams; I see here her strength, gentleness, better than ever. Oh, if I were only like her!! Funny, I could have worked near

her; but it would not do. Home! Home!

I spend a good deal of time thinking about religion. I see that Olga is right in many things. I often think of her; if I could only press her hand once more! A sister remains a sister. It is a wonderful relation. I am afraid I shall make your heart heavy, but to-day, for instance, I slept only from 7 till 11 o'clock — too little. I look fairly well. How are you, mama? This is to be my last mournful letter! !

I love you. Your praise is too great: I have not yet grown to the aim of my life.

January 7, 1916.

Let's have a little visit in Prague, shall we, mother? Are the trees bare already, as here, and does a steady wind blow? And how are you, mama? Peaceful? Have you the complete peace of which you spoke? I can well believe it.

Life here is monotonous. To-day is letter day. We are all sitting around a large table. There are six of us in the cell. Four political prisoners; two seem different. One is a twenty-two-year-old girl — a little angel, always helpful, always good; a Pole, who is clever and has her own sense of humor; a teacher from Moravia, kind and phlegmatic; a pretty young Jewess with pleasant manners; and a woman — Rubens in Viennese dialect. One day is much like the next; there is little to describe. My inner life is not very rich, either. There is always a self-imposed circle. Things which I had no suspicion existed, or were of any importance, become the centre of attraction. The arrest — why? etc.

I am fundamentally somewhat superstitious, and you know that, at the beginning of the war, I felt that I would not survive it. I see myself now as a superfluous back number, and treat myself like a historical factor. The core

of man is at the heart; the expression is 'pierced to the heart.'

It is hard for me; it hurts — physically, it is true.

Your letters are all right. Mama, you prize me too much. I realize that only a tiny little step more is necessary to bring complete, immediate joy of life, but already I have lived for many days in a firm, assured freedom.

I have such great love for you that it almost hurts me.

Now I have still one other request. I should like to have the following books:¹ Huss's *Postila*; Neruda's [*Cosmic Poems*]; Nemcova's *Bavicka*; New Testament; Kallab; —; Englis —.

[The hour set for rising was five o'clock in the summer and six o'clock in the winter. No one had a watch or clock in the cell; therefore we had no way of measuring the time; but the bell of the prison church rang the hours for us. The beds, during the daytime, were piled together on the dark side of the room, in order to provide space in which the prisoners could move about. The removal of the dusty straw mattresses raised great clouds of thick dust every morning.

At seven-thirty breakfast was brought on a wooden tray and set outside the cell, on the floor. The woman warden called out, 'Suppe!' There were just two varieties of this morning soup. One was thickened with brown flour and was fairly edible. The other was dubbed 'mattress soup' by the prisoners. It was made of some sort of preserved meat and was absolutely uneatable.

The task of sweeping the floor and of washing the washstand, of carrying out the closet-pail and the dirty water to the hole in the floor that led to the sewer, fell to two different prisoners each day; a duty they gladly accepted,

¹ This list was heavily censored.

because it meant a walk of some twenty steps out of the cell. Twenty steps seems like a long walk when you are held in a prison cell 12 by 14 feet, with eleven other persons. We used this opportunity to get in touch with people we knew in other cells. One would engage the woman warden in a long conversation, while another ran to the cell of our friends, knocked on the door, and called out 'Nazdar Jak se Mate' — Greetings: how are you?]

January 11, 1916.

MY DEAR MOTHER, —

How good it is that you write so often! To be quite honest, I confess that I have two bright moments in the day: early, when coffee comes; in the afternoon, when the mail is distributed. I probably do not look sick, so you can rest assured as far as that's concerned. If I could only make a dash for home!

Early this morning, before coffee, we went for a walk. There is a very simple Ruthenian woman here, illiterate, black eyes, a little heaven-reaching nose, bow-legged, little, haggard, miserable. She is always happy when we meet in the yard. Although she is older, she calls me 'my mother' and she says I do her heart good. Her voice is like weeping — as the Ukrainian melodies are, if you have heard them.

I shall write more to-morrow.

Ah, mama, I hope you are well.

January 14, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER, MY DARLING! —

The road to hell is paved with good intentions! Therefore I must confess openly that my road is a broad post-road in this direction — I am big in good intentions. To-day I wished to be up all day; now I will be merry; this evening I shall take my bath, etc., etc., and therefore —

O my mother — to know that I still

have you in the world! You know that it is a fact that I am an ass; that an ass in sunny Dalmatia is a useful animal is true, but demand that an ass enter a Derby, and he is out of it. I am an historic example that powerful fathers (and father is that, in spite of everything) have a third or even a fourth as strong children. The world condemns me because I am stupid and awkward. I am. I understand child-protection and child-care to a certain extent, and could do a small but first-class work in that line. In politics, however, I am an ass, and I had better be a funicular railway operator than to bother myself with such things.

So! Strong language! Not womanly. God! if I could only be a woman in my own white room. Do you know that they even attack my honor! *You* know: 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as white as snow; thou shalt not escape calumny.' — My mother! how have I turned to battle, to purity, with my whole soul! *You* at least believe that I have been an honest person, don't you?

It seems to me that I have plunged myself into unhappiness through my temperament. I know that if I were a bee in a hive, I would build up cells; so I thought of my life in the state which I recognize, and *now!*

Mama, good-night. I must sleep. I should like to sleep.

January 21, 1916.

DEAR MAMA, —

To-day is the 21st, and I received yesterday a letter dated the 18th, so I was very happy.

I now can stay in bed longer; then I wash, and every day in warm water. It is very dirty here, much soot, as is usual in the centre of a large city. Please send the clothes and the blue dress with mother-of-pearl buttons, the black blouse with the white fastenings, summer nightgowns (I have only one here),

warm, gray stockings. That is about all.

How are you? If we could only have a week together! You must feel how I love and treasure you. I have entirely other feelings about myself.

Until we meet again! That is my 'business'!

January 21, 1916.

P.S. I feel that still another change is happening to me. At the bottom of it all, God knows whether I am an arch traitor or not; I trust my judges to find it out, and, if not, God. I am in his hands. I always intended the best, and if I die to-day I have not lived without a little bit of work. I will sleep, live, and then the end. I have the right to rest.

[Little water for washing was available, because the receptacles for carrying were few and too small. The two small pitchers conveyed so inadequate a supply that it sufficed the twelve prisoners only for washing their faces. There was also a lack of clean towels, one of which was served to each prisoner only once in two weeks. Those who had money were permitted to buy soap. Baths were very rare. (Later A. G. M., by dint of persuasion, obtained more water for bathing — even a tiny pitcher of warm water.)

No one had a mirror in prison — that was considered a luxury. The only way we could tell whether our hair was neat or not was by watching our shadows on the wall in winter; in summer, we observed our reflection in the pail of water!

The prison physician had ascertained that A. G. M.'s condition required that she rest a great deal; therefore she was permitted to stay in bed as long as she pleased. She had been wise enough to bring with her a pillow and blanket, and her bed appeared royal beside those of other prisoners.]

January 22, 1916.

Darling MOTHER, —

It is said that women are like our grandmother Eve — they enjoy things that are none of their business. So it is with our lady-wardens — the ‘lion-keepers.’ They read and reread our letters, and are well posted in financial as well as private and intimate affairs of the inmates.

I am healthy, though I sleep little. If I am sad, it is not the prison — more the surroundings. I think of my life, and that I was not prepared for this trial. You know I just began to realize my ideal in life; if it had happened a little later, I would have had so strong a character that I could have laughed most of the time. So do not worry about me. Everybody gets what he deserves, and it is an experience, anyhow.

My soul! It is most of the time dead, and I work like a puppet by brain work. That instinctive overflowing life, which was so strong in me this summer and spring, where I worked and lived simply because I could not help working and living — that’s put out. Well, true history will be a judge of my deficiency — to be in a prison and be sad, is mean. Ah! well, what shall I do? I cannot help it. And it might be such fun!! That’s what kills me.

Be sure, mother, that I do *all* to keep well. You are right in all your ideas. I remember that last evening, when we took tea in my room. Is my room as it used to be? Pictures, all? Thanks for love.

There is a lady here — about forty. She has been in prison nineteen years. Our cell seems a dream to her; for it’s large, light, well-ventilated, and is not in an overcrowded district. We are only political prisoners, with the exception of one lady, who is here because of her husband. They are all

young, twenty-three years the whole group. I used to be young in spite of years: they all thought I was not thirty when I came. Now I look my thirty-six, which is what they call a wise, ripe age.

Well, a kiss!

January 23, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER, —

To-day is an unbelievably beautiful day, isn’t it? ‘Spring sweeps through the birches.’ Is the day just as perfect in Prague? To-day I saw you in a dream — you were in a light-green dress, in Bystricka in our home. I smiled at you — that was all. I had no idea how deeply I love you and what good *friends* we are.

You must pardon me, — and the honorable Mr. Censor, at least, — if my letters are somewhat confused. It is often very much against my will that my mood rules me instead of *vice versa*.

I have been reading Goethe. He says that dilettanti put passion in the place of purpose, are always subjective, do not describe the circumstances, but only their own feelings in regard to the circumstances. Well said!

My letters are empty, are n’t they? but heavy with great love.

I often think of America. There the world and a career were so glowingly open to me; it would have been wonderful if I could have been in social work there for ten years and then come back here. Only my love of home and my own brought me back.

I am such a village person.

Many greetings from your loving

ALICE.

[The following note from one of A. G. M.’s students in the Sociological Section throws light on the mother’s condition at this time, of which A. G. M. was entirely unaware.]

January 29, 1916.

Mrs. Masaryk is very ill. I was aware of that before, but not until yesterday did I know the nature of her malady. To-day she has three troubles — hardening of the arteries, heart-disease, and some kind of nervous spells. She is to remain entirely quiet and is not to become excited. How is this possible, with all that she is experiencing? Her relation to Masaryk was so ideal. He

always wrote her daily, and in Vienna she acted as his secretary, worked with him, knew everything; and now that they are parted from each other, they may not write. Mrs. M. promised the police, and I believe fully that she keeps her promise. She despises a lie. Moreover, she knows that Alice's position would become more difficult and that she does not desire. Mrs. M. is a lady before whom one must bow deeply.

(To be continued)

MAROONED ON MATAORA

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

THE sun was low when the Faaite steamed out through the pass and headed for the Cook Group, six hundred miles west and south. Dark clouds hung over Raiatea, — Rangi Atea of Maori tradition, the Land of the Bright Heavens, — but the level sunlight still illuminated the hillsides of Tahaa, the lovely sister-island, protected by the same great oval reef. Far off to the north, the peak of Bora Bora towered abruptly from the sea.

It was not yet the season of the Trades, and the northeast breeze which followed us brought a sweltering heat, intolerable anywhere but on deck. Worthington was sitting beside me — a lean man, darkly tanned, with very bright blue eyes. His feet were bare; he wore a singlet, trousers of white drill, and a Manihiki hat — beautifully plaited of bleached Pandanus leaf — a hat not to be bought with money. The dinner-gong sounded.

'I'm not going down,' he remarked; 'too hot below. I had something to eat at Uturora. How about you?'

I shook my head — it needed more than a normal appetite to drive one to the dining-saloon. Banks of squall-cloud, shading from gray to an unwholesome violet, were gathering along the horizon, and the air was so heavy that one inhaled it with an effort.

'This is the worst month of the hurricane season,' Worthington went on; 'it was just such an evening as this, last year, that the waterspout nearly got us — the night we sighted Mataora. I was five months up there, you know — marooned when Johnson lost the old Hatutu.'

'I was pretty well done up last year, and when I heard that the Hatutu was at Avarua, I decided to take a vacation and go for a six weeks' cruise with Johnson. Ordinarily he would have been laid up in Papeete until after the

equinox, but the Company had sent for him to make a special trip to Penrhyn. We had a wretched passage north — a succession of squalls and broiling calms. The schooner was in bad shape anyway: rotten sails, rigging falling to pieces, and six inches of grass on her bottom. On a hot day she had a bouquet all her own — the sun distilled from her a blend of cockroaches and mildewed copra that did n't smell like a rose-garden. On the thirtieth day, the skipper told me we were two hundred miles from Penrhyn, and so close to Mataora that we might sight the palm-tops. I'd heard a lot about the place (it has an English name on the chart) — how isolated it was, what a pleasant crowd the natives were, and how it was the best place in the Pacific to see old-fashioned island life.

'We had been working to windward against a light northerly breeze; but the wind began to drop at noon, and by three o'clock it was glassy calm. There was a wicked-looking mass of clouds moving toward us from the west, but the glass was high, and Johnson said we were in for nothing worse than a squall. As the clouds drew near, I could see that they had a sort of purplish-black heart, broad at the top, pointed at the bottom, and dropping gradually toward the water. There was something queer about it; the mate was pointing, and Johnson's Kanakas were all standing up. Suddenly I heard a rushing sound, like a heavy squall passing through the bush; the point of the funnel had touched the sea three or four hundred yards away from us — a waterspout! There was n't a breath of air, and the Hatutu had no engine. It was moving straight for us, so slowly that I could watch every detail of its formation. The boys slid our boat overboard; the mate sang out something about all hands being ready to leave the schooner.

'I've heard of waterspouts ever since

I was a youngster, but I never expected to see one as close as we did that day. As the point of cloud drooped toward the sea, it was ragged and ill-defined; but when it touched the water and the noise began, I saw its shape change and its outlines grow hard. It was now a thin column, four or five feet in diameter, rising a couple of hundred feet before it swelled in the form of a flat cone, to join the clouds above. Curiously enough, it was not perpendicular, but had a decided sagging curve. Nearer and nearer it came, until I could make out the great swirling hole at its base, and see the vitreous look of this column of solid water, revolving at amazing speed. It had n't the misty edges of a waterfall. The outside was sharply defined as the walls of a tumbler. I wondered what would happen when it struck the Hatutu. The mate was shouting again, but just then the skipper pushed a rifle into my hands. "Damned if I leave the old hooker," he swore; "shoot into the thing — maybe we can break it up." And, believe me or not, we did break it up.

'It did n't come down with a crash, as one might have expected. When we had pumped about twenty shots into it, and it was not more than fifty yards away, it began to dwindle. The column of water became smaller and drew itself out to nothing; the rushing noise ceased; the hole in the sea disappeared in a lazy eddy; the dark funnel rose and blended with the clouds above.

'A fine southeast breeze sprang up as the clouds dispersed, and we were reaching away for Penrhyn when a boy up forward gave a shout and pointed to the northwest. Sure enough there was a faint line on the horizon — the palms of Mataora. A sudden idea came to me. I was fed up with the schooner — why not ask to be put ashore and picked up on the Hatutu's return from Penrhyn? She would be back in a fort-

night, and it was only a few miles out of her way to drop me and pick me up.

'Johnson is a good fellow; his answer to my proposition was to change his course at once and slack away for the land twelve miles to leeward. "You'll have a great time," he said; "I wish I were going with you. Old Tairi will put you up—I'll give you a word to him. Take along two or three bags of flour and a few presents for the women."

'At five o'clock we were off the principal village, with canoes all about us and more coming out through the surf. The men were a fine brawny lot, joking with the crew, and eager for news and small trade. I lowered my box, some flour, tobacco, and a few bolts of calico, into the largest canoe, and said good-bye to Johnson.

'It was nearly a year before I saw him again; as you know, he lost the *Hatutu* on Flying Venus Shoal. They made Penrhyn in the boat and got a passage to Tahiti two months later. Everyone knew I was on Mataora, but it was five months before a schooner could come to take me off.

'There is no pass into the lagoon. As we drew near the shore, I saw that the easy, deceptive swell reared up to form an ugly surf ahead of us. At one point, where a crowd of people was gathered, there was a large irregular fissure in the coral, broad and deep enough to admit the passage of a small boat, and filled with rushing water each time a breaker crashed on the reef. My two paddlers stopped opposite this fissure and just outside the surf, watching over their shoulders for the right wave. They let four or five good-sized ones pass, backing water gently with their paddles; but at last a proper one came, rearing and tossing its crest till I thought it would break before it reached us. My men dug their paddles into the water, shouting exultantly as we darted forward. The shouts were echoed on shore;

by Jove, it was a thriller! Tilting just on the break of the wave, we flew in between jagged walls of coral, up the fissure, around a turn—and before the water began to rush back, a dozen men and women had plunged in waistdeep to seize the canoe.

'Mataora is made up of a chain of low islands—all densely covered with cocoanut palms—strung together in a rough oval to enclose a lagoon five miles by three. Though there is no pass, the surf at high tide breaches over the gaps between the islands. The largest island is only a mile and a half long, and none of them are more than half a mile across. Dotted about the surface of the lagoon, are a number of *motu*,—tiny islets,—each with its flock of sea-fowl, its clump of palms, and shining beach of coral sand. Set in a lonely stretch of the Pacific, the place is almost cut off from communication with the outside world; twice or three times in the course of a year, a trading schooner calls to leave supplies and take off copra. Undisturbed by contact with civilization, the life of Mataora flows on,—simple, placid, and agreeably monotonous,—very little changed, I fancy, since the old days. It is true that they have a native missionary, and use calico, flour, and tobacco when they can get them; but these are minor things. The great events in their annals are the outrage of the Peruvian slavers in 1862, when many of the people were carried off to labor and die in the Chinchas Islands, and the hurricane of 1913.

'After presenting myself to the missionary and the chief, I was escorted by a crowd of youngsters to the lagoon side of the island, where Tairi lived, in a spot cooled by the trade wind and pleasantly shaded by cocoanuts. The old chap was a warm friend of Johnson's and made me welcome; I soon arranged to put up with him dur-

ing my stay on the island. His house, like all the Mataora houses, was worth a bit of study.

'Pandanus logs, five or six inches in diameter and set four feet apart, made the uprights. On each side of these logs, and extending from top to bottom, a groove was cut. Thin laths, split from the aerial roots of the pandanus, were set horizontally into the grooves, making a wall which permitted the free circulation of air. At the windward end of the house, a large shutter of the same material was hung on hinges of bark; on warm days it could be opened to admit the breeze. The plates and rafters were made of the trunks of old coconut palms — a beautiful hard wood which blackens with age and can be polished like mahogany. The roof was thatched with *kakao* — strips of wood over which were doubled selected leaves of pandanus, six feet long and four inches across. The *kakao* are laid on like shingles, so deeply overlapped that only six inches of each is exposed, and the result is a cool and perfectly watertight roof which lasts for years.

'The floor of Tairi's house was of fine white gravel, covered with mats. A bed of mats, a few odds and ends of fishing-gear, and a Bible in the Rarotongan language made up the furniture. The old man had been a pearl-diver for many years; he knew all the lagoons of this part of the Pacific, and could give the history of every large pearl discovered in these waters. Twenty fathoms he considered an ordinary depth for the naked divers — twenty-five, the limit. One day he went too deep, and since then he had been a cripple with paralyzed legs, dependent for care on the kindly people of his island. He busied himself in carving out models of the ancient Polynesian sailing canoes, beautifully shaped and polished, inlaid with shell, and provided with sails of mother-of-pearl. Now and then he presented

a canoe to the captain of a trading-schooner visiting the island, and received in return a bag of flour or a few sticks of tobacco.

'I had some interesting yarns with Tairi — I speak Rarotongan, and the Mataora language is a good deal the same. They have three extra consonants, by the way: the F, L, and H. What a puzzle these island dialects are!

'Tairi told me a lot about pearl-fishing. The people had divided their lagoon into three sections, one of which was fished each year. In this way each section got a two-years' rest. The shell is the object of the diving — pearls are a secondary issue. The divers are not much afraid of sharks, but dread the *tonu* and the big conger-eel. Some years before, when Tairi was resting in a boat after a spell underwater, one of his companions failed to return to the surface. Looking through his water-glass, he saw a great *tonu* lying on the bottom sixty feet beneath him — the legs of his comrade hanging from its jaws. Fancy the ugly brute, ten feet long and all head, like an overgrown rock cod with a man in its mouth. Tairi and several others seized their spears and were over the side next moment; they killed the *tonu*, but too late to save the life of their companion.

'Conger-eels grow to enormous size in the pearl lagoons, and the divers keep a close watch for them. They lie in holes and crevices of the coral and dart out their heads to seize a passing fish, or the wrist of a diver, stooping and intent on his task. When the conger's jaws close on wrist or ankle, the diver needs a cool head; no amount of struggling will pull the eel from his hole. One must wait quietly, Tairi told me, until the conger relaxes his jaws preparatory to taking a better grip. Then a quick wrench, and one is free.

'On an atoll like Mataora, where the food-supply is limited to fish and cocoa-

nuts, with a chicken or a piece of pork as an occasional treat, fishing plays a large part in the life of the people. The men were all expert fishermen, and used a variety of ingenious methods to catch the different kinds of fish. Tairi, of course, was no longer able to go out; but a friend of his — an old fellow named Tamatoa — used to take me with him. He was a fine specimen — six feet tall, muscular and active as a boy, with clear eyes and thick gray hair. One day he proposed trying for *koperu*, a small variety of mackerel.

'The settlement is on the lee side of the island, where a coral shoal runs out half a mile to sea, covered with twenty to forty fathoms of water. It was early in the morning — a dead calm — when we launched the big canoe and slipped out through the surf. About a quarter of a mile off shore, Tamatoa asked me to hold the canoe stationary while he went about his fishing. Fastening a twenty-foot rope to the thwart, he made a noose at the other end and passed it under his arms. Then he took a ripe cocoanut, split it, and gouged out the meat with his knife. With the white pulp in one hand, he slipped overboard and swam down as far as the rope would let him. Through my water-glass I watched him put pieces of cocoanut into his mouth and blow out clouds of the finely chewed stuff, which drifted and eddied about him in the gentle current. He seemed to stay under indefinitely — the lungs of a pearl-diver are wonderful things! Now and then he came to the surface for a fresh supply of *chum*, and finally — at first in twos and threes, and then in shoals — the *koperu* began to appear from the depths. Little by little he enticed them close to the surface, until they swam all about him fearlessly, gobbling the morsels of cocoanut. At last, the old man reached up for his fishing-tackle — an eighteen inch twig, with a bit of doubled sewing-

cotton and a tiny barbless hook. He baited the hook with a particle of cocoanut and dangled it under the nose of the nearest *koperu*. While he hung on the shortened rope, just beneath the surface, his right arm broke water in a series of jerks, and each time it rose, a fish tumbled into the canoe, until they lay in the bottom by dozens.

'Though the people of Mataora made sport of their work, they had plenty of leisure for other things. In the evening, when the tasks of the day had been completed by lighting the lamps in the roofed-over sleeping-places of the dead, the young people loved to gather for a session of *akatu talanga* — story-telling. They met in someone's house, or brought mats to spread in the bright moonlight outside; and while the others lay about, intent on the tale, one after another related the adventures of some Polynesian hero, or the loves of some legendary island princess — strange fragments from the old days, full of spectres and devils and monstrous heathen gods. There was a girl named Porima who told her stories marvelously well — a tall youngster of seventeen, with a dash of off-island blood; Hawaiian, I think. She was an artist in her way; one could imagine in her the pioneer of a literature to come. Her broad forehead, the masses of black hair which from time to time, with an impatient gesture, she shook back over her shoulders, and the slumbrous eyes, with a suggestion of hypnotic power, made her a person not easily forgotten. Although she had told them many times, Porima's stories never failed to hold her audience; the whispering ceased when she began, and every head turned toward where she sat, her hands continually in motion, her voice rising in excitement, or dying away to a murmur, while the listeners held their breath. As the hours passed, both audience and performers used to grow weary and drop

off to sleep, one by one; finally a rooster crowed and one awoke with a start to realize that it was day.

‘One evening, at a story-telling, I heard a shout from the beach and remembered that I had been invited to go after flying fish. A dozen canoes were putting out through the surf, each manned by four paddlers. I made a fourth in the last canoe; we shot out of the opening with a receding wave, paddled desperately through the surf, and a moment later were rocking gently beyond the breakers. The canoes were formed into a rough line; each stern-man lit a torch of cocoanut leaves, bound with bark, and a man forward took his place standing — net in hand. The net is like a shallow landing-net, set on a haft of stiff bamboo, and can be handled only after years of unconscious training. My position, paddling amidships, enabled me to watch how the net was managed — one does n’t often see such an exhibition of dexterity and strength. The art consists in clapping the net over the fish just at the moment when he is lying at the surface, hesitating before taking flight; at any instant the netter may see a fish to port, to starboard, or directly ahead. Our man swung his net continually, and each time it passed over the canoe, he flipped it upside-down to drop a fish. Think of the muscles needed for this sort of thing; the quickness of eye and hand, where a delicate balance must be maintained, and one is constantly alert to guard one’s face against the fish, which whizz past at all angles. Then remember that it is a pretty serious matter to capsize in this torch-lit water, swarming with sharks, where it is imprudent even to trail one’s hand overboard.

‘In the bend of a bow-shaped islet at the north end of the lagoon, under the palms behind a shore of blue water and dazzling sand, lived an old chap named

Ruri, who introduced me to another kind of fishing. Ruri was close to seventy, but a strong man still; his only complaint was lack of teeth, which compelled him to live on *varuvaru* — the grated-up meat of the young cocoanut, mixed with its own milk. The ambition of his life was a trip to Tahiti, to get a set of false teeth. He was not a native of Mataora: his mother was a Gilbert Islander and his father a Samoan. For many years Ruri had followed the sea — cabin-boy under Bully Hayes; deserter (to keep a whole skin) from the famous Leonora; blackbirder in the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands; pearl-fisher in Penrhyn and the lagoons of the Paumotu. At last, on a black night of storm, his vessel struck and went to pieces on the coral of Mataora, and Ruri’s days of wandering were over. He married a woman of the island, but now she was dead, and the old man lived alone, a mile from the settlement, occupied with his simple wants and immersed in dreams of the past. Close beside his house was the grave of his wife — a tomb of cement, enclosed in a neat building of octagonal shape, with a door and a small curtained window. A fine lamp, carefully tended and lit every evening at sunset, hung above the grave, and a few stunted gardenias and frangipanis, brought from enormous distances, were planted about the door. Ruri’s little plantation of cocoanuts and coarse taro was free from weeds, and the neatness of his house, shipshape and scrupulously clean, betrayed the old sailor.

‘After a spell of calm weather, when the breaching surf had ceased to cloud the waters of the lagoon, and the suspended particles of coral sand had settled to the bottom, Ruri offered to show me how to catch *tenu*, — a fine fish, inhabiting the lagoon in ten to twenty fathoms of water, — speckled like a trout on a ground of brown and gold,

and reaching a weight of twenty pounds.

'In the absurdly complicated process of obtaining bait, *tenu*-fishing is typical of the South Pacific. The night before, Ruri had spent two hours with a torch, catching hermit crabs; now, using these crabs for bait, we had to catch some *ku ta* — a small prickly fish which alone has power to interest the *tenu*. We set out in Ruri's leaky canoe and paddled to a big coral mushroom, which rose to within a yard of the surface. Here the old man smashed the shells of his hermit crabs with a stone, broke off the claws, set the soft bodies to one side, and mashed the claws to a paste, which he dropped overboard and allowed to drift into a dark hole in the coral. Then he produced a short line, baited the hook with the body of a crab, and let it sink out of sight into the darkness of the hole. In ten minutes a dozen *ku ta* were gasping in the bottom of the canoe — fantastic little fish, colored scarlet and vermilion, with enormous black eyes, and a dorsal fin which seemed to be carved out of red sealing-wax. We put them in a basket, trailed overboard to keep them alive, and began the real fishing of the day. I paddled slowly, while Ruri — who did not believe in fishing till the fish was in sight — leaned over the side, scrutinizing the bottom through his water-glass. Finally he signaled me to stop — his eye had caught the movement of a *tenu* among the masses of live coral, forty feet below us. The rest was simple: one hooked a *ku ta* under the dorsal fin, tossed him overboard, and allowed the weight of the hook and line to carry him to the bottom. By means of the water-glass, one could watch the approach of the *tenu*, see him seize the bait, and judge the proper moment to strike.

'The bonito, which they call *atu*, is the most important of all fish to the people of Mataora. Almost any fine day one could see a fleet of canoes work-

ing offshore, busy at bonito-catching, surrounded by a cloud of the sea-birds which guide one to the schools. They use a pretty lure for this fishing — a sort of jig cut out of mother-of-pearl, equipped with a tuft of red-dyed coconut husk, and a barbless hook of shell. Each fisherman carries a stiff bamboo rod and half a dozen of these lures — ranging in color from pale green to black — attached to ten-foot lengths of line. The islanders have discovered that the condition of the water and the variations of light make certain colors more attractive than others at a given time; and when a school is found, they try one shade after another till they discover which the bonito prefer. Then the jigs not in use are hooked to a ring at the base of the pole, and the fisherman begins to pull bonito from the water, heaving them out by main strength, without a moment's play. The barbless hook releases itself the moment the fish is in the canoe, and the lure goes overboard without the loss of an instant.

'One day, after a period of low tides, I saw another method of fishing — rarely practised nowadays — an *ora*, or fish-poisoning picnic. You know the *barringtonia*, probably — the big tree from which they make their drums; it grows on all the high islands, and sometimes one finds it on the richer atolls. There were a few on Mataora. Ever notice the flower? It is a lovely thing: a tassel of silky cream-colored stamens, shading to old rose at the ends, and tipped with golden beads. The fruit is odd-looking, like a squarish pomegranate, and it has odd properties, for when pounded up and put into shallow water, it seems to stupefy the fish.

'I was sitting in the shade beside Tairi's house when a boy came through the settlement, blowing melancholy blasts on a conch-shell, and announcing that the chief wanted everyone to be

on hand that afternoon at a certain part of the lagoon, where an ora was to be held. We set out at noon, the women carrying the crushed seeds of the *barringtonia* in hastily woven baskets of green cocoanut frond. A crowd from the other settlements was waiting our arrival; and when the babies had been put to sleep in the shade, with small children stationed beside them to fan away the flies, the fun began. A shallow stretch of lagoon lay before us, half a mile long by a quarter wide, and into this plunged the women and girls, wading and swimming in all directions, trailing behind them their baskets of poison. As time went on, a faint and curious odor began to rise from the water — a smell which reminded me vaguely of potassium cyanide. Soon the spear-men were busy — wild brown figures, naked except for scarlet loin-cloths — pursuing the half-stupefied fish among the crevices of the coral. Before the effect of the poison wore off, and the reviving fish began to make their escape to deeper water, the men were returning to the beach, the strings of hibiscus bark at their belts loaded and dragging.

‘On another day I joined a party of young people for a picnic across the lagoon. It was glassy calm; the water was like a mirror in which the palms of the wooded islets were reflected with motionless perfection. The beaches on the far side, invisible on an ordinary day, seemed to rise far out of water in the mirage. We landed on an uninhabited island, hauled up our canoes, and set out on a hunt for cocoanut crabs.

‘They are extraordinary creatures, these crabs, enormous, and delicious to eat. You will not find many on the high islands; but in a place like Mataora there are hundreds of them, and they do a lot of damage to the cocoanuts. During the day they hide in their holes, deep among the roots of some big trees;

at night they come out, climb the palms, nip off the nuts with their powerful claws, descend to the ground, tear off the husks, break open the shells, and devour the meat. To catch them, one can either dig them out, or build a fire at the mouth of the hole, which never fails to draw them. Fire simply fascinates the brutes. They must be handled warily, for their claws can grip like a pair of pipe-tongs, and shear off a man’s finger without an effort.

‘We lit a fire under the shade of a *puka* tree and liberated the crabs we had captured. It sounds incredible, but they walked into the fire, and sat down quietly on the embers to roast! One of the boys climbed a palm and brought us some cocoanuts of a variety called *nu mangaro*, with an edible husk, sweet and fibrous, like sugar-cane. After lunch we had a swim in the deep water close inshore, and lay about smoking while the girls wove us wreaths of sweet fern. It was an idyllic sort of a day.

‘I spent five months on Mataora. At first, when the schooner did not appear, I was worried and used to fret a little; but as time went on I grew to like the easy-going, dreamy life, and when at last a schooner came to take me off, I did n’t know whether to be glad or sorry — there were moments when I almost decided to send for a few things and follow the example of old Ruri.

During those five months I knew more disinterested kindness than I had supposed existed in the world; my heart warmed to the people of Mataora.

‘Finally the day came when a schooner dropped anchor in the lee of the village — Whitmore’s *Tureia*. Canoe after canoe shot out through the surf; the women gathered in the shade of the canoe-houses on the beach, awaiting the landing of the boatmen, who would bring news of husbands diving for shell in distant lagoons, or relatives scattered among far-off groups of islands. As I

shook hands with Whitmore, I heard a prolonged wailing from the village — the *tangi* of a new widow.

‘When I went to the house to get my things together, Tairi informed me that, as the schooner would not leave till next day, the people were preparing a farewell feast in my honor. It was held in the assembly-house of the village, decorated with arches of palm frond, garlands of scented fern, and the scarlet flowers of the hibiscus. Everyone brought a gift for the departing stranger — a fan, a hat, a pearl fish-hook, a drinking-cup of ornamented cocoanut-shell, a carved paddle of porcupine wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. I distributed what little I had to offer, wishing it were a dozen times as much.

‘On the beach next morning, the people of Mataora gathered for a last hand-clasp; smile cynically if you will — there were tears shed; I was n’t too

happy myself when I heard their plaintive song of farewell floating out across the water.’

Worthington ceased speaking and leaned forward to scratch a match. The squall had passed long since; the immense arch of the Milky Way stretched overhead, and low in the south — beyond Hull Island and Rimatara, over the loneliest ocean in the world — the Southern Cross was rising. Lying on mats behind us, a party of Cook Islanders spoke in soft tones, their faces illuminated fitfully by the glow of their cigarettes. My companion was lighting his pipe, and in the flare of the match, I could see that he was smiling to himself.

‘Some day,’ he said, ‘You will hear that I have closed up my affairs and disappeared. Don’t worry when that happens; you ’ll know I have gone to Mataora — this time to stop for good.’

THE HUMAN SPIRIT IN SHADOW

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

WHAT, then, is wrong with the world? The question has been heard many times these latter months, and I have myself been asked to account for the conditions I described in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*.¹ That article was criticized by one of the leading English reviews, not on the ground that it is untrue, but precisely on the ground that it presents a true picture of Europe to America.

¹ ‘The Menace of the World.’ May, 1920.

Controversy is not what I seek, but I cannot refrain from remarking that it is not Europe as such of which I am writing, but mankind. It is natural that Europe has suffered more than America from the aftermath of war, both morally and materially; but I would like to have it clear that I am no more blaming a continent than I would dream of blaming the Equator.

Europe happened to be the cockpit of the fight, and it is in Europe that the

dreadful moral results of the war can best be studied. Many people have gone to study the material results, but few have thought it necessary to depict the human spirit in the Rembrandt-esque shadow in which it is plunged. The spiritual chiaroscuro is terrifying, but those who are in the gloom seem unconscious of the dark ground of the picture. Yet it certainly seems to me better worth while to record the *débâcle* of spiritual forces than the economic *débâcle* which cannot be made to interest, precisely because perceptions are blunted, and the meaning of the facts in terms of humanity is not appreciated.

I recently read the gruesome speech of Mr. H. P. Davison, in which he relates the physical facts concerning tremendous tracts of Europe. Wholesale starvation, misery unimaginable, from the Baltic to the Black Sea; and yet America remains apathetic, disinterested, passing by, like the Levite in Scripture, on the other side. But let no American reader suppose that this is a particular reproach to him: Europe no more realizes the intolerable state of many countries in her midst than does America, in spite of the hundreds of reports that have been made, and in spite of the tangible effects which touch everybody. We read these things. They make not the smallest impression on us. Why? How is it that we are not horrified, and do not resolve that not for a single day shall any preventable evil exist? How is it that, on the contrary, for two years we have been cheerfully engaged in intensifying the sum of human suffering? Why are we so heedless? Why are we so callous? Why do we allow to be committed, in our name, a thousand atrocities, and to be written, in our name and for our delectation, a million vile words which reveal the most amazing lack either of feeling or of common sense?

There have been crimes perpetrated

by the politicians — by all the politicians — which no condemnation could fitly characterize. But the peoples must be blamed. The peoples support the war-making politicians. It is my business to follow the course of events day by day, and it is sometimes difficult to stand back and take a general view. Whenever I do so, I am appalled at the blundering or the wickedness of the leaders of the world. Without party prejudices or personal predilections, an impartial observer, I cannot conceive how it is possible to be always blind to the truth, the glaring truth, that since the Armistice we have never sought to make peace, but have sought only some pretext and method for prolonging the war.

Hate exudes from every journal in speaking of certain peoples — a weary hate, a conventional hate, a hate which is always whipping itself into a passion. It is, perhaps, more strictly, apathy masquerading as hate—which is worst of all. The people are *blasé*: they seek only bread and circuses for themselves. They regard no bread for others as a rather boring circus for themselves. Every morning there is another war, though the news has almost lost its power to excite; every evening there is a fresh revelation of some warlike menace about which the jaded fancy may play. The key of all the folly and all the unhappiness in Europe is the fact that we cannot do without wars any more than a drug-maniac can do without cocaine or morphine.

It is incredible that not yet have we even tried to cast off the war-spirit and to put on the peace-spirit. We regard everybody and everything through the distorting spectacles which were made for our wear from 1914 to 1918. We demand that those who govern us should serve up somebody's head on a charger from time to time. When I went to Spa, for example, believing

that we were at last to hear conciliatory words spoken, were at last going to discuss methods of coöperation for the restoration of a shattered civilization, I quickly found that the old war Adam was too strong, and saw that coercion was still the only conception of men who should surely be able to place themselves above the passions of the crowd and guide the passions of the crowd. I am certainly neither pro-German nor pro-Russian: I am by temperament and by training wedded to another culture. (I regret that it is necessary to make this personal claim, to defend myself against otherwise inevitable misinterpretation.) But it seemed to me — and surely to many others — indisputably clear that, whatever was our duty in war, it is now our duty to pursue peace as ardently as we ever pursued war. It seemed to me that it is urgent to cast out the unclean spirit whose name is Legion. The health of Europe, who had been dwelling for so long in the tombs, who could not be bound or tamed, who had been running about in the mountains, crying out and cutting herself with stones, demanded instant measures. We were all in the same galley, and that galley was in danger of wreck. The fighting had come to an end, and now mutual aid was indispensable. There was no doubt about the chaos in many lands, and there could be little doubt that the chaos would reach our own. Where was our instinct of self-preservation? Where was our pity? Both the one and the other attributes were lost. Reason and all sweet virtues had been devoured by Moloch.

II

Of the treaty-making in Paris it is only necessary to say that, apart from Mr. Wilson's abortive effort to preach peace, it was simply a gathering of cynical diplomatists quarreling over

the spoils, and determined to kill, even in the name of the League of Nations, the nascent sentiments of justice and of mercy. After one interlude of hope, during which Peace fluttered timidly over the world, the war regained its empire. Peace conferences were in reality war conferences: when it was not a question of sending troops or asking others to send troops, the peace documents and decisions were only declarations of war in another form. The Versailles Treaty is blamed as a Wilsonian document. It is certainly not that, in the sense in which we had understood Wilsonism. It put a sword on the council-table. It suspended a sword over Europe. Marshal Foch, who is a capable soldier, became the chief of the diplomatists, always ready to threaten, always ready, in his own words, to act as the 'interpreter' of Allied thought. Now he is right, as a soldier, to believe in force; but if peace is wanted, the last man to call in is the soldier. I saw the sinister smiles in the Salle de l'Horloge when a League to Establish Universal Peace was spoken of; and it quickly became clear that the world was turning back, after the first fine flush of generous rapture, to the dismal conceptions of eternal war.

I am convinced that, if some great figure had then appeared, the course of history would have been changed, and mankind would have taken a different path. But cynicism soon became naked. In the East all pretence of righteousness was abandoned. Every successive treaty was more frankly the expression of shameful appetites. There was no pretence of conscience in politics. Force ruled without disguise. What was still more amazing was the way in which strife was stirred up gratuitously. What advantage was it, even for a moment, to anyone to foment civil war in Russia, to send against the unhappy

famine-stricken country army after army? The result was so obviously to consolidate the Bolshevik government around which were obliged to rally all Russians who had the spirit of nationality. It seemed as if everywhere we were plotting our own ruin and hastening our own end. A strange dementia seized our rulers, who thought peace, replenishment of empty larders, the fraternization of sorely tired nations, ignoble and delusive objects. It appeared that war was for evermore to be humanity's fate.

Time after time I saw excellent opportunities of universal peace deliberately rejected. There was somebody to wreck every Prinkipo, every Spa. It was almost with dismay that all Europeans who had kept their intelligence unclouded saw the frustration of peace, and heard the peoples applaud the men who frustrated peace. I care not whether they still enjoy esteem: history will judge them harshly and will judge harshly the turbulence which men plumed themselves on creating two years after the war. It will presently appear incredible that there was no whole-hearted attempt at mutual understandings and a settlement on equitable lines, with a firm resolve to repair the havoc of the past war and to prevent its renewal in future.

The war-spirit dominated the world in the so-called years of peace, and it is this war-spirit which explains all the unpleasant phenomena which may be seen, and in particular this shocking indifference to the most terrible events and situations. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' That it has been kept alive is the fault, in the first place, of the war-obsessed statesmen. They had made war, and were the last persons in the world competent to make peace. For that purpose, in the interest of mankind as a whole, national sovereignties should have been surrendered, and

recognized moral authorities called in to prepare the settlement with the aid of experts. It is impossible to be judge of one's own cause; and this world-catastrophe was of such a character, was likely to leave behind it such bitter feelings, that only those who had been *au-dessus de la mêlée* should have acted as arbitrators.

III

That there is now a hopeless territorial tangle in Europe, instead of a durable ethnographic and economic settlement, every international political student knows; and the world of the statesmen at Paris and elsewhere will not endure for a day longer than it can be buttressed up by the vanishing forces of the countries which were given a rather illusory hegemony over a great part of the globe.

There is such a criss-cross of principles, such a complicated pattern of interests, such an arbitrary set of solutions which are no solutions, that in any event the scheme of things would come collapsing down—if indeed it has ever been even momentarily built up; if it has not always been like the child's edifice of toy-bricks which is perpetually falling to pieces as the child reaches for another brick. To attempt to put together the shattered world while leaving out the corner-stone of Russia, while not making sure that America was safely in the foundation; proceeding at haphazard without architectural plans; fitting in Germany anyhow; angrily breaking up Austria into jig-saw bits; carving Turkey into rough-edged chunks, was to betray a total ignorance of the immanent justice, or at least the immanent logic, of the universe. Water is not made to run uphill, and sledge-hammer diplomacy, which avails itself of the hatreds of races rather than of their affinities; which pits army against

army, faction against faction; which encourages a score of little struggles; which eggs on other nations to attack nations which it cannot directly reach by its own military means; which keeps Europe in a ferment, keeps Asia in a whirl, because it dislikes this doctrine or is prejudiced against that people; subsidizing a brood of adventurers, the *condottieri* of our time, in the Adriatic, in the Baltic States, in the Middle East, in the Crimea, in Siberia; furnishing them arms when it suits a political purpose, repudiating them when it suits another political purpose; running helplessly about from Boulogne to London, from London to Spa, from Spa to Boulogne, from Boulogne to Hythe, from Hythe to Geneva; arriving at decisions one day which must be reversed the next, always trying to balance the bricks in an impossible equilibrium, is a childish pastime which unfortunately is big with disastrous consequences.

These bricks are, after all, the bricks of human life, of human happiness. It is the human aspect of the statesman's business which is truly interesting; and not the arid disputes about historical frontiers, and the multiplication of statistics. If in this further survey of the European field I add these criticisms, it is assuredly not for the sake of enunciating my own views about this frontier and that sum which should be given by way of reparation. It is because I think that the political management of Europe, based on the diplomatic doctrine of the inevitability of conflict, is largely responsible for the spiritual state of things. Frontier problems are comparatively trivial beside the all-important temper in which they are tackled. That temper has always been the war-temper. The peace-temper, I repeat, has never been recovered. There may be war in the world, though not a shot be fired. War in action has

at least this virtue: that the war-makers may affront personal perils. War in its new form is utterly despicable; the peoples are still drunk with the maddening fumes of war, but they are now too slothful and too cowardly to fight except by proxy.

In Italy Signor Nitti said to me: 'What is wrong with the world is that we still keep the war-spirit: we do not cultivate the peace-spirit.'

I could not but agree: it was the echo of my own conviction. But how came it that there was in the world no statesman big enough and daring enough to declare indefatigably that peace was not a mere suspension of fighting, — even that was not achieved, — was not a negative but a positive thing, worth attaining by the most laborious efforts, if needs be; worth many sacrifices?

But if the statesmen are primarily to be blamed for the sabotage of the League of Nations and all it originally stood for, the foolish wicked diplomatic history of two years would nevertheless not have been possible if the soul of mankind had not been in shadow. Not only were the cornfields and the vineyards of France ravaged by the war, but the cornfields and vineyards of the spirit were trampled underfoot. The iniquities of peace are born of the war.

IV

If it is certain that France must force another fight with Germany in a short span of years, if she pursues her present policy of implacable antagonism; if it is certain that England is already carefully seeking the European equilibrium, and that a responsible minister has already written of the possibility of a military accord with Germany; if there has been seen, owing to the foolish belief of the Allies in force, — a belief which increases in inverse ratio

to the Allied possession of effective force,—the rebirth of Russian militarism, as there will assuredly be seen the rebirth of German militarism; if there are quarrels between Greece and Italy, between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs, between Hungary and Austria, between every tiny nation and its neighbor, even between England and France, it is because, when war has once been invoked it cannot be easily exorcised. It will linger long in Europe: the straw will smoulder and at any moment may break into flame.

To have brought America really into the European concert it was necessary to have acted with a single eye to justice and the establishment of good relations. It was necessary to have shown a real disposition to found a solid League of Nations instead of making it a mere docile instrument in the hands of two or three great powers. I recommend to all who desire proof of my rather platitudinous assertion that out of war only war can come, that war goes on propagating itself, the memorandum of Sir Henry Wilson, which was published in July in England, on the North Russian campaign. The chief of the Imperial General Staff shows how this particular campaign began with 150 men. It was not intended to make it a British war. But it ended its inglorious career with 18,400 men in the field. In Mesopotamia Britain began with two brigades; she finished with 900,000 men. In the Great War itself it was not considered likely that many more than the original six British divisions would be needed: as a fact there were sixty-three engaged at the end and the whole nation was under arms. He draws the moral that, once a military force is involved in operations, it is almost impossible to limit the magnitude of its commitments.

France could tell the same tale. Her Eastern adventures since the Armistice must have cost her dearly, and will

probably go on costing her dearly for many years to come. America herself realizes how enormously, how unthinkably, her forces swelled during the war. Once in, there is no getting out. As Kipling sings: 'There's no discharge in the war.' It stops here and it stops there; there is a period of comparative calm; but all these fires blazing about the world; and all these treaties which contain only accidental justice, since the guiding principle has always been 'Woe to the vanquished!' and which can only give the impression that war brings its rewards and that what is lost may yet be won back; and all the new nations whose liberation from oppression has only aroused their desire to oppress in their turn; and the general example of egotism set by the big nations, must make of the present so-called European peace a mere truce, a truce in which to take breath; the hush—a troubled hush, but still an hour of relative quietude—before the last phase of Armageddon: that final battle, in which diabolical contrivances of a potency even now hardly dreamed of will make a desert of a continent, will destroy the cities, the wealth, the life of the Old World!

This is not lurid imagining: it is as logical as a piece of Euclidean reasoning. Only by a violent effort to change our fashion of seeing things can it be averted. War-making is now a habit: the Great War has made war familiar and frequent, and may assuredly, in a sinister sense of the oft-repeated phrase, prove to be the war which will end war—by ending mankind! That we shall seize ourselves in time, shall flout the Furies that hurry us on to our fate, and shall escape from war by the sole available path,—not that of a half-peace, which only leads round the centre of the maze, but that of true peace among peoples,—I cannot doubt. But for this we need a change of heart.

V

It might have been expected that, whatever the politicians did or did not do to lead the peoples into the Promised Land, the writers of the world would have fought against the three forces of Militarism, Materialism, and Egotism which are rampant to-day. For my part, I anticipated, in sheer reaction to what is usually called Reaction, a great movement which would show itself in the post-war literature. Perhaps it is yet too early to pronounce a definite judgment. Perhaps a little more grace must be given. Perhaps conventional habits of thought, which patriotism and prudence rendered almost obligatory during the war, cannot be thus lightly discarded. The war has killed elasticity of mind, independence of judgment, and liberty of expression. We think not so much of the truth as of conforming to the tacitly accepted fiction of the hour.

The journals offer a striking commentary on this observation. Look at them day by day; look at the gloss they put upon events, the specious interpretation of political facts, which is obviously wrong and which can have been arrived at only through the training of the war in the art of twisting or suppressing awkward truths. There is no longer a censorship, which was quite openly an official institution for the manufacture of false intelligence, or rather for the manipulation of information into a desired shape. But without the censorship the habit persists. This is exceedingly serious, for, as Balzac says, journalism is the religion of modern society; and if the journalist is a charlatan and not a priest, a charlatan who can always be relied upon by governments to disseminate false news and views, society is living on a lie. To live on a lie is as dangerous as to live on a volcano.

News is always approached from a

special point of view. Even ordinary incidents, which can have no political significance, are perverted. I was, for example, with other writers, an eyewitness of a drunken brawl at Spa. It can surely be no reflection on Belgium to say that a Belgian officer in his cups brutally assaulted a German engaged on Conference business, who was quietly entering a café. It certainly would not occur to me to draw deductions. It was a purely personal and quite comprehensible affair, for which the Belgian officer was doubtless punished. How is it possible to see either Belgium or Germany involved in such a trivial event? Yet, because it was the fashion to find that Germany—represented by the individual German—must necessarily behave badly, and Belgium—for the Belgian officer grows into Belgium—must behave admirably, there were long accounts of a provocative German, singing his national hymns, hanging out his national flag, dancing with Belgian women, doing I know not what; while the Belgian officer was described as having gently remonstrated, tactfully intervened, to save the German from an exasperated crowd.

When I read such grotesque distortions of incidents which I have seen with my own eyes, and which do not appear to call, in anybody's interest, for the smallest embroidery, I wonder how it is possible to believe any newspaper story.

Just because I am myself a journalist, I deplore the more this unconscious dishonesty of the press. That it is unconscious in large part, I am sure. It is simply that we were all obliged to put on special spectacles for five years, and to examine even the most unimportant fact through these spectacles. We are no longer forced to wear them, but we do. How long shall we continue to do so? This willingness to lie for the sake of the popular policy of the moment is

sometimes amusing. Thus I recall that when M. Krassin came to London to enter into trade-negotiations with the British government, the newspapers which were at once anti-Bolshevist and pro-government were at first puzzled. But by unanimous consent the way out of the dilemma was found by stating that Krassin was the one and only reasonable and sincere Bolshevik, who held in horror the misdeeds of his compatriots.

That there should be such disingenuous and voluntary falsifications is certainly now discreditable, whatever excuses could be urged during the war, when one naturally expected everybody who lived on one side of a stream to be black, and everybody who lived on the other side to be white. Geography was the only morality, unless one admits that time as well as space determines the goodness or badness of people. There was some determinable moment when the Russians, from being our brave Allies, became utterly ignoble. There is doubtless a date on which a Czecho-Slovakian ceased to be an enemy and was treated with respect — indeed, a great part of the population of the Austro-Hungarian Empire escaped rather cheaply and luckily from the glib judgments of journalists. Now, that rivers and mountains and seas divide during the conflict, and that the *simpliste* view should then prevail, may be held to be permissible; but it is time to drop this nonsense. It is made into a beautiful hash by the changes of nationality — and presumably of character — under the plebiscites.

Is a journalistic reform possible? The journalist must fulfill his functions as the modern priest. If he told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, wars would assuredly not be possible. It is only ignorance, distortion, unilateral praise or blame, refusal to examine the mind of a possible

opponent, malicious misunderstanding and misrepresentation, that make war a constant menace. That there was mischief-making before 1914 goes without saying; but I am persuaded that there was not so conspicuous a lack of scruple as now. We have for so long had butts that could not reply, targets on which we could let ourselves go, that to moderate our transports now is hard. One almost regrets the day when there will be no suitable whipping-boy for the serious writers in Europe. And oh, those spicy stories of Prince A and those scandalous revelations about Duke B, which could not be contradicted and were so easy for the more audacious writer!

The lack of perspective, or truth, in the trifling items which make up our newspapers, means a lack of perspective and of truth in the gravest parts of the journals; for nothing is so infectious as this slipshod, facile, irresponsible method of recording the world's events. One of the institutions which has suffered most in reputation because of the war, owing to the *bourrage de crâne* which was practised, is the press, and nothing will be put right till there is a reform of the press.

It is not only ruinous to the intelligence of nations and disastrous to their morality to feed them upon lies — it is in a definite and demonstrable manner fatal to them in a strictly material sense. One instance — it happens to be a good one, in which cause can be connected with effect with a shattering certainty that is usually not possible — of the folly of basing a society upon any but the solid foundations of truth may be given. It was considered necessary, rightly or wrongly, to keep up the spirits of France by a series of illusions, the chief of which was that Germany would pay. France believed this often-repeated fallacy implicitly. The celebrated book of Norman Angell had

exposed the impossibility of extracting indemnities of any serious character from a conquered country in modern conditions. You cannot carry off coal-mines, with cold logic strip the enemy bare, or make slaves of many millions of men. Even what you get has such queer incalculable effects on world-economy that, paradoxical as it sounds, you will probably find yourself ultimately worse off by its possession.

It could not be expected that the man in the café should realize the impossibility of complete reparations. He was actually persuaded that France would be no worse off through the war. The ridiculous legend was repeated so often that few there were who doubted that it represented the reality. The result was the wave of idleness which we saw in France following the Armistice. Why work when Germany would perform all irksome tasks? Why reconstruct the ravaged regions? Was not that Germany's job? Were not all Frenchmen *rentiers* for the rest of their lives?

That this political lie had a baneful effect, morally and materially, upon France, no one who lived there during a certain period can doubt. The happy period was followed by another period of blank despair, of national chagrin, as France gradually became disillusioned. It was then that she began to blame all her friends. It was America who had robbed her of the fruits of victory. It was hypocritical England who had been too astute for her. The newspapers let themselves go in a vivid fury, turning savagely on anybody and everybody. Not only did this grotesque reliance upon an obvious inexactitude — as if Germany were occupied by a race of supermen who can not only achieve economic reconstruction quicker than everyone else, but can aid everyone else! — lull France into a perilous state of false security and hinder her in her

efforts at restoration, but it nearly cost her the best of her allies and associates, nearly placed her in a position of isolation in Europe, deserted by all. The failure of the lies fanned the discontent (discontent always accompanies the awakening to reality) and might thus have precipitated a social revolution. The thing left its slimy track in every domain of life. When will rulers learn that lies always come home to roost? They may be convenient for a moment, but they are fatal to the State in the long run.

VI

Look where you will, you find that the governments govern more rigorously, and the people are in fetters. The other day in the French Chamber a deputy dared to quote a phrase from the Declaration of the Rights of Man, on which the Republic is founded. He was cried down, and the minister who followed him indignantly denounced him. In England, I remember, somebody was imprisoned for putting forward scriptural passages by way of an anti-militarist tract. Habeas corpus no longer exists. There come from America strange tales of Socialists (call them Bolsheviki, if you like) who are excluded from Congress because of their opinions, and a long sentence of imprisonment passed upon an orator. The fate of Liebknecht in Germany is well known. Many striking instances could be collected to prove the wave of repression, if it were worth while. It is not worth while because we all know that in every country men of the intellectual value of Mr. Bertrand Russell, for example, are treated as common agitators — though why even 'common agitators' should now be the synonym of 'common malefactor,' I do not know.

I cannot believe that there was ever a revolutionary danger. I suspect it to be as much exaggerated as was

the spy danger. The peoples are tame enough. Nothing would rouse them except sheer animal hunger. The social feeling is extinct. There does not exist a rallying cry of any potent appeal. In France there was a great railway strike, and in other countries there is from time to time a half-hearted manifestation of economic unrest. But the strike in France was largely automatic: it had nothing revolutionary in its character. The steps that were taken to crush it and to crush the working classes were unnecessarily drastic. It is, I know, popularly believed that we are perpetually menaced by revolution. The bogey of Bolshevism, that Asiatic, exotic thing, has been agitated so much that the bourgeoisie — to give the middle classes their more expressive and comprehensive French name — are in panic.

Nowhere do I find these signs of an uprising. It might be more hopeful if there were such signs! Myself, I am altogether opposed to the stupid love of a few fanatics for confusion. They seek a *bouleversement* of Society that could remedy nothing, that could only aggravate the *malaise* that now reigns. Nothing could be more deplorable than the setting of the mass in movement. The extremists who suppose that disorder will cure all ills, that terrorism, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the abolition of parliaments, are desirable in themselves, can only be charitably regarded as mad. They have their institutions neatly fashioned on the pattern of their cheap ready-made doctrines. They would make them fit mankind. The social clothes of mankind are not to be cut according to the measurements of mankind; but mankind is to be cut according to the measurements of the ready-made doctrine! Nothing more stupid was ever imagined; but these individuals are rare, and far too much importance has been given

to them. I am persuaded that nowhere does a real revolutionary tendency exist; and greatly as I should detest its existence, I consider it is a tremendous indictment of mankind that we should have become so submissive.

For the governments are provocative. They have done their best to produce the conditions in which crowds may fly into unreasoning fury. There was never so much despotism as to-day, and there is practically no protest. The fact that there have been revolutions in Russia and in Germany does not invalidate my conclusion. The Russian revolution was not a popular push: it was rather the total and spontaneous collapse of a régime which was unequal to its task, which pulled down the pillars of its own institutions and perished in the débris. The Russian revolution was made by the Tsar; the régime fell apart because of its own rottenness. In the confusion anyone with will and energy could have come to power. The people had no will. That it was Lenin rather than another who possessed the will was a pure accident. Had Kerensky been strong enough, he would have been the new Napoleon. Had a grand duke displayed enough character and organizing ability, he would have been welcomed. No, the Russian Revolution, if it proves anything, does not prove that the people are critical, vigilant, and difficult to control: it proves the contrary, as any student of Bolshevism will acknowledge. Lenin could never, after placing himself, by his vigorous acceptance of an opportunity, in power, have maintained himself there, had there not been a strange obedience which is the hallmark of immorality, or at least is the negation of morality. The Russians accept anyone — the Tsar or Lenin; but while their acceptance of the Tsar may be attributed in part to tradition, their acceptance of Lenin (for it would

of course be absurd to pretend that there is general agreement with his social theories) is an indication of the serf-spirit.

That serf-spirit is not confined to Russia. It distinguishes certainly all European nations, although perhaps other peoples have not sunk so low in this respect. I am reluctant to illustrate this point with concrete examples, for I do not wish to attack persons in this simple exposition of the post-bellum psychology. But there was a period when in Western Europe the meek endurance of tyranny had grown shameful. Governments had not, as in the old days, to study the best method of imposing their wills. Any arbitrary decision was good enough. No illegality was too flagrant. *Lettres de cachet* were revived; new Bastilles were built; and the people applauded. There never was in Europe, since the Roman days, such despotism; and in America, too, Mr. Wilson made the tremendous mistake of placing himself above all other powers. In international affairs there was nothing beyond the Supreme Council except God; and in national affairs, nothing beyond the Prime Minister, or whoever, in accordance with the Constitution of the particular country, was effectively the chief of the State, except his valet or his secretary or his wife.

The discipline of war persisted. During the war it was possible to clap in jail a poor woman who gave bread-crumbs to canaries, or to break by long confinement a political enemy; and after the war the ordinary rights and safeguards against the abuses of authority did not disappear. D.O.R.A., as the Defence of the Realm Act, with its thousand vexatious consequences, was called in England, lingered on, and it was unfortunate for any lady to bear that name, which is now ruined as being synonymous with acerbity of temper and wilfulness of ways. No English

baby will ever again be christened Dora!

The Anglo-Saxon was the first to resent the attempt to keep him in an unnecessary subjection; but in Latin countries the slavery imposed during the war will not easily be shaken off. Now, when anybody asks me if I think there will be revolution, I am, even as an anti-revolutionary, tempted to reply that happily there will not, but unhappily the degree of impossibility is to the discredit of the peoples. That statement should be modified by the proviso that there should be no running away of responsible authorities if circumstances lead to a crisis. The German Revolution was, in the nature of things, impossible. It ought not *a priori* to have taken place. I think it would not have, if the authorities had sat tight, if the Kaiser had not taken to his heels when defeat was certain. That there was no political opinion behind the revolt is shown by subsequent governments. It was a revolution of circumstance. To imagine that Germany will go Bolshevik, or that France will go Bolshevik, is not to know the mentality of these peoples. Only in the event of a spontaneous collapse of bourgeois administrations through their own rottenness, is it possible that some Bolshevik will impose himself by force upon a spiritless country. At the same time, I do not think they could be dragged into a new war. Militarism is strong enough, but it is a militarism which will not for the moment march. It is fatigued and wants to lick its wounds. It will, however, applaud others, just to keep things humming. It would seem that submissiveness is the reverse side of the military medal.

VII

Recently there was a great discussion in England on the eternal subject of whether mankind is progressing or is in

decadence. It arose upon the remarkable Romanes Lecture of Dean Inge, who is generally called in the newspapers, 'The Gloomy Dean.' His habits of mind lead him naturally to dismal conclusions. I do not adopt them. What I have written may seem to be sheer pessimism. But in truth I think that progress is certain—from the baboon to the barbarian, and from the barbarian to the modern man with his development of mechanical resources, of intelligence, and of the idea of coöperation, there is an undoubted upward drive. But though we have built the edifice high, it is nevertheless in danger of a catastrophic collapse. Civilization has made vast material strides: but morally the whole earth is now darkened and we grope in that darkness to our own destruction. Everything depends upon our return to peace.

Many reservations would have to be made, but on the whole the years immediately preceding the war found a world made better. Science had brought us many gifts. Culture had become more diffused. We had a sound sense of interdependence, which for me is the greatest spiritual conquest of our age. But all this did not prevent us from turning science to our own and to our neighbor's hurt; from using our culture to deceive ourselves and our neighbors; from battering down the Temple of Life, painfully erected stone by stone, with the battering-ram of knowledge. Progress is a reality; but it turns upon itself like a serpent. It pursues a splendid path, and then suddenly swings round, and we are worse than our fathers.

Quo vadis? Shall we ever advance without these perpetual retrogressions? Or are we doomed to strive like squirrels in a cage? Is the vicious circle a necessity of nature? For my part, I believe that we shall profit even by our war-experience—but that will be later.

For the present we have not learned the lesson. For the present Europe is in greater peril of conflict than ever it was in the ante-war years. The spirit of man has been tortured and twisted. Recent revelations in France suggest that it would have been possible to conclude the strife a year earlier; but it was not only that the statesmen refused to examine the possibility, but that the peoples would not have heard of an end. They had grown accustomed to their habits. Again, when a heavy step was taken by M. Millerand this fall, which might have brought down the avalanche once more, while it is true that there were protests, there was, on the whole, joy in his vigorous invitation of the catastrophe. War has got into our bones and blood, and we can hardly do without these wild excitements. If Europe does not settle down, it is because we are men who have been out on a Great Adventure and are now asked to accept the humdrum farm and the fetid factory.

The politicians, as I have shown, have their responsibility. The journalists who have given their pens over to Beelzebub, the Prince of Lies, must be blamed. But the churches cannot escape condemnation. Where has been the clear denunciation of the manifold iniquities perpetrated even for the sake of a righteous cause? What great ecclesiastical authority has made an unmistakable pronouncement? The Pope remained silent. Perhaps he could do no other. His ministers were on both sides, and they proclaimed the justice of their own country. (Bear in mind that for me Germany is the arch-criminal; but there is a higher plane than the national plane, on which war itself should be treated as something from which the world must be rid—something which will rid us of the world if the world does not rid us of it.) Since 1918 I have heard no authori-

tative declaration against scientific slaughter.

Then, too, the women, who might have been expected to shrink in horror from any further trial of strength, have not, in Europe at least, manifested their repugnance for combat, their determination to lend their aid to any movement which has for aim the abolition of such a wasteful and wicked method of settling national disputes. There are disputes between individuals, between towns, between states, between countries which are allies; but these are all settled in a sensible way. I should have thought that the women of the world would cry out without ceasing for the civilized organization of peace, even though it cost as much as the organization of war. Women have been singularly callous: they remain apathetic in face of the tremendous problems big with menace.

What appals me most is the feebleness of the so-called 'pacifists.' No big book has yet been written about the war. Sir Philip Gibbs deserves praise for his unflinching revelation of realities, and certainly I should look upon him as the most honest writer on this immense subject. But it is only in imaginative form that the really big book can be cast. H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett attempted to show the emotions of the life at home; and there is much that is fine in their work. But Wells is obviously not altogether sincere — that is to say, he is not consciously insincere, but he would have written differently and more convincingly had he possessed no national interest in the struggle; while Bennett, who is a wonderful painter of what he sees, does not penetrate deep enough — he is always a trifle too facile. As for men who have tried to give us the detailed horrors of the front, I think their work frankly detestable.

Henri Barbusse started it in France;

he is an excellent realist, but it is not the physical sufferings of a handful of men, — typical of the rest, — sordid, unpleasant, gruesome, but not penetrated and overhung by any sense of Destiny and profound consciousness of the Human Tragedy, which represent the war. These figures, whether they reappear in the books of George Duhamel, of Roland Dorgelès, or of any of the others who have followed Barbusse, do not interest us. They are so painfully *mesquin*, so frightfully little. Nothing huge and noble relieves and heightens the effect: it is almost as if we were presented with a detailed account of the horrors with which the execution and cremation of Landru's victims must have been accompanied. Landru and his victims do not really matter to us; certainly the surgical operations and the particular kind of wounds inflicted, and the mud and the discomforts, do not convey much to us. Blasco Ibañez has, I think, been vastly overrated. In short, there has not emerged a Dostoevsky of the war who would write another *Crime and Punishment*. That seems to me to be the type of war-novel for which we are waiting — a great psychological study of the effect of war on the human spirit.

But, for heaven's sake, spare us little pacifist tracts written by men with smelling-salts at their elbow! It is not a feminine shrinking from violence that will persuade us of the moral shame of war: it is the fierce, flaming language of an old Hebrew prophet, aglow with righteous wrath, which is needed to drive us from the sloth, the vindictiveness, the submissiveness, the cynicism, the insensibility, the cruelty, the egotism of the post-war, and to inspire us with energy to labor together for the reconstruction of the House of Life which our Science has battered down.

Quo vadis?

MATCHES

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE

I

WEATHER is the villain of this story.

The early-morning March sun, careless and debonnair, shone through scattered clouds upon the packing of nine persons into the seven-passenger auto stage, and upon the loading of the stage's trailer with cases and miscellaneous articles for far-off ranchers and squatters and homesteaders, and with the furniture and boxes and trunks belonging to Frances Stead and Louise Elmhurst, the two women passengers, who were setting out on the adventure of taking up land in the Great West.

The stage had just begun its journey along the Bison Skull Trail when Little Willie, the six-foot driver, bethought himself of a commission.

'Lee Dodd, he give me a letter for you girls. Most forgot it.'

Without slackening the speed of the car, he extricated from a remote pocket a much crumpled note, the reading of which was achieved with difficulty in the lurching machine.

'Ladies,' ran the letter, 'I would n't of let You Ladies buy my Relinkishment even for \$150\$, only the Land agent Said you got some Capitle, enouf to go Home east Winters. This country aint no place for a Porr man or enybody specially Ladies after november But I fixed the Place clean for you and Dug some coal out a butte and Theres a pile of Sage brush ready that will keep fires for a while the Stove Draws good. I hauled a Barrel of water it is Froze

now. You Haf to melt it. I here some Ladies done pretty good Once on a homestead and I hope You will.

'Your Snerely [this was crossed out]
Truley
LEE DODD'

Dr. Calhoun, a tall, thin, clear-eyed young man, with a whimsical mouth, shared the back seat with the two young women. He studied their faces as they deciphered the missive. At once he liked them — especially Miss Stead. Miss Elmhurst, tall, dark, dreamy-eyed, was doubtless an 'interesting girl,' but a slight preoccupation, even as she read the letter, suggested a dominant far-away interest, excluding him. Miss Stead, in contrast, was so imminently present. He liked what he called to himself the 'good weather-beaten look of her face.' It expressed the vigor of her personality. Her deep blue eyes, her high color, her smooth light hair, her clear voice — clean-cut and quick, yet soft — engaged his fancy. He wanted to hear her speak again.

'Lee Dodd discouraging you?' he asked.

'You know him?' asked Frances.

'Next-door neighbor. That is, two miles from my place.'

'And now we're your neighbors.'

She looked at him, thinking it fortunate to meet so attractive a Westerner at the outset of their adventure. Perhaps, she warned herself, beating out the sudden spark of too glowing an interest, perhaps it was only his broad-

brimmed hat and his tan and his eyes and the way his ears set.

Meanwhile Louise was handing him the letter and asking, —

‘Is it as desolate as it sounds?’

It depended on the weather, the doctor replied. They should really have waited till the middle or end of April to begin their homesteading. March was tricky, a bad gamble. Lee Dodd’s shack was not built for cold weather. The doctor himself had a ‘soddy,’ but even so preferred the city through March. Still, plenty of families lived their winters in tar-paper shacks. With plenty of wood and coal and warm clothing, they could probably keep going.

He sized them up as game. Frances, obviously, was the hardier of the two. He knew, or imagined he knew, what she had looked like as a baby, and what, in the matronly years to come, she would look like. He hoped nothing would ever happen to spoil the serious, yet up-cornered mouth. She would be the rare old lady whose grandchildren would visit her, not as a duty, but from choice. And she would manage to keep ahead of them, the young scamps.

At this point in his reverie, the doctor caught himself. Why, the girl could n’t be much over twenty-two or twenty-three, and here he was, almost jealous of her grandchildren. Ridiculous! He grinned at his folly, but did not abate his interest.

Of the other passengers, two cowboys took turns sitting on each other’s lap in the front seat next to the driver. A cross-roads storekeeper and a sheepherder shared the two small folding seats in the tonneau with a nervous fat man, whose amplexes spanned the space between the two seats and abutted precariously upon their edges. As the car twisted and lurched in the frozen ruts of the trail, one side of the fat man would occasionally slip down and

get wedged between the seats. The first time this happened, it caused hilarious merriment. But, ‘God, this is no time to laugh!’ he exclaimed. ‘My wife may be dying!’ And despite the absurd irrelevance of this comment, the laughter ceased, for it was known that he had come a hundred miles to get a doctor.

Along the Bison Skull Trail the stage bumped and twisted its way, in and out, among buttes and bad lands. Dwellings were seldom to be seen. The great potent emptiness of the brown rolling country, patched here and there with drifts of old snow, dotted now and again with cattle and sheep grazing in the more sheltered places, had to the two women a stark and terrible grandeur. The end of March was at hand, but no hint of spring was in the land. The mottling of sunshine and cloud-shadows brought out subtle colorings, and relieved somewhat the threat of sombreness. ‘It’s the kind of country,’ thought Louise to herself, ‘that reaches out and gets hold of you, for all that it looks so hard and inhospitable and uncompromising. It throws a spell, and you belong to it.’

Partly to throw off this very spell, partly to make conversation, Frances remarked, —

‘This is going to be the kind of day that’s crisp and cold about the edges, and soft and warm in the middle.’

‘You a warranted weather prophet?’ asked a cowboy.

‘I hear they guarantee weather prophets like the rest of the mail-order supplies in the East,’ said the storekeeper, who nursed a special grievance against the mail-order business.

The doctor explained: ‘It takes a brave man to prophesy March weather out in this country!’

Whereupon the fat man queried anxiously, ‘You don’t think the weather’ll delay us?’

To which a unanimous chorus of 'Hope not' gave him dubious comfort.

But soon the fickle sun was cringing before a fierce, threatening wind, and the temperature began to drop. The car's side-curtains were put up to keep out the gale. The isinglass patches in the curtains were opaque with dust and mud, and a neat circle, five inches in diameter, directly in front of the driver, was the only transparent part of the wind-shield. Deprived of the landscape the passengers' attention turned upon one another. A few questions were asked and answered. Conversation did not flourish, however. The fat man's anguish, the wringing of his hands, his impatience for more speed, his frequent appeals to the doctor for impossible assurances, sat heavily upon the spirits of the company. He seemed to resent the doctor's interest in the two women, as if that were delaying the car's progress.

The journey grew more and more uncomfortable. The trail, nowhere good, became rougher, more twisting, with sudden steep ascents and descents. The wind shook and buffeted the car. The temperature fell with malevolent persistence. The passengers shrank huddled into their wraps, stamped their feet, rubbed their hands, and made other vain attempts to get warm.

At noon, when they drew up at the Half-way House, the fat man wrung his hands anew. 'Good God!' he cried, 'this is no time to eat. Look at the weather! My wife —'

'Say!' exclaimed a hungry cowboy, 'your baby ain't the only kid ever born in this county! Can't you cut your groaning for a while?'

But the doctor interrupted curtly with 'Pull in your teeth, Teddy. You're not married.'

'Righto!' retorted the cowboy with good-nature. 'You ain't neither. I vote we let the girls decide.'

Dinner was foregone.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the stage wrenched itself out of the trail-ruts, and turned onto the rough trackless prairie.

'Your outfit's along here somewhere soon,' said a cowboy.

The fat man groaned anew at the delay which this stop meant. 'Will it take long to get their things off the trailer?' he asked, almost resentfully.

No, it would take only a few minutes. Presently the stage stopped. Everyone got out of the car and bent against the wind to the task of unloading furniture and trunks and boxes. The fat man, helpless and awkward in his very eagerness to be of help, almost wept at the delay. This was less than five minutes, but the consciousness of a sick woman forty miles beyond made it seem a long time.

'Don't bother to untie anything!' exclaimed Frances. 'We can do everything ourselves. Yes, we have tools, matches, everything. Yes, of course we can put up the beds!'

'I'm sorry,' said the fat man gratefully, as he climbed into the car. 'If it was n't for my wife —'

'Yes, yes, all right, hurry off!' Louise and Frances cried at the same time.

And with shouts of 'Good luck!' 'We'll come and see you soon,' and the like, the stage was off. Louise and Frances were alone with their property.

II

It was too cold to stay outside long enough to get the first proper impression of the little tar-paper shack. That it was a tiny black speck in the vast boundless landscape; that no other dwelling was in sight; that the wooden strips holding the tar-paper in place were nailed on at neat intervals; that a small stovepipe stuck out of the curving roof at a rakish angle; these things

they took in at a glance, and called the place 'cunning.'

They hurried inside, and threw their arms about each other.

'O Fran! it is really true! We're here. I never entirely believed it, even on the way!'

'But let's light the fire before we do anything. I'm frozen brittle!' exclaimed Frances. 'Now let's see. The matches are in the box marked food. You open that, while I start on the bedding.'

'Here's the food-box,' replied Louise. 'Wow! these tools are cold.'

She pried open the lid of the box. The odor of tea and coffee, the sight of many small boxes and cans, were heartening.

'No matches here,' said Louise, blithely. 'Have another guess.'

'Oh, yes, they're there. You're probably looking for a small box. It's a big one — a year's supply. I saw him put it in myself.'

At last, 'Here it is.' Then, 'No, this is too heavy. It's soap.'

'Can't be,' replied Fran. 'The soap's in a box by itself.' Yet she left the case she was unpacking, and came over to inspect the box where the matches should have been.

'Why, we did n't order that kind of soap!' she exclaimed. 'Anyhow, how absurd to pack soap with food! It's a mistake. The matches *must* be in this box, for I told him to put them there, so that we could have a fire and food as soon as we got here. The box is the same size —'

Here Frances broke off, and caught a quick breath, disturbed at a sudden memory: for when she was ordering the groceries, a woman from a laundry had come hurrying into the store for some soap. And Frances, because her order was a long one and would take some time, had let the grocer wait on the other woman. What if the grocer had

sent the matches to the woman — Her heart gave a sudden turn, but her mind darted away from the fear.

'He must have packed the matches in another box,' she said. 'We'll have to open them all, till we come to them.'

'I move we have a cup of tea, first,' said Louise.

'Righto! I'll chop some ice from the frozen water-barrel, and we can melt —'

At that moment it flashed upon them both that fire was essential to tea. They laughed, Frances a bit hollowly. Louise, not realizing the terrible possibility *that there might not be any matches*, enjoyed the joke.

'It's like the Walrus and the Carpenter! "And this was very odd, because there were n't any matches." I'll have to write that to Jim. He's probably sizzling down there on his old Equator. Just think, Fran, what nice warm work building bridges over the Equator must be!'

Jim was the man Louise was to marry, after his engineering exploit was finished. And every experience was something to write to Jim. Frances sometimes thought that Louise lived entirely as a sort of preface, savoring life only as it could be passed on to Jim.

Although their feet and fingers ached with cold, and every breath was visible in the chill room, the exercise of unpacking warmed them a little. They worked with their outdoor wraps on. By half-past four it was beginning to get dark. Despite the cold, Louise seemed in high spirits.

"Adventure One — The Mislaid Match," she said. 'That would be a good title for a story. O Fran, why don't we write our adventures? We're going to have them wholesale. The ride out was almost an adventure, with the poor worried fat man, and all. I hope they got to his wife in time. "The Rigors of Ranching" would n't be a bad title. It would be awful to get sick out

here. I'm glad we're both husky, although it would be convenient for the present to have a delicate appetite. If we don't find the matches soon, I'll begin on raw food. You know we had no lunch.'

Frances was weighing the possibility of not finding the matches. Half an hour would bring darkness. The beds had not been put up yet. She did not wish to communicate her fear to Louise; but finally she suggested that it would not be a bad idea to begin on raw food, and get one bed ready before dark, on the chance that they might not find the matches till the next day.

The stiff frozen bread crumbled when they cut it. They opened a can of beans and of sardines, and found them both frozen solid.

'I knew it was cold, but I didn't realize it was *this* cold!' said Louise, as they broke the frozen food into small chunks. 'You suck a bean and a sardine till they melt; then you slip them between your chattering teeth, and the temperature does the rest. Quite a technique! This *is* an adventure!'

But despite their hunger, they could eat very little of the frozen food. They turned greedily, however, to some cakes of chocolate.

'What next?' asked Louise, when they had finished. 'We can't wash the dishes, because there's no water. Besides, it's too dark to do anything. I move we shiver to bed and get warm. Oh, I say, we can't even wash ourselves, or brush our teeth!'

'From furs to flannelette,' said Frances, attempting a joke. 'We'll need flannelette nightgowns. See, it's begun to snow!'

It was all but dark outside. A mad and furious wind raged, driving fine helpless snowflakes from the last vestiges of twilight into the blackness of night. It had the momentum of infinite distances, uncurbed. Amazing that the

little frame shack, with its single thickness of tar-paper, could withstand it!

'How terrifying this wind would be on the lonely moors of England, in a Hardy novel!' exclaimed Louise, as the two girls, quaking with cold, undressed.

Frances repressed an impulse to say that it was more terrifying here and now. She felt just the least impatience with Louise's habit of interpreting everything for its literary value, or for its interest to Jim. But she remembered that Louise did not know about the woman who had interrupted her order just when she was buying the matches; that Louise did not know that there might be no matches, and that the possibility of freezing to death was more than a literary contingency. And Louise must not know this till the last possible minute—some time to-morrow.

Undressing and slipping between the cold sheets was like a penance. But, having had time to put up only one bed, they had piled all their bedding on it, and they counted on this extra covering, and on the heat from their bodies, to get them warm.

It was too early to go to sleep. Waiting for warmth, they talked. They discussed the arrangement of the room. 'Let's get it all fixed up to-morrow, and take some pictures, and I'll send them to Jim with the first person who goes by. O Fran, I wish you had a Jim to be sending things to!'

'It is customary, I believe, to wait till after marriage before patronizing and pitying your old-maid friends,' laughed Frances. In her heart she was thinking, 'Poor Louise! She has so much to live for. And poor Jim! But we must keep laughing as long as we can, now.' Aloud she continued, 'The room is larger than I thought. What would you say were the dimensions?'

Louise guessed twenty-five by thirty. Frances laughed. 'Never: twenty-two by twenty-six, at the most.'

Louise said that rooms ought to come in figures divisible by five. They nonsensical on, waiting for warmth. Notwithstanding the number of covers, they were warm only where their bodies touched. Sharp cold draughts pried their way into the bed. They could not get warm. Frances finally found courage to get out onto the icy floor, snatch their coats, furs, and sweaters, and pile these on top of the bed. She scrambled back under the covers, quaking with cold. The extra covering apparently had no effect.

After a few hours, Louise fell into a restless sleep. But Frances could not sleep. It was not only the cold that kept her awake. There was black panic and fear. And when at last she could shake a part of her mind free of panic, she began weighing the possibilities of freezing to death: wondering how long it took; wondering if the weather would change; wondering if anyone would happen by their shack; wondering if, by any mad chance, the stage would come out of its course, and go past their homestead on its way back to the city; wondering if, by striking two pieces of metal together, she could start a fire. Boy Scouts, she had heard, learned how to do that. It was not as if it were a wet cold. Perhaps, if she cut some tiny shavings, and chopped them fine —

Would the doctor stop on his way back to the city? She had liked the doctor.

She knew that she was in no way responsible for the accident. That had happened in spite of more than ordinary care. She had checked over all the supplies; the grocer had pointed to a package and had said, 'Matches.' Yet a feeling of responsibility troubled her. The idea of homesteading had been hers. She had suggested it to Louise as an interesting thing to do during Jim's absence. She had argued against the objections of Louise's family, and had

persuaded them that it was a safe and sane project. Somehow, now, she must pull Louise through.

The other stage passengers had said they would come to see them soon. How soon? She hoped the doctor would be the first to come.

She tried to recall all the stories she had read about Arctic explorations. She could remember no details, only general impressions that one could stay alive for days; that after the pain came a numbness, and then a torpor. The thing to do, if the feeling of numbness came, was to stay awake.

What would Louise say when she realized the situation? Louise was of a temperament always on the crest or in the trough of the wave. Most of the time, especially since her engagement, she had been on the crest. Frances felt it almost a mission to keep her on the crest. However black the outlook, she must see that Louise should cling fast to hope.

III

When Louise awoke at daybreak, Frances had a plan. Louise should stay in bed while Frances opened the trunks and got out their warmest underwear. No need for two of them to fumble around in the cold room before they were dressed.

'By the way,' Louise interrupted, 'can't you do a little weather prophesying to-day? You were right about the edges, yesterday, but it certainly was not soft and warm in the middle.'

Frances lifted her head from the pillow to look out the window. 'Why, there's nothing but snow in the world. It's drifted up to our window-sill. If the sun comes out we'll have a great dazzle!'

'That's a safe prophesy,' laughed Louise. 'I could do almost as well myself. But keep your head down close to the pillow. A hurricane has just

intruded. I suppose I have feet, but I can hardly feel them.

They lay a while, shivering, yet savoring the few patches of warmth their bodies made; not daring to change their positions, for fear of contact with a cold part of the bed. Frances delayed the getting up as long as possible: every moment's delay was just one moment's more hope for Louise. For herself, too. After all, there might be matches. She had traveled far from the fierce fear that there might not be any, to the faint hope of the opposite. It was a hard downward traveling. At the bottom of the road stood despair, beckoning. Louise, luckily, had not yet passed even the first signpost of fear. Extremely uncomfortable, she was taking a perverse enjoyment in her discomfort: it would make such a good story.

Frances insisted that they each put on three suits of underwear, and three pairs of stockings; and Louise, though she thought the idea absurd, since they would surely find the matches presently, consented. That too would make a good tale to write to Jim. Frances then suggested that one of them look for the matches, while the other put things away and set the house in order. Things in their present disorder were so confusing that one could never be quite sure whether or not a box had been searched for the matches. Besides, — and this was sheer invention on Frances's part, — a neighbor might drop in at any moment.

So, after a breakfast of bread and butter and sweet chocolate, they set to work, Louise hunting for the matches, Frances putting things away, arranging their belongings, and frequently calling Louise from her task, to consult on the placing of some article, to help move something heavy, to hand Frances some tool as she stood perched on the convertible chair-step-ladder, hanging the attractive cretonne curtains. Chat-

ting gayly, she seized every possible pretext to prolong the hunt for the matches.

Lee Dodd had left the shack neat and clean. Save for the brightly polished stove, it had been empty. But in the course of her explorations Frances found on a high shelf a baby's shoe and a lady's pink garter. Here was food for speculation. (This will keep me talking quite a while, thought Frances to herself.) They had assumed Lee Dodd's bachelorhood. Was there then a Mrs. Lee Dodd? From his letter and from his singular replies, they tried to reconstruct the man and his possible family.

But in the midst of the discussion Louise stopped short.

'Fran!'

And Frances, though she knew what was coming, asked, 'What?'

'What if the grocer made a mistake? What if — O Fran — what if there are n't any matches?'

'Have you looked everywhere?'

'No; but what if —'

'Come on, don't be morbid. Time enough to consider that after we've done hunting.'

But a silence fell upon Louise, and for the first time she was frightened. She turned to her search, trying to conceal her panic.

'Want to change jobs?' asked Frances.

No, Louise preferred to do the unpacking and to keep on searching.

'I wonder if it can be much colder outside,' said Frances later, when for a few moments they left their tasks to take some calisthenic exercises. Their ears and faces as well as their hands and feet ached with the cold.

They opened the door. The snow, drifted half-way up to the knob, was frozen stiff. Frances got a shovel, planning to make a path, but the wind-packed snow was too hard to make the effort worth while. She stepped up on the snow, rather gingerly at first, expecting it to give way; but it bore her

weight. Suddenly she saw a thermometer. It registered twelve degrees below zero. The wind had fallen, and the out-of-doors seemed no colder than the house.

The two girls walked a little way from their house, and looked about them. There was nothing between them and the horizon — nothing; not a tree, not a landmark; only a rolling whiteness, smooth, blank, unfeatured. It lay supine, frozen, helpless, under a gray crouching sky. Only a terrible stillness, a silence that muffled all hope.

Without speaking, they walked back to the house. Frances wished passionately for some way to spare Louise the fear and despair, wished for some word that would not sound like an empty reassurance to a frightened child. What was Louise thinking? What would she say when she knew?

The shack was as cold as outside, only it had a different smell. Not a particularly pleasant smell, yet, suggesting shelter, it was welcome. They closed the door and returned to their tasks.

At last everything had been searched, everything was in order. Except for a comment now and then as to where some object should be placed, there had been little conversation since their walk. At noon they stopped for food. Louise tried a joke.

‘Now for the groaning board!’ she said, and then suddenly she was weeping. ‘I’m so cold! so terribly, terribly cold! Except my feet: they’re burning hot, and pricking and itching, and I want to scream! Oh, Jim would be so worried if he knew!’

‘Scream, dear, scream. Let’s have the comfort of screaming, if we wish, and of saying what we are thinking.’

‘Your feet, too?’

‘Not yet.’

‘How long have you known — have you feared?’

‘Since yesterday.’ And Frances told

about the women who had interrupted her to order the soap.

‘O Fran, dear Fran! And you did n’t tell me. You — you wanted me to have hope, to cling to hope, as long as possible? You’re splendid! O Fran!’

There was relief in weeping. Even Frances, the strong, the steady, welcomed the dear relief of tears.

Then they faced the situation. What should be done? What were the chances?

There were two chances. Someone might come. Probably the doctor would come by. His homestead, he had said, was only a few miles away. Possibly he would stop at his homestead on his way back to the city. If so, — and possibly if not, — he might stop to see them. If not, someone else would surely come in time. It would be a matter of endurance until someone should come.

‘We’ll be awfully uncomfortable,’ said Frances. ‘But as long as we’re uncomfortable, we’re safe. The danger does n’t really set in until we begin to get numb. Then we have to keep each other awake. We have food enough to keep us alive a long time, even though it is frozen and unpalatable. Later, we’ll have to take turns sleeping, and while one of us sleeps, the other will have to rub her arms and legs, to keep them from freezing. This may not be the scientific way, but it may work.’

‘And the other chance?’ asked Louise.

‘Oh, it’s the faintest hope. We might try to make a fire from a spark. I have wanted to try all day, but it’s so suggestive of despair that I’ve kept putting it off. We might try striking two pieces of metal together, and make a spark. But it’s such a thin little shaving of a hope. Now if we were Indians, or if we had some flint and whatever goes with it, there might be a chance of success.’

Louise grasped eagerly at the straw, and became enthusiastic. Boy Scouts had done it, she had heard. Then surely

Frances, the clever competent Frances could do it. She helped make the preparations. She tore tissue paper into tiny shreds. She whittled to small bits pieces of dry sage-brush. She and Frances arranged these scraps in the dishpan, and with a somewhat awed feeling, got the poker and a screwdriver.

'We ought to have a chant, a fire-worksippers' chant, to start the thing off,' said Louise. She had found laughter again. 'If Jim could only see us now!'

But soon the hope petered out. Occasionally a spark flew, and fell into the fuel, but the longed-for combustion did not occur. After an hour they gave it up.

Then Frances said, suddenly, 'We must rub your feet with snow or ice. I had forgotten. That's the thing to do for chilblains! We'll chop some of that frozen snow into small bits.'

Louise at first protested. Quaking with cold, the thought of cold snow on her feet and legs made her cringe. But anything was better than the fearful burning and itching.

She was surprised, when Frances applied the snow, to find that it felt like warm water on her feet. Blessed discovery! They rubbed their ears, their faces, their fingers, with the snow. It gave them a measure of easement.

That night they went to bed with all their clothes on, including woolen caps. They decided that it was safe for them both to risk sleeping that night. They ate as much supper as they could force themselves to swallow, trying frozen ham this time. And they went through all the physical exercises they could think of before retiring. Both beds were up now, but they slept together for the added warmth.

From the bed — it was still light — they surveyed the room.

'It is attractive!' exclaimed Louise, her eye running from the cheery cur-

tains, patterned with small yellow flowers and occasional diminutive blue-birds with red tufted heads, to the two comfortable willow chairs, with cushions of the same material. The unpainted deal table, with its brown desk-blotter, some writing materials, and a soft brown-shaded lamp, made a respectable library table.

'Some day,' said Frances, 'we'll paint that, and the desk chair, and the bookshelves a deep rich creamy color, to match the chiffonier and mirror. Shall we paint the dining-room table, too, or shall we leave it as it is?'

The 'dining-room table' stood toward the back of the room near the stove, a strip of Russian peasant embroidery and two squat brass candlesticks, with orange candles, 'lending it tone between meals,' according to Louise. Hanging along the wall near the stove, bright new aluminum pots and pans added cheer to the room. A folding screen concealed the trunks and empty boxes. Two or three braided rugs, which Frances had rescued from her uncle's New England attic, lay on the rough unfinished floor. Yes, even in the fading light, it was attractive.

But it was cold, aching cold; and notwithstanding their talk of painting furniture, and getting some gayly colored prints for the walls, their hearts were chilled and preoccupied, Louise's with anxiety for Jim, and Frances's —

'Why,' thought Frances, 'why is that doctor always in my mind? Anyone could rescue us. Anyone with a match. A slim little piece of wood, tipped at one end with a speck of sulphur, would save our lives. It need not be the doctor.' Yet it was of the doctor that she thought most often.

Somehow the night was lived through. Frances, having lain awake the previous night, snatched bits of dream-troubled sleep. A fat man in a machine was trying to prevent one of the cowboys from

amputating her feet with the screw-driver. 'This is no time to be tending to chilblains!' the fat man was crying. 'My wife may be dying!' And the cowboy answered, — only he had the doctor's voice, 'Pull in your teeth, Fatty. Let the lady decide about her own feet.' 'I'm sorry to detain you,' Frances replied, 'but he *must* cut off my feet.'

'The craziest dream!' she exclaimed to Louise as she woke, and recounted it. 'And the most absurd part was that I actually wanted him to do it, and that the sensation was pleasurable. When he got through he handed the feet to the other cowboy, and told him to put them in the closet next to the dancing-slippers. Then he took my temperature, shouted, "Up to normal!" and they all rushed out. Then I woke up, and my feet are burning and itching like the deuce!'

Louise found no sleep that night. She stayed awake with her fear, and with a resolve 'to live up to Frances' to the end. Would rescue come? Poor Jim! she thought. And more often than she knew, she said it aloud.

The next day they tried an experiment. They walked in opposite directions from the house, as far as they could, having agreed not to go out of sight of the house or of each other. Possibly they could see some other dwelling. 'Which way does he live?' thought Frances, gazing around at the unanswering horizon. Nothing came of the undertaking. They returned exhausted, scarcely able to articulate, so stiff were their faces from the wind.

They tried to read, but could not hold a book in their hands. Moreover, their own thoughts seemed more important than anything they could find in books.

They took turns rubbing each other's feet with snow.

'Jim will be so worried!' exclaimed Louise for the hundredth time. 'He'll

think something terrible has happened.'

Frances was silent. To think that Louise did not realize that something terrible *was* happening! Frances almost wished she had a Jim on whom to project her worry!

They stayed in bed most of the next day. The cold seemed to come up from under the bed; so, with great difficulty, because of their stiffness and weakness, they lifted the mattresses to the floor. Yet this gave them no relief.

If only the doctor would come!

Soon they lost track of time. They did not know how many days they had been alone. They only knew that the sun had not shone, that the sky was lowering and gray, that sometimes it snowed, that the thermometer — now their only immediate interest — wavered between twenty and forty below, that the wind raged and fell and raged again.

They began to feel numb. Pain ceased. It was as if drowsiness were breathed down upon them.

'We must n't let ourselves sleep!' exclaimed Frances. 'We must not!'

Then a wonderful thing happened. The long deep silence was broken. A sound was heard outside.

A sheep, a weak staggering sheep bleated outside their door.

'Poor thing!' they exclaimed. 'Poor helpless beastie! Strayed from the fold, literally.'

And suddenly they were overwhelmed with tears of pity for the sheep. Once more their tears were like a gift.

They coaxed the sheep inside, and tried to feed it bread, but it was too weak to eat.

'But it's still warm!' exclaimed Louise, as she hugged the animal close. 'Come, get near it. Feel here, under the fur, Fran; it's warm!'

Then Frances had an idea. It was a fearsome thought, loathsome, but it might help.

'Could you help me do something terrible, Louise? Could you keep your nerve? It might keep us going a few days longer. Someone is bound to come soon. We — we must kill it, and drink its blood.'

'O Fran!'

Yet they did it. Louise, her face averted, held the helpless creature as Frances cut its throat. Crying, they drank the blood — all of it.

Then the desire for sleep was on them again, a terrible passion, a fierce hunger, a thing not to be withstood.

'Let's give up, Fran. Let's write our farewells and go to bed.'

Scarcely able to hold a pen, Louise wrote a few lines to Jim.

'My dearest, if I could only spare you this anguish! There was an accident: no matches were packed with our things. We are freezing to death. Here is my love, all of it. And my arms about you.'

Frances found she wanted to write to no one but the doctor. But that was too absurd a whim to be indulged. Instead, she wrote to Jim. Her letter was longer than Louise's. She told him how much Louise's love for him had saved her of anguish. She told, too, in some detail, of their experience: their fight against the weather; how they had killed the sheep and drunk its blood; how they had hoped for rescue. 'We thought a certain doctor, who had come out on the stage with us, might stop here on his way back, and we hoped, and then wished passionately for his coming.' Frances paused here. Should she allow herself the luxury of that impersonal statement?

She let it stand. She could not have written the letter over again. She could scarcely finish it, as it was, for sleepiness, yet she goaded herself to the end. She left it open on the table, weighting it with a volume of Conrad. 'Rather fitting!' she thought. Then she wrote

on a large sheet of paper, 'We have no matches, and are freezing to death,' and nailed this to the outside of the door. She read the thermometer. It registered twenty below.

Every movement required tremendous effort, nightmare effort. Yet, coming back into the room, she looked around, walked back to the 'dining-room table,' and straightened the strip of Russian embroidery that had fallen awry. 'Now I guess we're ship-shape.'

Then, as she got into bed, she said to Louise, —

'Can you endure to take the cap off your head for a few minutes? If we pull our hair down over our faces it may keep our noses from freezing.'

'Kiss me,' said Louise sleepily; and Frances held her close. 'I love you, Fran, so much — next to Jim.'

'I love you, too. Funny how we don't say these things in life. I mean—'

'I know,' Louise replied drowsily. And then, 'If only Jim were here!'

Then, still in a close embrace, they yielded themselves to sleep.

IV

After ten weatherbound days in the 'soddie' of the grief-stricken fat man; after helping to dig through the snow and into the fire-thawed earth to make a grave for the fat man's wife and baby; after helping him put a rude fence about the lonely grave, — to keep the cattle from tramping over it, — the doctor started out on horseback for the town ironically named Sweetweather, the stage terminus. If the stage would risk the deep snow, now beginning to soften under the shy advances of the long-truant sun, he would stop to see how 'those girls' had weathered the blizzard and the bitter weather. They had been on his mind. Nothing could have happened to them, really. They were a healthy, capable sort, — espe-

cially Miss Stead, — and much better equipped for cold weather, doubtless, than many homesteaders. However, they were new to the country. Had they brought all that they needed?

At Sweetweather, where he spent the night, Little Willie was emphatic: the stage would not start till after the weather had 'set.' He tried to dissuade the doctor from going on ahead on horseback. 'Them girls is all right. And you don't need to go to your outfit. You were n't counting on getting to it for another week, anyhow. You can't trust this sun.'

Yet the doctor ventured on. The stage was to stop at 'the girls,' when it did go back to the city. The doctor would leave word with 'the girls' as to where he would wait for it.

The trip was far more laborious than he had expected. The horse plodded painfully through the snow. In one place a queer series of lumpy mounds attracted the doctor's attention. The horse shied. The doctor dismounted and scraped into the snow with his spur, which finally struck something hard. Further investigation proved it to be a sheep, frozen to death. A whole flock, it seemed, pressed close together, had frozen there.

'The spring should be coming, and there seems to be nothing but death in the land,' he said, and shook himself, as if to throw off the thought of death. 'I suppose I ought to be feeling gay, or pleased, or something, to be making a call; but there's only apprehension in my heart, and a great weariness.'

The light was falling, when of a sudden he spied the little black shack. He whistled: he had expected to see the smoke first, for the wind was coming from the direction of the house. And here was the shack, and no smoke. What could have happened? He spurred his horse. Soon he could see the white paper on the door. Perhaps they

had gone somewhere else, and the paper was merely a notice. Yet his heart sank.

There was hope, just a ghost of hope. Their hearts were still beating. He lighted a lamp, and placed it as far from the bed as possible. 'Lucky a doctor found them,' he said between his teeth, as he set to work. 'Some fool might have lighted a fire at once.'

With great difficulty he disentwined the two bodies and removed the clothing, being careful to avoid a sudden jerky movement. So frozen were their fingers and toes, that an awkward manipulation might easily break them off. He poured brandy down their throats. Then he brought in snow, and packed it about their arms and legs, and moving their hair, which had caked with ice from their frozen breath, he packed the soft snow on their faces. The rest of their bodies had escaped frost-bite.

But their limbs looked dead. Perhaps they could not be saved. Still, he remembered an account, in a medical journal, of a man who had been exposed four days, one of whose limbs had been apparently dead, but who, after seventy hours of careful treatment, had been able to walk about with nothing worse than a frost-bite on his heel. He remembered vividly the description of the treatment. The frozen leg had been bathed in ice-cold water for two hours, and then enveloped in furs. Then there had been friction with the feathery side of a birdskin; then with snow. The treatment had been continuous for twenty-four hours. The temperature of the room had been gradually raised, with lamps.

He looked about the room for some substitute for the birdskin, and for the first time saw the open letters on the table. The sheep incident fed his hopes: they had had something with real food-value. 'They're a plucky lot, and they

certainly used their heads!' he said aloud. He could use the sheep's skin. But before he turned to look for the sheep, his eye took in the next sentence of the letter: 'We thought a certain doctor, who had come out on the stage with us, might stop here on his way back, and we hoped and then wished passionately for his coming.' Perhaps, then, she had been drawn to him as he had to her? But, no, that was sheer fatuousness. Of course a doctor would be the person hoped for. Nevertheless, all the depression which had weighed him down since morning seemed to fall from him. He forgot, too, his weariness. He knew only that there was a hard fight ahead, and that against a million odds, with all his heart and all his science, he would fight it.

He must do more than save the lives of the two girls. He must save for them their arms and legs and ears and noses; he must fight against the coming of Arctic fever, pneumonia, gangrene, erysipelas, and against other fearful possibilities.

He worked all night, watching anxiously for signs of returning consciousness. Toward morning Louise's eyelids flickered. Then there really was hope! He had said it over and over to himself, but only now did he really believe it. His spirit was upborne. Now if only Frances would give some sign.

Hours passed, yet Frances gave no sign. He worked on, ceaselessly. Louise woke and slept and woke and slept. Once she spoke.

'Frances?'

'She'll come round all right,' he answered; and he willed it with all his might. His will was a flame, searing him, goading him on. It was a thing more than mere will. It was — could it be — love?

At night the miracle happened. Frances's eyes, half-open, heavy, uncomprehending, were idly upon him.

He stopped, and caught his breath. The eyes opened wider, and — as if her mind as well as her vision were gathered into focus — they felt out toward him with question and with understanding.

An ecstasy of thanksgiving gushed up in his heart, flooding him. The joy was almost pain. He turned his head away. Then he pulled himself together, and went on with his work.

Three sunny, thawing days passed before the sound of the chugging stage fell upon their welcoming ears. The doctor was still at work, never having stopped to sleep. It had been a long but a victorious fight. Complete recovery, though not yet achieved, was assured.

He had never once been conscious of exhaustion; but when Little Willie came into the room, an ally from the outside world, Dr. Calhoun said only, 'Get some woman,' sank into a chair, and was at once asleep.

Frances and Louise explained, — they had long since regained speech, — and Little Willie started off at once for a neighbor.

'I'm glad he does n't snore,' said Frances, absently. 'Does Jim?'

'Why, what a question!' She stopped a gasping moment; then, 'O Fran!'

'What utter nonsense! What do you mean? How absurd! Why, I hardly know the man! Besides —' She broke off. Then, with apparent irrelevance, 'O Louise, I do wish you had your Jim here.'

Louise paused a moment. Then she retorted, 'It is customary, I believe, to wait till after marriage, and it is only decent to wait till after engagement, before patronizing and pitying one's old-maid friends!'

Her eyes and her voice and her laugh were sunny with understanding. Here was a tale, oh, what a tale, to write to Jim!

ON DUTY. I

BY HARRIET SMITH

Thursday, September 18, 1919. — There are wild rumors in the bazaars to-day, among the Christians, not from the Moslems, that 50,000 Turkish troops are marching on Urfa, that the Americans are preparing to move their Orphanage to Aleppo, that the British are going also, and that all Christians are to be wiped out. The British are only a small band here, — the 51st Sikhs, about 600, — but the defense of Urfa has long been planned in case of emergency, and the machine-guns placed. Major Burrows inspected the Orphanage and industrial plant to-day. I do not know if it has any significance, but I suspect that it has.

Friday, September 19. — Wild times to-day. We were at breakfast at the new house, when in came rushing Lucia Mairik and Manush Mairik from the Orphanage, with excited tales of an impending massacre. Then, too, there were rumors of this army — said by some to be Bolsheviki — moving on from Diarbekr; and others, that quantities of rifles had been recently brought to the city; so that among the Armenians there was great unrest. Whatever happened, there was terror in the bazaars, among Turks and Christians. Both fled, in most cases even failing to take the time to close their shops — each afraid of the other and both afraid of the Arabs and the Kurds. The Armenian shops were looted, the Moslem shops untouched, we heard later. Elmas said that the news came to them by a boy who goes to the market with Alexandre, our buyer. Well, it has

blown over, but I am a bit sorry I did not plan to stay at the Orphanage to-night just to reassure the older folk. It is a terrible thing for these people to walk always under the shadow of an impending massacre, to feel always the knife at their throats and rifle at their heads. They say, 'Must we always feel this dread?'

Friday night, September 26. — I did not write yesterday, but they had another panic in the bazaars and again the Armenians ran for protection to the Americans — not in so great numbers, however, or in such dire terror, I think. There are various rumors about how it starts. Some say a man on horseback, with blood splashed over his face, comes dashing through the bazaars crying that the Christians are massacring the Moslems, so naturally the Moslems quit their booths and run, as do also the Armenians.

October 10 [?], 1919. — You could never guess whom we drew to-day for a fellow worker, here in Urfa, so I shall tell you. With Mr. Clements came Mrs. Mansfield, wife of the Richard Mansfield. I hope you have not forgotten the great American actor. They have both been working in Beirut, but the work has mostly closed down there, and the committee is withdrawing most of its workers. Earlier, Mrs. M. was in France, Paris, and Lille. They came up on the British lorries this morning, having remained on the train all night at Telebiad.

Thursday, October 23. — It is openly acknowledged now that the British are

going, so the major is trying to range all the nearby Arab and Kurdish chieftains on our side, so that they may know us and befriend us.

Saturday. — The idea of French occupation of Urfa as a part of Syria is somewhat reassuring, though we do not expect to find them as staunch friends and backers as the English; yet their presence may in part restrain the turbulent passions of the Moslems — Turk, Kurd, Arab — and prevent any general massacre, such as the latter have threatened: that they would not leave one Christian alive.

Wednesday, October 29. — The French arrived in British lorries this afternoon, something over a hundred strong; but we are told that another company is coming. How they expect to live in this far-away post without their own automobile to connect them with the outside world is a question which is puzzling us. The highest officer so far is a captain — we expect him to dinner tomorrow night with Major Burrows.

Thursday night. — The French Commander, Captain Lambert, came to-night with Major Burrows and Captain Garrett. He was at Verdun, and is very quiet and simple and cordial. He helped us play charades after dinner. One word being his name, — Lambert, — we had 'lamb' and 'bear,' and I was the greedy little girl who ate the porridge of the three bears.

We shall be sorry to have Mr. Weed- en go and shall miss him tremendously; but he leaves for Boston in December. Perhaps you may see him later — expert aviator and baseball artist.

It was rumored that Turkish cavalry was approaching Urfa to-day, but the two commanders went out in the armored car and found none. To-morrow the aeroplane comes to take a look over the country.

Saturday, November 1. — The British forces left at seven this morning, most

of the troops going by motor-lorry, but about 150 of them marched with the transports. The officers breakfasted with us, but I happened to take this morning — All Saints' Day — to be extra good, and went to church, so missed everything, including all the group-pictures taken by the numerous cameras; so you will not see me in any of them. Only Major Burrows and Captain Garrett remain to comply with all formalities — French and Turkish. They leave about noon.

We are all sorry to see the British go. They were friends and brothers and fellow workers.

With the French we hope to have cordial relations, but you know there cannot be the same fellowship with people speaking another language, no matter how good the intention. We simply cannot understand each other.

Saturday, November 8. — The carts of the new French troops arrived to-day, but we saw no new infantry. So far they have not a single automobile among them, where the British had ten or twelve lorries, three armored cars, and a few Fords.

Sunday night, November 9. — It lacks less than a month of the time of Mr. Weed- en's departure for America, and he is in correspondingly high spirits. To-night he proposed a ride out in the desert in the moonlight — a wonderful full moon; so with Miss Waller and Mr. Clements on the rear seat, we started.

The city, silent in its darkness, was on our right as we skirted the Gardens on the Telebiad Road, with the desert stretching far away toward the mountains on our left, and the serene moon looking down on our solitude. The whole countryside lay quiet, the noise of the motor being the only sound that broke the stillness except the songs of the boys. Even the dogs that crossed our path were silent, and we saw one wolf or hyena loping swiftly away.

Saturday, December 27, 1919. — Our house stands in the middle of an immense field, with the tents on both sides of us — girls on one side, boys on the other; so robbers, Turks, Kurds, Arabs, and, I suppose, even Armenians, can come upon us in the darkness from any point, a plain barbed-wire fence being no protection, and even that having many openings. They steal from us in broad daylight — blankets, clothing, anything.

Monday, February 2, 1920. — I have closed letter No. 27, but do not know if it is possible to send it off; perhaps it may go by Turkish post; but so far as the railway is concerned, we are cut off from the world. With machine-guns and ammunition a few could stand off an army of men armed only with rifles and spears; but of course there is an end to supplies, and I doubt if the French are as well stocked as were the British. They have not been here long enough, nor have they transportation facilities — no lorries. Oh, for a few armored cars and an aeroplane! The latter would make short work of an attack at any place. I walked through the bazaars with Mr. Woodward this afternoon, but found the shops mostly closed, the Christians obstinately refusing to take any chances of surprise and slaughter in the market-place.

Thursday, February 5. — Mrs. Mansfield and Mr. Clements report that more of the stores in the market are opening up, and we hope that in a few days all the Armenian shopkeepers will get courage to go back. The Mutisarif yesterday called a meeting at Abraham's Mosque, and invited the Armenian Committee to be present, saying he wanted them to dwell as brothers, and asking if it were true that they were being armed by the French as was reported by the gendarmes. Five went and returned safely, being permitted to give their views on why they could not trust

to Turkish promises of good-will, and denying the arming of the Armenians by the French.

Saturday, February 7. — Having heard last night that some Armenians were going through to Aleppo by wagon, *via* Aintab, we all wrote and sent letters to Karekeen Effendi, to have them forwarded; but this morning we learned that the Turkish gendarmes had stopped our messenger and taken the letters, saying that the Armenians were secretly corresponding with each other. They were handed over to Karekeen Effendi this morning, too late to catch the travelers, if they went; some say they were afraid to go.

All the shops are closed to-day, Moslem and Christian, and rumors of an approaching force were rife. This afternoon we noticed the French deploying in all directions; and when we attempted to cross the fields and the river for a walk in search of a fabled Roman bridge, which we have twice vainly tried to find, we were turned back by a French officer, Lieutenant Marcerau, who said it would be highly imprudent to walk out into the country this afternoon. The soldiers were occupying individual trenches all along the brow of the hill commanding the river and the Aleppo and Samsat roads. Three detachments were beyond 'lone tree hill' just back of the house, commanding the road to Severeck and Diarbekr. Lieutenant Marcerau said that about 500 Arabs or Kurdish horsemen had been seen on the Diarbekr Road, but it was not known whether or not they were friendly. The children in the Orphanage were ordered to their tents by Miss Holmes, and the grounds looked deserted when I came along from Dr. Vischer's. Even my sterilizer, or, in other words, 'delouser,' had been left to its fate; but I soon got back my boy who was attending to it, and set him to work. I do not believe there is anything

imminent. If there were we should be between cross-fires.

Darkness is falling, with everyone in the city, I suppose, Moslem and Christian, in a state of terror, afraid of each other, though Moslems assure the Armenians that no attack is directed against them, but against the French, and the French, while they do not know exactly what they will be called upon to do, are taking the necessary precautions for defense. Out here in the environs, we, although we are in a more dangerous place than in the town Orphanage, not having known fear before, have none now. Last night I had a very vivid and complicated dream of battle and flight and being told off for the firing-squad, but saved by the quick wit of a woman as I was passing through a railroad station.

Later, authentic. The Orphanage is not full of refugees, but there are six machine-guns mounted on its roof and four on the hill behind; so it is well protected. (The guns were removed next day from the Orphanage at Miss Holmes's request.)

Sunday, February 8. — Rather a memorable day, and full of excitement. With Yester, my interpreter, I started for the Assyrian Catholic Church this morning, but we were stopped at the Millet Kapon (National Gate) — which guards the entrance to our country home and the French Headquarters, and stands just across the river, guarding also the bridge which carries the line of water-supply to the city — by the Turkish soldiery, who forbade our egress, saying no one could come or go. But through Miss Law's Arabic and the arrival of an officer, we were permitted a pass to go to the old orphanage, and from there I made my way down through the town to the church, — the Latin, — because I thought it wiser to defer my Assyrian visit to another day. We found the street very

quiet — a few Turkish soldiers here and there, but they offered no obstructions.

It seemed a bit pathetic that these elderly bearded priests in the sanctum and those dear old Sisters — I think Mère Cécile is eighty — should have just left one five-year war behind in France, to run into another one here. They had been exiled to France by the Turks in 1915, and had but recently returned.

At the convent three Sisters, who had served in the hospitals in France, were partaking of a hurried repast before accompanying me to French Headquarters where the Père Superior had directed them to report to Commandant Hauger for duty in case of need. All this because a body of horsemen, variously estimated at from one to five thousand, had reached Kara Keupri, a village about one and one half hours distant behind the hills, on the Severeck Road, and had sent in a white-flag messenger to carry the ultimatum to the French that they evacuate Urfa in twenty-four hours or take the consequences.

Of course, all the French could reply was that they had been placed here by their government and could not withdraw, but must defend their position; but that they would not fire the first shot. The twenty-four hours were up about three this afternoon. So when I reported to Miss Holmes that the Commandant had asked me to tell her to put the children under shelter in the cellars, etc., if rifle-firing began, she decided to send them all to the Orphanage within the city walls, already defended by ten machine-guns on the hill behind.

The hegira soon began, each one carrying his bed and bedding on his back, and the tents were empty and quiet. I evacuated my hospital of all except one sick girl, whom I took into the house, sent most of the nurses with

the children to look after their needs and to be themselves safe, keeping my interpreter, Yester, and two others who elected to stay by me, with my boy Yeremia. Then I offered myself and hospital to the Commandant in case of need; for which I received a very nice note from him, saying that he accepted if the occasion arose. The French, even the common soldiers, Algerian and others who served on the battle-fields of France, look very lightly on this affair, calling it play, after all they have seen and done; but they are not overlooking any precautions.

Miss Holmes wanted me to accompany her and Miss Law to the city, but I preferred to remain here, where there would be opportunity for aiding the wounded if necessary; and besides, one rather likes to stay by one's goods and chattels. Also, the French outposts and defenses are beyond us, so that we are within the lines. We lie between them and headquarters. Of course, there are many chances from rifle-bullets, but we are hoping that the enemy has not machine-guns or artillery. However, if Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish general, is leading the attack, as some say, he doubtless has both.

We can manage with our canned food-supply in the cellar if our water is not cut off as threatened. The French say they have food for thirty days. I want Annie Carpenter to know that her flag is flying from the housetop — happy thought of hers. I made a good flag-pole with the stick on which my rubber sheeting was rolled, and Mr. Weeden put it up. Mr. Woodward also put up a Red Cross flag which Miss Waller had manufactured from a piece of red cloth; so they fly side by side.

Monday, February 9. (First day of the war.) — Snowing — cold. The Moslems were favored this morning by a snowstorm which began about 8 A.M. Mrs. Mansfield and I had been

awakened at 5 A.M. by a shot which sounded as if it came from the city; and going out of the door onto my verandah, I seemed to hear the noise of voices, and Mrs. M. thought she heard an Arab drum beating; but nothing further happened and we went to bed. Thinking all was quiet, I sent my interpreter with another nurse and Yeremia to the city, to hold clinic, about 8 A.M., intending to follow as soon as I finished breakfast.

They could hardly have reached the Orphanage — having to pass the Turkish guard at the Millet Gate — when suddenly came the sound of rifle-shots from the town. The fusillade continued for some time, and has been intermittent all day. Now that night is closing, we still hear an occasional shot. They come from the Turkish gendarmes, who are shooting at French Headquarters from the Samsat Gate and the houses near the city wall.

We went up on the housetop at first; but the bullets whistled over our heads, so we all decided it was safer in the house. Except for the fact that we kept pretty closely to the house you would not guess that there was a war in progress. It's a rather jolly crowd. Lieutenant Marcerau came in this afternoon, in the snowstorm, to tell us how things are going. If the army — Turks and Kurds they are — shows itself, it will be quickly mowed down by the machine-guns; but it is difficult to shoot at snipers.

The enemy has cut the water-supply somewhere near its source beyond the hills, so we're economizing on washing, with many a joke. The boys make it an excuse for not shaving.

The French are expecting large reinforcements, but the telegraph and telephone lines being cut, do not know just where they are or when to expect them. I suppose the authorities could not have known what a storm-centre this

place would be, or they would not have sent troops here without automobiles, armored cars, wireless outfit, or an aeroplane, of which there are two *escadrilles* at Beirut. The defense is blind without an aeroplane for eyes. With one, they could make short work of an attacking army. As it is now, they hardly know from what quarter they will be attacked. All that is known is that the attacking force is a Kurdish tribe from the North, doubtless augmented by Turks and Arabs, and probably with a Turkish leader. A letter was sent by the Turks in the city to the Armenian Union, asking that the Armenians permit them to pass through their quarter to attack the French; but the Armenians, knowing their ultimate fate, have barricaded the streets leading to their quarter, and will resist any attempt.

It's a good thing that the children are in the city. They may get bread there. Here there is no way of getting it for them, for communication is cut off. To-night the boys cleared out the cellar and brought in beds from the Infirmary, making two comfortable wards, one for us and one for the men. Including the three kitchen-maids, my one sick girl whom I could not send to the city, and one nurse, we are eight women (three Americans), four men (three Americans and one Syrian), and six boys. I guess there are two revolvers among them — Mr. Weeden's and Mr. Woodward's. The latter, having had much army experience in France, at Salonica and on the Struma, has built a barricade of our supply-boxes in front of the cellar windows and door, leaving a firing platform which commands the door. I think Lieutenant M. came this afternoon to see if the men would defend themselves should the Kurds break through the lines of defense on the hill behind us and attack the house. In that case the French will sweep our

house with machine-gun fire and the cellar will be the safest place. An awkward thing is that there is no entrance to the cellar from inside the house; one must go outside and around the corner.

Tuesday, February 10. — There will probably be no attack in force to-day, for the shining mantle of snow which covers mountain and plain would render clearly visible an advancing army, and every day gained means the nearer approach of the reinforcements of the French. It seemed rather funny for us all to go to bed as usual with the sound of firing about us, trusting to the small handful of French to keep us safe from the cruel Kurds and Turks lurking behind the hills and the city walls; but the voice of the machine-gun, speaking for the first time just as I climbed into bed, — literally climbed, for we used the high hospital beds augmented by some of our own devices for comfort, — gave a sense of security, and I slept till the bright sunlight came into my room and the footsteps of an unusually early-rising family sounded in my ears.

By special Providence — and Elaine Van Dyke, who gave me a free hand with the medical supplies when I was in Aleppo — I have a goodly amount of medicines, gauze, and bandages on hand, so am able to supply the Sisters at the military hospital with these very necessary things. We've been making dressings and bandages, for the French seem to have little or nothing of that kind. Last night I made up two big baskets and two bags to go over, together with bed-linen, of which I fortunately have a supply. The soldiers came for some at midnight. At that time four had been wounded. Mr. Clements and I want to walk over to the hospital, but the vote is against our going because of rifle-bullets flying about.

Wednesday, February 11. — Two

French soldiers came over just after dark, to ask for some candles for Lieutenant Marcerau, who holds the slope of the hill to the west; and Mr. C. and I took advantage of their coming to ask if we might go to the hospital under their escort. So they, with two bags of medical supplies, and we, with packages of sheets under our arms, started down the back road through the snowdrifts. Here they left us while they crossed the vineyard to their headquarters, and we sat down in the middle of the road and watched the Mesopotamian stars, which are much the same the world over. There was a biting wind and we felt none too warm; but this was soon remedied as we tramped across the low, freshly ploughed vineyards to the barracks, and were thence directed across the road to General Headquarters, where we found the Sisters in their four-bedded hospital tucked away below in a tiny room protected from the flying bullets. There was hardly room to turn around, and the place seemed full of people. Crossing the road both times, we had to do a double quick to escape the possible chance of being hit; and we tumbled down the bank and through holes and gullies hidden in part by the snow, to the Mess, where the surprise of the officers on seeing us was shown in their smiling faces.

We reached home without harm. About eight o'clock we received a glad surprise in the shape of Elias, our chauffeur, who had come from the city Orphanage with a letter from Miss Holmes. He carried a pole with a small American flag attached, which I doubt would receive any consideration.

The Commission little knew, when it sent us shovels and pickaxes, that they would be used for digging French trenches for our defense, and that our plentiful supply of evaporated-milk-cans would be used to stop Turkish bullets. We used to laugh and say,

'Another lot of shovels and pickaxes,' or 'Another consignment of condensed milk,' but we've no occasion to smile now, for the shovels have proved their use and the milk-cans not only provide us with food for the French and for ourselves, but serve for the defense of the Armenian quarter, and form a barricade in our windows against stray bullets. With my somewhat abundant supply of medicaments, they seem to have been a direct provision of Providence, which saw beyond our human vision.

Through the night there was comparatively little shooting; but this morning, as I lay awake, rather disliking to get up in the cold, there came a sudden fusillade of bullets, and I jumped up to see a man crawling on his stomach in the snow along a shallow gully that runs parallel to our fence, in the vineyard in front of the house. Several of the bullets flicked the snow in the yard, and it sounded as if some struck the house. The family was interestedly watching him, and who should it be but Elias, who, thinking himself safe here, with French Headquarters between himself and the city, had foolishly started in broad daylight to walk across the vineyard. He had a bad half hour crawling there in the cold and snow, with the bullets flicking the snow and earth all about him; but he finally succeeded in crawling back to a trench originally built for a garage foundation near our gate, and from thence to the house, which he reached in an exhausted condition. I guess he was nearer to death than he had been in the midst of the fighting in the city, for the Turks had sighted him across from the city walls; but it shows what a fair chance one really has of escaping the bullets if one lies low and keeps moving.

We are down to our last can of oil, so fires are taboo and the only fire permitted is in the living-room, where our

feet freeze on the cold stone floor. This morning the men opened up the stone floor in the hall, to furnish access to the cellar without going out of doors.

Friday, February 13. — It is very cold and it has snowed all day long, so there has been less shooting than usual, I think, because outlines and objects are obscured. It also will probably delay the appearance of the reinforcing French troops. We have a pool up on the date of their arrival. Three have already lost, but my guess is for Sunday and Miss Waller's for Sunday night, so we still have a chance to win. However, the reinforcements begin to seem rather mythical, and we shall probably have another chance to win on another pool when this is finished.

We had all gone upstairs to bed last night, leaving only Mr. Clements reading by the fireplace. Suddenly he gave a yell and came bounding up the stairs. A bullet had come in the small upper arch of the window left unprotected by the boxes of condensed milk, and had ricocheted across the room, too near for comfort. He found it this morning, flattened like a dog's tooth. In consequence, we have put up more barricades, including my window; but my doorway facing the city is still unprotected.

It was to-night that the French soldier promised to come after me, to guide me to the Orphanage; but it is so stormy, I do not know if he will come. The family is much opposed to my going, saying that my duty is here, as they will have neither nurse nor doctor at hand, while in the city they have two doctors and six nurses — natives, to be sure, but pretty good in emergencies. So you see I am trying to decide, or have decided for me, what is my real duty. I want to go and shall be much disappointed if I cannot. Mr. Weeden has forbidden any of the boys to go out to-night to help me carry any-

thing; so, if I go, I shall have to depend upon my soldier. All three of our own boys — men, rather — are just now giving us a very realistic imitation of a back fence full of cats.

I made a codicil to my will to-night, giving my belongings here in Urfa to Elmas. It will save people the trouble of sending them to America, where they would probably never arrive. Some time, if she gets there, she may distribute some of the things. Not that I am expecting to get shot, but, as my lawyer readers know, it is well to be prepared.

Saturday morning, February 14. (St. Valentine's Day.) — Isn't it funny how things turn out. Five Americans, — Mrs. Mansfield, Miss Waller, Mr. Weeden, Mr. Clements, and myself, — together with the accountant, Mr. Woodward, elected to stay here in the country, believing it to be the point of danger from the waiting hordes of Kurds and Turks, said to be beyond the hills a few miles away, and in their direct line of attack upon French Headquarters; so we watched the children with Miss Holmes stream away to the City Orphanage, believing that they were going to a comparatively safe shelter. In fact, subconsciously, I would have felt myself to be a bit of a coward had I gone; and besides, I wanted to be within the French lines, where I could help take care of the wounded, while the children in the city could be well enough cared for temporarily by the native nurses and doctors.

By a whim of fate, it has turned out just the opposite. We are comparatively safe, except for the snipers and the stray bullets, if we stay inside the house; while so far, the attack upon the French has been made from the city itself, within which the forces from Severekek and Diarbekr have taken shelter. As the French, in reply to the Turkish ultimatum, had said they would not

fire first, the outside army had time to get by night, and by detachments of ten and fifteen, within the city walls. There were probably not more than a thousand.

When I opened my eyes this morning, it was upon a white world — earth and air and sky. Through my open door I could see but a few rods away, just beyond our front fence. It was not snowing, but all was obscured by a white mist, covering valley and plain and mountain.

Because of the obscuring mist, there was not much firing this afternoon, and I went out to some of the tents and to the infirmary, through snow more than knee-deep; but the boys, going out for water just a little later, as the mist lifted very quickly, drew the fire of the Turks. They probably also saw Mr. Clements, who, tired of the five days' imprisonment in the house, was running through the snow in the front yard. Just now, after 8 P.M., all is silent. Captain Perrault sends three rifles for self-defense to the men, but we hope there will be no occasion to use them. Warmer to-day, and the snow beginning to melt.

Sunday morning, February 15. — Bright and clear and cold, across the snowy expanse this morning, could be seen in sharp outline the roofs of the city and the citadel beyond. This afternoon the rifle-shots came pretty regularly, and we got another bullet in the window of Miss Holmes's office and storeroom; so we proceeded to barricade those windows also with boxes of supplies. This heavy snow will delay reinforcements, for it will be almost impossible for horses to drag the heavy guns through the piled-up drifts in the mountain defiles; so we are settling down for another week. The first shell-fire began to-day. This afternoon, Mrs. Mansfield has been reading quotations from Shakespeare and the poets for us

to guess the plays and the authorship. To the men she gave for a prize a pair of white kid gloves worn by Richard Mansfield in *A Parisian Romance*.

The rifle-shots are increasing in frequency again to-night, but we stay indoors. We congregate day and night around our blaze in the living-room, and carry on our occupations, or while away the time. I do not have much time to while away. I can always find plenty to do, and one is never bored if there are books to be read. My own room has the chill of the tomb, when I go there to sleep at night, and we dress with numb fingers. My little room in Boston with its cosy warmth would feel pretty good to me.

Bed-time, Sunday night, February 15. — The bullets from the city have been striking close to the house to-night, sounding as if they were at our doorsteps; but it is difficult to judge localities.

Monday, February 16. — It is a calm day and warmer. All is serene in earth and sky. The fleecy clouds drift lazily across the blue — a picture framed by my open doorway. The snowy hills, rank on rank, fade away into the distant south and west. The sunlight streams through my open doorway in the morning, doubtless showing the room beyond to watching eyes; so, when I rise to close my door, they seemingly take a few pot-shots at me just for luck. So far no bullet has entered, though yesterday one found its way through the window of the room below, when I was standing in my door above.

Mr. Weeden was standing in the window upstairs this afternoon when a bullet came through just beside him, so he has his souvenir.

The natives in the house are afraid, and we are putting them down in the cellar to-night; but for ourselves, we prefer to remain upstairs, and just now

I am preparing to go to bed as usual. The French had three more wounded to-day.

Tuesday, February 17. — The Turks seem to have made good their threat. They hold Lone Tree Hill, a few hundred yards back of us — and I have seen men die. I was the first to go to bed last night, leaving the family downstairs; but I could not sleep. About 1.30, I went to Mrs. Mansfield's room across the hall, and not finding her, concluded that all the family must be downstairs; so I decided to dress. Now, dressing is a long and laborious process with me, and to give you a chance to laugh, I shall give you a few details of the process. First, let me whisper — all my life, or perhaps less, I have had a secret ambition to own a pair of trousers. Well, I have a pair, and they are nifty ones at that, of English worsted, but they came from America; so when I thought a few days ago that I was to make a night-run for the City Orphanage, I put them on, intending to shed my skirts for the time being, not wanting to be handicapped by them in a race with the bullets. Finding the trousers warm and comfortable, I have worn them ever since under my dress; so after I have put on my ordinary underclothing, and added a pair of equestrian tights, I don my trousers, lace up my high boots, put on spiral puttees of khaki, wearing the trousers knee-length as do the sailors when they are wearing their leggings — and I am dressed for the fray; but it takes an hour.

When I descended to the living-room, I found Mrs. Mansfield and Miss Waller lying dressed on the couches, while the men were upstairs in bed, also fully dressed. It was too much trouble to disrobe again, so I went upstairs to Miss Waller's room, which opens on the road leading to French General Headquarters. The constant

and close firing all night created a sense of something unusual astir, and I watched a group of Frenchmen of the *quatre-cent-douze* coming toward our gate and clustering about the gatepost. It was not quite dawn, but a long orange streak showed in the eastern sky, and the white background of snow made things fairly visible. The soldiers came in among the tents in an undecided way, and then continued farther on up the side of the hill to the Orphanage cook-house. We learned later that they were a detachment of twenty-five men with a machine-gun, whom the Commandant had sent to guard us when he learned that Lone Tree Hill back of the house had been lost. The hill had been defended by Algerians, who fired a volley at the oncoming, greatly superior force of Turks, and then retreated, as we heard from a French soldier.

A few moments later, I saw a soldier leave the cook-house and run crouching back to Headquarters. The orange streak in the east was slowly turning to crimson, when three soldiers came out of Headquarters and started to run across the vineyard in front of our house, several hundred yards away, making for Lieutenant Marcerau's headquarters, guarding the hill toward the mountains and Arab Poonar — to our right as we face the city. He had reached the lowest part of the little depression in the vineyard, when he fell and lay still; another came running a few yards behind him, and when he had almost reached the first, he too fell and was still. Another came running, and he too fell. Hours later, we saw the third slowly drag himself uphill to Headquarters, but the other two lie out in the field, and the afternoon snow is gently covering them.

The sun was sending a crimson banner far up into the sky, when three more men came running, crouching

and lying low — this time toward us. The bullets whizzed all about, singing viciously, for the men were being fired at both from the hill behind us and the city in their rear; but they won through and came to a grateful, panting rest behind our great stone gatepost, and soon after came dodging between the rows of tents to the door. They are a part of our guard for to-night. Every little while one sees a soldier leave some shelter and run through the open, dodging the bullets, to take up his position somewhere else, according to orders; and each time comes a shower of bullets mostly directed at our house and vicinity, so that, with the enemy both in front and rear, we have no safe abiding-place.

The end of the eighth day of the siege. The setting in our small domain is rather dramatic. Outside it is snowing and blowing, which means further delay for the oncoming 'column.' Upstairs are three rifle *mitrailleuses*, small machine-guns, pointing out of our rear window toward Lone Tree Hill, lost by the French during the night. Within are thirty-odd French soldiers, to whose care our welfare is intrusted, and who must help block the way of the Turks; so we are relegated for sleeping-quarters to the stone vaulted cellar, into which at present no daylight enters, for the tiny windows are blocked with supply-boxes. In the living-room, by the light of a single candle, we ate our frugal supper, or dinner, of soup, bully-beef hash and canned pears, all three courses from the same dish, and then washed all the dishes with half a cup of water, because the supply at present is low. Now, all are gathered in the dimly lighted living-room in various attitudes of repose, loath to descend to the deeper darkness below. Above us sounds the tramp of the soldiers' feet, and from each window a soldier peers out into the white mist of snow.

Wednesday, February 18. — We spent last night in the 'Black Hole of Calcutta,' and one night is enough for me, unless the emergency is greater. Our cellar, before spoken of, has two rooms. The inner one, about 8 by 20 feet, has no windows. No air enters except what comes through the small door from the outer room, and in that room the door and windows are blocked. Six beds were put up in the inner room for the women and girls, and a sheet hung across the door, and here eight of us slept last night, or got what sleep we could, for the family thought we would be in the way of the soldiers if we stayed above, and also in the way of the bullets, for, of course, the shooting of the French from our house would draw fire.

Wednesday, 9.30 P.M. — All lights darkened, and an extra guard is downstairs to-night at our back door. A note from Miss Holmes, written yesterday, says that the Turks have made two attempts to storm Orphanage Hill, but were repulsed with losses.

Thursday night, February 19. — The end of a quiet day, so perhaps the Turks are preparing for a rush. We seem to be pretty well prepared for them, however. To-night the soldiers took possession of my office for a machine-gun position, but I am hoping they won't find it necessary to take my room; for in that case I should feel homeless indeed. My room has three doors, one leading out-of-doors on the veranda; that one I have padded with pillows and a bag of wool, leaving room enough to open it a little for air. Another opens into a rear room, now occupied by the soldiers with a machine-gun, whose window is directly opposite and directly faces Lone Tree Hill. I've hung a heavy comforter, doubled, on that door. The third enters the hall and is unprotected. The window is barricaded with supply-boxes. With all these defenses, I feel fairly safe

and am intending to sleep there again to-night. Lieutenant Soyet, commanding our post, came over to-night enveloped in one of my hospital sheets. By another provision of Providence I had thirty dozen sent me, and we've been saving French lives with them by giving them to the soldiers to enshroud themselves, thereby melting into the background of snow as they cross the fields, completely camouflaged. We learned from the lieutenant that we are the 'first line,' the farthest outpost; a somewhat important position, which comparatively few civilians reached in France.

(To be continued)

EVENING ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

THOU, unhorizoned as eternity,
 Yet of time's rounded hour thy mirror making;
 Thy heart the sun, thy hand the gathering sea,
 Yet in a flower thine ample lodging taking;
 Thou who dost vein the marble and the leaf,
 Mak'st thought and dream shine through the jungle's scarring,
 Till from a scented reed, as summer brief,
 Man breathes the forest some dim star is wearing; —
 These are thy shadows; here I strip me free
 Of myths and days, of grieving and of fearing;
 Tatters of fame, and love that bannered me; —
 Here bare me as the moonlight, only hearing,
 As in thy music, universes flow,
 And even as music to thy silence go.

CAN OUR CIVILIZATION MAINTAIN ITSELF?

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

FOR six years we have had practically no immigration. During this period the flood of unskilled laborers almost completely died down. Before 1914 hundreds of thousands of men and women, raised at the expense of other countries, had been brought annually to our shores. They came with low standards of living, humble and willing, prepared to accept a bare subsistence wage, and content to do the rough and heavy work of the land. Their one hope was that we of our mercy would grant them, not easy, but unceasing employment. Our manufacturers had the assurance of a large supply of surplus labor; our charitable associations could expend their energies on the poor whom we had always with us; and fatalities in the mines, on the railroads, and in the dangerous trades were unfortunate, but not a real menace to our preëminence as a producing people. We were free to go ahead recklessly educating our lower classes, making nurses of domestic servants, stenographers of factory girls, teachers of the daughters of tradesmen, clerks of hod-carriers, mechanics of miners, and college professors of farm-hands. We could indulge our theories of equal opportunity for all, and a better chance for the child than for the father, without menace to our comfort and well-being. The silent thousands from across the seas were always coming to fill the places of those who had moved up. They asked no questions, made no complaint, accepted with humility what God and the great American people

visited upon them. Perhaps they felt dimly that their children were in the line of promotion; but for themselves they did what was plainly marked out for them to do, and grew old and died doing it. Those were the good old days to which we look back, astonished that we did not more fully appreciate our blessings.

What of the situation to-day? Are the present conditions anything short of disastrous? For six years we have been compelled to manufacture our own population. Home-industry alone has had to be depended upon to supply us with hand-workers, as it had previously been depended upon to supply us with brain-workers. The latter task we have always felt competent to perform; the former has been more in the nature of an experiment. And what has been the final result of our efforts? A shortage of workers everywhere. The original shortage of manual workers induced the payment of such high wages that recruits were soon drawn from the less highly paid groups of brain-workers. This shift did not suffice to meet the demand for the unskilled worker, but it has served to spread the shortage over all branches of employment.

The shortage of farm labor bids fair to be nothing short of a national calamity. The appalling shortage of teachers may prove to be a monkey-wrench in the machinery of democracy. The inadequacy of the supply of trained nurses is so serious that having diseases or babies at home is an achievement of the past. If we must be sick, we seek

the hospital; but in the hospitals the pressure is so great that there are long waiting-lists of patients, and many die before their turn arrives. In some of our insane asylums the plight of the management is so desperate that inmates who have periodic manias are discharged, reëmployed as attendants during their lucid intervals, and readmitted as patients when their violent symptoms recur. Even then the supply of nurses and attendants in such institutions is only forty per cent of normal, and at best the number allotted was always dangerously low. Who can contemplate such guardianship and care of the tragic victims of mental disease without apprehension?

The shortage of domestic servants is a byword in the humorous columns, but for families with frail old people or little children it is not a subject for mirth. Mothers struggle along with burdens too heavy for them to bear, and the integrity of family life suffers. Prohibition has withdrawn from the economic field the last hope of the overburdened American housekeeper, the faithful charwoman, sole support of a drunken husband. That patient drudge is no longer available; she is at the movies with her peers, while the 'ladies' wash at home. The high wages the fathers are earning permit their children to remain in school beyond the minimum working age. The resultant reduction in the number of child-workers has become a source of great discomfort to the employers of that type of labor. On the other hand, the pressure on the high schools to care for the enormously increased attendance is making school superintendents old before their time. Grown daughters and wives, in both hand- and brain-occupations, have celebrated the success of the masculine supporter of the family by passing from gainful pursuit into the leisure class. To make confusion worse confounded, the

wage-earner himself, by the expenditure of his large wages, has brought additional pressure upon the activities of those who supply his children with amusement, his wife with furs, and his home with victrolas and parlor sets.

Nor is limitation in number of workers the sole complication. Our mines and our railroads suffer, not only from the shortage of labor, but from the recalcitrancy of labor. We do not seem to be able to bring up citizens to be content with what is meted out to them, which is almost as fatal as not bringing them up at all.

We have, then, a working population too small for the demands put upon it and too restless and intelligent to accept the pay and position of inferiority. We have never bent our energies as a nation to the manufacture of unskilled labor. We have prided ourselves on the fact that the rough work of our country had to be done by 'foreigners.' Must we forever depend upon that supply? Indeed, with a rejuvenated Europe, which like the phoenix must soon rise from its ashes, how long will that supply continue? Will not these 'foreigners' prefer to remain natives of the land which has given them birth, and of which they are at last citizens in the full sense of the word? And in our present national state of mind, are we likely to turn to Asia for help? Even if we could, do we want to depend on alien production of our human raw material? Do we not eventually expect to create our own citizenry?

What hope does the future hold that we shall be able to keep up the type of civilization on which we have prided ourselves, when its persistence seems to be already so seriously threatened? Greece established a democracy which was based on the existence of slavery. The victims toiled and perished, but on the fruit of their labors was nourished the rarest culture the world has ever

seen. Our democracy was founded to give the lie to such an ideal of human society. We affirm that all men are free and equal and are to be freer and more equal. What one man has, we want all men to have: a comfortable home, plenty to eat and wear, health, education, recreation. We have believed this was possible. Have those who knew better all along accepted inequality in their secret hearts while paying lip-service to the fetish of equality? For where does this bright vision lead us? It is surely not extravagant to anticipate, in the not impossible event that automobiles produced in enormous numbers can be produced at a very low cost, that every family should own one. But one of those beings whose fantastic joy it is to deal in statistics has calculated that, if each of the twenty million families in the United States possessed an automobile, it would require, for securing the raw material, and for the manufacture, repair, replacement, and upkeep of the cars, the supplying of oil and gas for their running, and the care of roads for them to run on, the entire time of eight million men. It is obvious that a population of one hundred and ten million could never spare so large a proportion of its adult males for such a purpose.

Again, is it too much to expect that the same opportunity for health of body and mind which the most favored now enjoy shall in time be the common possession of all? But if we find the present facilities for the preservation of health, hospitals, nurses, doctors, health-officers, insufficient, what would be the situation if we had any really high standards of public health? Even supposing we were intelligent enough to try prevention instead of cure, think of the experts that would be necessary to guard our people from disease and educate them in ways of preserving their health. If all our fellow citizens

took care of their teeth as you and I do, the present supply of dentists would be a mere drop in the bucket. Ignorance and indifference on the part of the multitude is all that saves us from engaging in a deadly combat with our brothers for a turn in the dentist's chair. Under compulsion we might use, in place of our present dental methods, forced extraction of teeth in childhood by machinery, and quantity production of false sets; but the plan has little to recommend it.

Shall we be compelled to consent that some be kept down in order that others may rise? Must we establish a slave class—not in name, of course, but in fact? We have the nucleus already of such a class in the individuals we impress into the service of the unproductive sides of our lives. How many working lives is even the most valuable of us entitled to appropriate without thereby infringing on the fundamental rights of man, which we are supposed to guard as our most sacred trust? An average family in comfortable circumstances employs perhaps one chauffeur and two maids. Besides those three individuals, whose entire working time belongs to the employer, how many other whole human beings does the family enslave to its necessities and luxuries in the part time it employs of transportation-workers, clerks, farmers, mechanics, school nurses, private nurses, doctors, dentists, dressmakers, tailors, teachers, actors, confectioners, writers, printers, bankers? To how many of these economic slaves is that family or any family entitled? The head of the family is supposed to make a return in kind to the community; but can that return of the one to the many ever be sufficient? Even if, in terms of economics, it seems adequate, is it morally adequate? The transaction at best would fall short of the exquisite perfection of the Greenlanders' method of supporting themselves by doing each other's washing.

Is it inevitable that we cannot all be healthy and happy and intelligent? The economist will try to comfort us with the stabilizing effect of hard times on an undersupplied labor-market, the saving quality of the psychology of content, the possibilities of substituting machinery for men, the equivalent of twenty slaves of old which coal and water-power have put at the service of every human being; but what can plain people like ourselves conclude, except that we are drifting rudderless, going nowhere, and with scant facilities even for getting there?

Our complex civilization cannot be kept up apparently for all alike, even at its present not exceptional standard, by the individuals who comprise its

membership. Shall its benefits be confined to one class of the population? Can we recruit our economic slaves from some of the less advanced races, or must we make some fundamental change in our standards? The luxuries of one generation can no longer axiomatically become the necessities of the next. So far, at least, we can see. But is not something much more fundamental essential? Can we as a nation renounce the habit of material possession, which is becoming an obsession with us, and do it with the conviction that it is incompatible with the practice of democracy? or must the horrid struggle of those who have not, to get, and of those who have, to keep, go on forever?

ON A GLACIAL HIGHWAY

BY NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON

It is four in the morning; overhead, a faintly violet dusk full of paling stars, and a promise that the coming day will be wonderfully fresh and sweet. Very delicately out of the broad chasm at our feet rises an odor of pine woods. Just opposite, shelf above shelf, the back of the Jungfrau looms darkly. To our right, beyond the ice-cap of the Breithorn, low down, hangs the crescent moon.

The ledge on which we stand is one of those secret places of which there are still a few in Switzerland outside the world of the tourist, where globe-trotters do not come. And yet it is no inaccessible place; it is within sight of the near boundary of the tourist world.

Last night, — many a night, — looking diagonally across the great valley at our feet, past the flank of the Jungfrau, we marked a bunch of twinkling lights, high in the airy distance — a nest of fireflies, as it were, which we knew to be Wengern, Wengern of the grand hotels, perched on its noble terrace, eastward of the Lauterbrünnen Valley, with Lauterbrünnen village directly beneath it, hidden from us on the heights of the Ober Steinberg by the valley's depth.

From Wengern, if you only know how, it is an easy half day's journey to Ober Steinberg. What a simple thing for the idling tourist to drop down from Wengern to Lauterbrünnen by the clogged railway, or to come up to Lau-

terbrünnen by the ordinary railway from Interlaken, thence along the highway, past the foot of the Jungfrau, to the head of the valley, — not three hours' walk for the laziest, — and then up the steep bridlepath on the valley's western slope to Ober Steinberg. What an easy jaunt, but how seldom taken! As yet the boundary between conventionalized Switzerland and the Switzerland that is still itself crosses the Lauterbrünnen Valley just where the road ends.

From Ober Steinberg, at four in the morning, no trace of conventional Switzerland is to be seen. Wengern, with all its lights, has vanished, lost in a wondrous dusk compounded equally of the distance and the starshine. We turn from its direction, from northeast to southeast, toward the icy Breithorn, toward the golden crescent. Just on the edge of the Tschingel Pass hangs the moon; square above, the little mountain known as the Mutthorn. We are up at four because we mean to breakfast — our real breakfast, after hours of steady tramping — on a shoulder of the Mutthorn. We have swallowed hasty cups of coffee, swung our light packs on our shoulders, and now we are off.

Our start in the meadows that are Ober Steinberg — to be exact, at the solitary little chalet on which is painted 'Hotel Tschingelhorn' — is at 5805 feet above the sea. After four hours we shall take our second breakfast in a refuge hut of the Swiss Alpine Club, on the Mutthorn, at an altitude of 9534 feet. Thence, an hour and a half across a glorious snowfield will take us to our journey's end, the grand snow-ridge of the Petersgraat, 1500 feet above the hut. It is doubtful whether there is another excursion in all Switzerland which will give you such magnificent results for so little effort. Come with us and we will take you into one of the most spectacular solitudes of the

ice-world; and from the first step to the last there will be not twelve paces — literally — which will cause a tremor in the faintest degree.

The footpath from Ober Steinberg — broad, easy, fit to ride on — holds approximately level until it meets the utter end of the valley at the foot of the Tschingel Glacier, whence comes that little river, the Lutschine, which so many travelers have crossed far below, at Lauterbrünnen. The valley, which is at its narrowest opposite the Jungfrau south of Laüterbrunnen, begins to open again at the Hotel Tschingelhorn, and, as we proceed southward, rapidly broadens. Very soon it is a great amphitheatre, the open side behind us toward the north, the eastern quadrant composed entirely of ice-peaks. A marvelous phalanx of peaks they are, towering above the broad basin with its sea of pines, glittering in their hoods of eternal ice. In the half-light of the dawn, — when heaven is neither blue nor violet, nor even lilac, but all in one, mysterious as an opal, the sleeping trees not yet waked by the dawn wind, — the strange and contorted precipices, the mighty bastions, the vast ice-helmets, are as worthy to be thought of as Jotunheim.

Our path holds its comfortable way, along safe terraces, opposite these monsters, the connecting links between the Jungfrau group and the glacial fortress surrounding Petersgraat. As we swing along in an easy, steady walk, the sunrise comes — a rosy miracle with the Breithorn square against it, with the sea of pines on this side the mountain still in a neutral dusk, with the glaciers on its slope gleaming faintly, of a green hue, and as cold as shadowed steel. And then, suddenly, the rose is gone out of the sky, the sun is up; a golden radiance turns the glaciers into falls of jewels; the sky is a sapphire's heart.

Six o'clock has come, and we are half-way to the hut. That means that we have crossed the brook which begins the Lutschine; struck leftward, up the steep path which climbs a rocky slope toward the moraine dividing the glaciers of the Tschingelhorn and Breithorn; passed a wonderful little lake, the Oberhorn See, nestled right under the moraine — a glowing turquoise in this ethereal loveliness of the first hour of the day; bent to the right again, and set foot on the lowest slope of the Tschingel Glacier.

And so we are on the ice. Not a step, thus far, that the most nervous person might not have taken without a tremor. Nor will there be any for nearly two hours more, while we follow the easy slopes of the glacier, turning this way and that on its backbone of solid ice, avoiding the fissures, ascending gradually almost to its head, and never once crossing a chasm. Slowly, almost lazily, the guide leads us on the serpentine path, — the highroad of the glacier, — as plain to him as a railway track to an engine-driver. Up and up, along the easy slopes of the ice, — an hour — a half hour — something more, perhaps, — and then, for a moment one must keep one's head steady. We have worked our way diagonally up the glacier, to a point where it coasts the east part of the Mutthorn. Here, — making a landing as it were from the ice-stream to the rock shore of the mountain, — for a space of about thirty feet, the path leaves the broad ice and, in passing to the rock, threads the narrow ridge of a *serac*. The ice-flow, creeping round a spur of the Mutthorn, forms an eddy, so to speak, splits its edges into tentacles, makes of its margin a fringe of bent ridges, — the *seracs*, — ice knife-blades between clefts, where the under ice glitters blue-green, below the white, at the bottoms of the narrow cañons. It is along one of these *seracs*

that we take the dozen steps, faintly hazardous, by which a landing is effected from the glacier to the rock. Think of this short passage as a section of a glacial highway, try to make it unaided, and you may get fidgety; but, if this experience is new to you, have your guide give you his hand, think of the *serac* as the top of a garden wall, and in two minutes you are at the end of it, undisturbed.

Now, we are really over the border, well within the limits of the ice-world. All about us there are snowfields, above which rise the ice-peaks. On this clear day, the snow is a white blaze of reflection beneath an intense sun. The sky has a blue that dazzles. Soon we are to learn that on clear days, among these eternal snows, the sun can be burning hot.

To-day, as generally, there is a motley group at the Mutthorn hut. Several ice-roads meet at this point. Besides the one we have ascended and the one we are to follow, there is a grand route on which, to-day, we shall turn our backs — a route that dips westward through the Tschingel Pass, that magical avenue of the frozen world, where, daily, the afternoon sun builds Aladdin's Palace, turning the snow-floors and the ice-walls to pearl, sapphire and silver. There is a way over the snowfields just in front of us, to Reid and the valley of the Rhone; others more tortuous, twisting round the Breithorn, over the heads of its glaciers and away to that largest ice-flow in Europe, the Aletch, past the highest peak of central Switzerland, the Finsteraärhorn, down the Aletch to that famed wayside of the ice-roads where stands the Concordia hut, whence ramify many ways, among them the great road down the ice toward the Upper Rhone Valley, the Simplon, and Italy.

On any or all these roads wanderers will have paused, any lovely morning,

at the Mutthorn hut — a mere cabin, lined with tiers of bunks, with a keeper, a few necessaries, a stove. For a trifle we have the privilege of a rough table, seats, and hot water for brewing tea. And now, breakfast. We have brought it with us: bread and cheese and eggs, which would tempt no one in the lowlands; but here, after the four hours we have been going from Ober Steinberg, it is thrillingly delicious. What do the pampered people of the autos, and the graded roads, and the hotels with French cooks know about eating! You have never had a breakfast worth talking about unless you had climbed four thousand feet to it and breathed the glacial air while you ate — that peculiar air, so indescribable, so strangely unlike any other.

While you sip your tea, look about you. Probably you have pulled off your boots, which are toasting by the stove, and your feet are encased temporarily in huge wooden shoes, lined with felt, of which the hut keeps a supply to lend. In the little crowd congregated here, what variety of face and speech! English and German you are sure to hear; very likely French; possibly Italian. Some, at least, will show by their accoutrements that they are bound for arduous climbs: they carry ice-axes, their boots are shod with ice-clamps; others, like us, are but stout walkers of the snow, needing few safeguards except the inevitable rope, which we need to-day only during the two minutes on the serac, and sharp nails in our heavy boots.

And these wayfarers of the snow are not always men. In our party one is a woman. It will be a long time before any of us forgets a girl, seen once upon a time, at this Mutthorn hut. She was the slimmest, most graceful creature, eighteen or twenty, with a lovely face, lithe movements, dressed exactly like a boy, in a party equipped for dif-

ficult climbing. Whither went she into that labyrinth of the inscrutable ice? We have never seen her since.

Though every foot of the excursion to Petersgraat is a joy to the healthy senses, the finest part of it is beyond the Mutthorn hut. We are taking our time, luxuriously, among these magical effects of the glacial air and the steadily heightening sun; it will be nine or after before we shed our wooden shoes, resume our boots, and set forth into the snow. But before doing so, let us understand clearly just what Petersgraat is. The snub-nosed mountain, the Mutthorn, stands at the head of the Tschingel Glacier, and gives onto a great snowfield that slopes up into the sky. As you set forth on what we may call the land side of the mountain, — considering the glacier we have diagonaled as the stream side, — you have on your extreme left, and well in advance of you, the Tschingelhorn with its massive ice-hood; from this, a rocky spur projects along the sky-line toward the centre of your angle of vision. Continuing the spur, past your eyes, extending far to the right, the top of the snow-slope draws a sharp, even line against the sky. When we top this slope, another will fall away before us, downward toward an enormous chasm, beyond which stand some of the grandest of mountains. That lofty snow-ridge, the summit hereabout of the divide between the valley of the Rhone and the Oberland, is Petersgraat (10,515 feet), with a view justly celebrated among the true lovers of Switzerland.

From the hut to the sky-line, though we rise fifteen hundred feet, the ascent is so gradual that we hardly notice it. Every footfall is on firm snow, as easily traveled as a paved walk. On a day like this, it is fairly dry snow, though the sun is getting hot on our shoulders, and presently all the surface of the snow will have its tiny beads of moisture, and will

twinkle, literally, like a field of diamonds. Here about ten o'clock you will want, very probably, to unloose your wraps, and it will occur to you that goggles, or blue glass, in snowfields, at least for the uninitiated, have their use.

You have now been across the border of the snow for several hours, and something — a new sense of things — is growing within you. What it is begins to be plain. You thought, when you set out, that you would do no more than make a quick transit from summer into winter and return; but it is coming over you that this experience is quite a different thing. The world of the snowfields is not the winter of the lowlands made perpetual. What is the difference? Why is Petersgraat, in August, with its snows that have never faltered, a different thing from a ridge of the low country mailed white in December? It is hard to say. You must have seen both to understand the difference. But once seen, once felt, what a thrilling novelty this snow-world becomes. Perhaps you are one of those who have scoffed hitherto at the lure of the ice. You will never scoff again. Here, above the glaciers, at the backs of those dragons of the ice, in the secrecy of their remote places, a presence rises out of the snow, descends out of this blue that is unlike all other blues, — so terribly, burningly clear it is, — gathers silently, flashingly, the very soul of radiance, pulsating everywhere in the strange gold of these high solitudes.

Shall we drop from imagery to rationality, try to explain the miracle by theories of the all but unbelievable marriage of summer and winter in this brilliant desolation, the burn of the sun, the glitter of the freezing, the sparkle of the drops upon the snow, the peculiar breath — which all people who have inhaled it admit to be peculiar — of the glacial ice?

Science helps us little. It is as well to

let rationalism go by and give up the attempt at explanation. The fact abides: somewhere, coming up the glacier, we crossed the limit of the world we used to know; we entered another, brilliant, indescribable, utterly new, a world unstained by living breath except our own, a pure, passionless world, where man, Nature's master in the plains, is become her mere toy; where the glittering day becomes to our heightened imagination the smile of the elder gods, of the heartless old powers, to whom humanity is an incident.

It is this world, now fully realized, that you traverse easily up the long gradual slope that at the summit will be Petersgraat. If your guide is a man of imagination, — not the best quality in a guide, by the way, — or if any of your party have been here before, you may have the good luck to be directed how to make of the last ten minutes of ascent a *coup de théâtre* of the first magnitude. Simply drop your eyes upon the path and walk half that time without looking up. When you raise your eyes, you will stop short, your breath gone. Because, when you looked down, there was nothing visible in front of you but that long smooth slope, that field of white diamonds, glittering upward into the sky; sharp at the edge of the white began the blue — so pale, so keen, so dazzling, harmonized with the white only through the translucent gold of the hot sunshine. But as you lift your eyes, that sky-line is gone; no longer does the sharp white meet the keen blue; beyond the white, as if by magic, has risen, towering against the blue, a jagged, toothed, tremendous wall, of a color that defies naming — something pearly in tone, dovelike in quality, opalescent, iridescent, a-reck with the golden sparkle, whelmed in a radiance that is shot with lilac glimmers, with a violet undertone, but on the surface, where it meets the sunshine, almost flushed. And at

the superb apparition you stare aghast. No host of the archangels ever rose up on the spiritual vision more appallingly. You are looking over the skyline of Petersgraat to that monstrous group of mountains — higher in the main than the Jungfrau — which wall the Aletsch Glacier, their central giant the colossal Finsteraärhorn.

And now you are at Petersgraat, on the crest of the snowfields which slope in opposite ways before and behind you. Here you are to spend the acme of the day — the hour or two of the high sun. A marvelous moment of your life that should be made the most of. My advice is to turn leftward along the back of the ridge, even to that rocky spur of the Tschingelhorn; there, on the warm dry rock which makes a peninsula in the snow, stretch out, take a bite of chocolate, — for of course you have chocolate with you, — and surrender yourself, body and soul, — literally, body and soul! — to the spell of this wonderful place.

Whosoever you are, I think you will want to be silent. The ice-world is not a talkative one. The silence that Kipling heard at Mandalay may compare with the silence of the snowfields, but I doubt it. In the heaviness of that other silence, you were conscious of living things holding their breath. Of what are

you conscious here? What is it, invisible, inaudible, but all-pervasive, of an utterance in the spiritual ear as distinct as those mountains opposite you? What is it that you meet here that you never have met before? And how does it affect you? What singular new emotions steal over you — quiet, deliberate, like the calm procession of the hours, like the trance indescribable of the lonely sunshine on the eternal snow? It is useless to try to forecast for you this experience. You would jeer. You would swear you never could feel that way. You would imitate Romeo's flippant acquaintance, who, never having felt a wound, jested at scars. Words are powerless to convince you. If one were to tell you how strange, how enticing, how unforgettable, is the lure of this mighty silence, this trance of the only changelessness which earth contains, this something which is like the breathing of the old gods in their sleep — but it is useless! The moment one attempts it, words head toward paradox, toward metaphor, toward the most reckless imagery. And they would not convince. The spell of the ice-world, the visions that are its tenants, are not to be known at second-hand. If you want to know them, the gods of the ice have permitted you a single easy road — the road to Petersgraat.

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C

GOOD-BYE, DEAR MR. GRUNDY

BY A LAST YEAR'S DÉBUTANTE

DEAR MR. GRUNDY, —

Of course I have read your views on 'Polite Society,' and Mrs. Gerould's explanation of its collapse, and one of the 'Wild Young People's' defense of present-day manners and morals. But I feel as if there ought to be just one more point of view expressed — that of the modern girl: a soprano voice should be raised, to round out the quartette.

I have never written anything but themes and compositions when I was at school, and of course the *Atlantic* would n't dream of publishing anything I should send it myself; but I thought I would like to write you an informal letter, telling how an average girl feels about these perplexing modern questions, and then you could use your own judgment about sending it to the *Atlantic* or returning it to me. In either case I'm afraid my letter will prove a homing pigeon.

I did enjoy your article; and you try so hard to get our point of view, that I feel as if you would really hurt yourself trying to do us justice — as if you might have apoplexy or something: not a bit from anger, like so many older people, but just a sort of rush of tolerance to the head. I agree with a great deal of what you say, and some of what Mrs. Gerould says, but of course most of all with the views of my male counterpart, because he and I belong to the same generation, speak the same language, and have the same code. Still, I must confess I think he is a little hard on the 'oldsters.' Of course, you are rather stupid about understanding us, — I

mean bewildered, and dazed, and all that, — but I *don't* want you to dig fat pink worms in your backyard; and I do think our fathers, at least, knew something about work, and our grandfathers certainly knew something about war.

I should n't wonder if we young people were apt to lay a little too much blame for the general mix-up on the war, because, from all I can hear, we were headed six or seven years ago in the way we have gone, only the idealists thought we were all going to be purified by fire, and of course we were n't. But I take my place boldly beside the wild young person of the opposite sex; only where he interprets and justifies, I should like to suggest modes of treatment and cure.

Perhaps it is my year's experience of nursing with the Red Cross that gives me this desire to apply bandages and to give medicines; because I must tell you right away that I am not as young as you think I am. You see, I went to college for one year, and then I gave it up to get into action; and then, when that was over, I craved another kind of action, and so I 'came out,' violently and enthusiastically; only, instead of being eighteen, as tradition decrees, I was almost twenty.

It is awfully hard to know where to begin and just what words to use in writing to a person of your age, because, of course, words and actions are just symbols that mean entirely different things to different generations. Take the waltz, for instance. The other day I was reading a journal kept by my great-

grandmother when she was a girl, and she described how she felt when she first saw the waltz danced. Your horror at cheek-to-cheek dancing was as nothing to hers when 'she beheld' (these are her words) 'a young gentleman actually place his arm boldly around a young lady's waist and clasp her to his heart, while her left hand rested on his shoulder. They then floated away in an embrace so embarrassing to witness that I could only turn aside my head to hide my blushes.'

Now, you know, *really* it was a bigger jump from the square dance to the round than from the round to the cheek-by-jowl business; yet see the tempest in a teacup raised by you old people who seem to have lost your memories from dance-shock! Words and actions mean different things to different generations, and that is why there is a never-ending war raging between oldsters and youngsters; for we *are* at war, and we may as well acknowledge it. We are just as different in language and customs as if we belonged to different nations instead of different ages. We are foreordained enemies, and we youngsters are not ready to appeal to a court of arbitration, even when justice is administered by so neutral a judge as you try to be.

It is perfectly true that, if the things we do and say and wear had been done and said and worn thirty years ago, Society would really have been as rotten as we are told it is to-day. But we that are part of it know that it is *n't* rotten, — it only looks so, — and that all these sensational bids for popularity, which we have borrowed for a little while from the variety stage and which have been dragged into the limelight by our virtuous critics, are *not* the signs of social degeneration, but the inevitable result of a revolution that is being waged everywhere. Society revolts from the old conventions just as poetry and painting do.

And speaking of painting, we are told that if a girl of the last generation appeared with rouge she was socially damned. Rouge was a symbol of vice; but now, when some of the girls put it on, it is done perfectly frankly, with no intention of deceiving anyone, but simply to make them look prettier. Why is it really any worse than powdering one's nose the way you do? (Of course, I don't mean you personally, dear Mr. Grundy.) And is there any real reason why it is worse to make white cheeks look red than to make red noses look white?

My mother tells me that twenty-five years ago, when women first began to ride bicycles, it was considered a terribly shocking and immodest performance; and I myself can remember the screams of horror that went up when girls put on riding-breeches and insisted on riding in the only sensible way; but who thinks anything of such things now? The modesty of one generation is the prudishness of the next. How's that for an aphorism? Don't you realize, Mr. Grundy, that the world is on the hard boil just now, and that we poor little kernels of rice have been thrown into the centre of the pot and are being whirled and tossed about in the midst of bubbles and hissing steam? This is *n't* the time to criticize us! Wait till things cool off, and we'll emerge as tame as rice-pudding.

In this warfare between generations we have had no time to become familiar with the newly invented tools and the poisonous gases of modern life. We are unskilled in the use of the new weapons; we don't know how to manage them; but it is *n't* logical to blame us for that: we should either be taught by modern experts, — *modern*, mind you, — or we should be ignored till we have learned from the best teacher of all — experience. Motors, movies, jazz-music, freedom of action, liberty of thought, the rights of individuals — all these facts

and theories surround us, threaten us, excite us, and tempt us. We are experimenting with vital things, and we are bound to make mistakes; only, dear Mr. Grundy, *don't* let your contemporaries judge us without realizing the seething, bubbling, changing, electrical world into which we have been flung — as unprepared as was America herself for the struggle from which she emerged triumphant, though very faulty and somewhat smirched.

I entirely agree with you that the responsibility for the mess we seem to be making rests with each one of us — in fact, with that 'devastating and brutal frankness' which, the 'wild young person' says, marks this generation, I will go further and say that larger buttons of responsibility are hidden in the hands of us girls than are concealed by our innocent mothers, who, poor dears, know so little about life as it is. I believe that small groups of girls, who know perfectly well what they are doing, are responsible for the most conspicuous of our faults; but even they are not so blamable as the times themselves, which are so out of joint that only Time itself can set them right.

But guiltiest of all, — now brace yourself for a blow right from the shoulder, — guiltiest of all are certain members of your generation who sit on the side-lines and criticize, as typical offenders, those who are most obviously playing to the gallery. You do not understand either the rules of the game you are watching or the psychology of the players. You misjudge what you see (not always — sometimes things *are* just as they seem), but you believe stories on insufficient evidence, you repeat fictions as facts, your attitude is hostile, not sympathetic, you are our censors, not our friends. Of course, I know that there is plenty to criticize; but, having taken a course in psychology at college, I know that temporary

waves of thought can become permanent states of mind, that acts can become habits by constant repetition, and that you well-meaning people are simply crystallizing phases into facts.

What is the use of fixing the blame, you may ask, if even one of the guiltiest group can herself suggest no cure? She can, but it is such a simple one that I am almost ashamed to give you the recipe in its seven-word formula. It is just this: *Do not flatter us by noticing us; for it does flatter us even to be criticized.* The more objectionable ones among us love to be talked about and written about. Notoriety is the breath of life to the girls and young men who love to shock and scandalize their open-mouthed elders quite as much as they like to attract each other by their rather barbaric wiles. If no attention were paid to them, if tongues ceased to wag over tea-tables and scandals were never capped by super-scandals, a great deal of rubbish would go up in smoke; for there is really more smoke than flame. Don't take the young people so seriously: it merely flatters and encourages them; ignore them as they deserve, and when they find that they are unnoticed, they will have been hurt in their only sensitive spot. Of course, their conduct is often rude, common, immodest, and objectionable; but were there no girls in your day, Mr. Grundy, to whom these adjectives might be applied, even though they then stood for entirely different qualities? And is it not also true that some of those very girls have grown into spirited, attractive, and even highly useful members of society?

I've thought about this a good deal, and I believe the trouble is that words do *not* change but the qualities they stand for *do*. In your pretty little parable Modesty gives signs of returning life — and Chivalry consequently breathes again. That makes a nice goody-goody ending to your eloquent

little paper; but I don't believe it is true. I am with Mrs. Gerould there — I don't believe that the old idea of either Modesty or Chivalry *will* come to life again — at any rate, not yet; but other qualities will come to take their place, in a world in which men and women look at each other eye to eye and stand shoulder to shoulder (even if they also dance cheek to cheek).

Mrs. Gerould feels that religion is the cure for all this moral decadence, and that, by regarding the body as the Temple of the Holy Spirit, and by believing in the divine prohibitions, — the *shalt not*s that are not included in the Ten Commandments, — we shall restore the dignity of the social order. But, speaking again as one of the younger generation, I feel that the definition of religion has changed, and that religion itself must change to be the help to us that it was to our fathers, and that it can't be of any help to us unless it is *fluid*. The 'wild young people' don't believe that faith can be confined to a dogma or reduced to a creed. To say that we don't believe in religion is like saying that we don't believe in life. We think of religion as the spiritual stream in which we are all floating or swimming, or struggling or sinking, and how can we deny the existence of the very element in which we live? Of course, we may define it differently, and talk about it in a way that would seem irreverent and even blasphemous to the generation that looked alike upon a discussion of God and a discussion of sex as something 'not done,' almost indecent. I am afraid — no, I am *not* afraid, I am *proud* — that Mrs. Gerould will never see this generation the slave of creeds. We are all in the same rushing stream, but there are all kinds of inviting little brooks that some of us like to explore, even though they lead us over the rocks of false doctrine, and down waterfalls of strange philosophies; there are tempt-

ing little inlets, which seem to lead nowhere but finally trickle into the light; there are quiet pools where we dally for a time, lured by a peace that we have to discover for ourselves to be stagnation; there are rushing rivulets of poetry (perhaps poetry is one of the new outlets for our spirits, to take the place of orthodox religion); but they all empty into the same big ocean, and I don't see that it much matters which current we follow so long as they are all headed in the same direction and *so long as all keep moving*.

You see this generation wants to find things out at first-hand. We have been taught so many things that have proved not to be true, that we have naturally grown distrustful, and are perhaps apt to dismiss a fact as a fancy just because it has been handed down to us as a tradition, and we have not discovered it for ourselves. We'd rather be wrong in our own way than right in someone else's, and you've just got to let us work out our own salvation, because we don't believe there is any other kind.

But I don't want you to worry too much about us, and I don't want Mrs. Gerould to despair of us; I only want all the Grundy family, headed by that mischief-making mother of you all, to let us alone while we are in this state of ferment. Like the clergyman who keeps repeating his text, I want to say, over and over again, 'Don't flatter us by noticing us,' till this crazy, topsy-turvy world gets its balance again and we with it. I believe that the most frivolous and seemingly empty-headed girls of to-day are going to produce a finer generation of children than our parents did — and there, you see, I am giving us a rather back-handed compliment; but if we are going to be better fathers and mothers than we have been sons and daughters, it will be partly because we have learned through bitter experience that sympathy with the growing

generation is an essential part of progress, and I don't believe our children will be half so rebellious as we are! You know, warnings are sometimes just as helpful as examples.

This is a dreadfully confused and incoherent letter, but I am sure you will read it with almost irritating tolerance. You have looked at this generation with Hope; Mrs. Gerould longs to give us Faith; the 'wild young person' views us with Charity. 'Now abideth these three,' and even I and my frivolous contemporaries are not so ignorant of

the Bible as not to know the rest of that quotation — and believe in it, too!

Please regard me and all my erring friends with a mixture of these three virtues, dear Mr. Grundy, and then forget us; or, if we have made an indelible impression, at least stop talking about us! Then you will find that we shall soon emerge from the chaos of transition and take the place we ought to fill in a newly ordered world. But, besides forgetting, please forgive

YOUR IMPERTINENT

AND UNKNOWN FRIEND.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

BY H. C. KITTREDGE

I

BEFORE Mr. Hyde reached the Chapel, a cold rain began to slant in at him from an unprotected quarter, so that he entered the vestibule a little damp and a good deal out of sorts. The boys had n't come in yet. He walked up the empty aisle to his stall in the masters' row and looked about at the familiar surroundings: the pulpit, superbly carved and supported by a pedestal of reddish stone; the row of stained-glass windows along the wall opposite him, in which crimson and dark green and brown blended exquisitely; the rows of empty benches, which would be filled in a moment or two with boys, breathless with running; and at the end of the nave, opposite the pulpit, the gallery, partly filled with parents who had come up to the school to see their boys.

All this had become familiar to Mr.

Hyde during his half-dozen years as master at St. Olave's, and ordinarily he liked it. It was sombre and restful and peaceful — necessary and not too common qualities in boarding-schools. But this morning he was hardly in a mood to be pleased with anything. In the first place, the coffee had been dreadfully weak, and the boys unusually annoying at breakfast. And now the smell of his damp woollen suit was offensive. He thought enviously of business men smoking their after-breakfast cigars and unfolding their morning papers at mahogany desks in steam-heated offices. It was not the first time since he had become a schoolteacher that such thoughts had come flitting through his mind, like disquieting shadows on what ought to have been a sunny, smiling sea. He believed his feet were damp, too, and the

envious thoughts assailed him in a still more annoying fashion. But really the time of year was to blame: it was early December, and the inevitable term-end tension had begun to show itself.

By the time Mr. Hyde had reached this point in his mental perambulations the Chapel was filled with boys — boys of all sizes and in all stages of mental and physical development, from the Eton-collared, knickerbockered, black-booted youngsters of the first form, to the stalwart, upstanding, confident sixth-formers. Almost four hundred of them there were, as they trooped in and took their seats. The sheer multitude of them oppressed Mr. Hyde — dozens, scores; they seemed to be everywhere, with their cheerful faces, and he felt like elbowing them savagely aside until he had cleared a small space and had breathing-room for himself. But as they subsided on their benches, their numbers seemed to diminish, and at least here they were quiet and comparatively inoffensive.

A latch clicked sharply near Mr. Hyde, and a door swung open to admit the choir — an immaculate procession headed by two blond-haired youngsters with shining cheeks and demure expressions; behind them came others, marching by twos, and getting taller as the end of the line was reached. Taken as a whole, with their spotless white cottas and black cassocks, their smoothly brushed hair and their pious faces, an unbiased observer might have seen in almost any of them the sentimental choir-boy of tradition. But Mr. Hyde, with his feet chilly and a little damp, and the smell of wet woollen in his nostrils, knew better. He had had glimpses behind the scenes, and knew the miniature pandemonium that reigned in the choir-room up to the very moment of the clicking of the latch and the opening of the door. Pious choir-boys, indeed! Mr. Hyde had seen them too often

when they were not on exhibition, to be deceived by any mere trappings and suits of sanctimony. As he thought of it now, it seemed to him the zenith of hypocrisy for such impish youngsters to be garbed as choir-boys and taught to sing hymns. Usually this amused him and seemed altogether natural; but not this morning. The first week of December was past.

The service began and ended. At St. Olave's there is a very orderly arrangement for getting the boys out of the Chapel: they march out, a benchful at a time, beginning at the front and working backwards. This makes an almost continuous column of boys marching out by twos for several minutes — by no means an unimpressive sight. Ordinarily Mr. Hyde watched them with interest and pleasure, even speculating sometimes on the qualities latent in each boy, and feeling cheerful on the whole as a result of his unspoken prophecies; for he enjoyed schoolteaching and liked boys. But to-day, as the column filed out, he unluckily glanced up at the gallery, and his pleasure was ruined, savage disgust filling his soul instead. His wet feet and the weak coffee were forgotten — inconsequential trifles in comparison with the new cause of wrath; for in the gallery he saw a number of parents or aunts or uncles or other ignorant adults standing and gazing in rapt ecstasy at the passing youth.

Ah! How perfectly Mr. Hyde could read their thoughts! They were thinking — if such mawkish sentimentality could be called thought — of the glory of youth, and the rare privilege of the masters in guiding the destinies and moulding the characters of such superb specimens of embryonic manhood! That was it. These adoring gazes from the balcony fairly indicated one attitude toward schoolmastering — converting, with the idealism of ignorance, and with the inevitable parental bias,

a very unromantic job into a Cause, a Missionary Duty, a Divine Calling. They saw nothing but the sugar-coating outside the pill; so how could they help misjudging the men who, they supposed, lived on sugar-coatings alone? Mr. Hyde had read the letters and listened to the maunderings of these parents, and making every allowance for their proper and instinctive prejudice, had yet found it difficult to keep calm.

'Harold is a very sensitive boy — he responds so readily to kindness and craves sympathy. His health has not been good, but the doctors say that he is quite well now and should develop rapidly. I am sure that you will understand. He has difficulty in concentrating, and we sometimes wonder whether he has ever learned *how* to study.'

Mr. Hyde looked grim; perhaps a school of Harolds would produce a set of masters who lived on the sugar-coatings of pills; he could n't say surely, but it was a fair guess. Honestly, it looked sometimes as if the reason why schoolmasters were so misjudged by such parents was that they knew only one side of their boys — or at least believed that the cherubic, tender, and sensitive side was the real and important one, and the one commonly revealed to their teachers. It was a horrible reflection, and Mr. Hyde shuddered! Probably there was little or no truth in it. At any rate, not all parents were like that.

But the spectacle of that gallery, with the boys filing out below! Could he believe his eyes, or was that dear middle-aged lady in the feather boa using her handkerchief under her glasses? Mr. Hyde gnashed his teeth.

When at last the Chapel was empty, he departed hurriedly to his room for a pipe before dinner. He had been goaded into a mood of savage reaction. He knew these Harolds, and he knew what sort of treatment they needed. The old-fashioned birch rod or mahogany ferule.

What a job he had chosen when he had innocently stepped into schoolteaching! The whole rotten business was nothing but playing a part. You could n't talk to the boys as man to man — you could n't be sincere with them. They had to be guarded and protected and sheltered, until you felt more like a nurse than like a man. You could n't give them anything but orthodox stuff, because, even if you labeled it as mere personal opinion, they would n't understand you. There were n't more than half a dozen in the whole bunch that had a full set of brains. They were utterly without imagination — so horribly literal that, if you told them Dr. Johnson was an old bear, they thought you were talking slang, and told you the next day that he was the greatest writer of the ages, puritanizing for you colloquial language. If you told them that the frank vulgarity of Fielding was vastly more moral than a show such as 'The Pink Lady,' they translated it into 'Vulgarity is better than refinement.' They had no ideas of their own, and gave you nothing; only turned your hair gray for you, and after graduating forgot your existence.

But this was n't the worst of it, thought Mr. Hyde, as he marched up and down his room and blew out pipe-smoke in great, savage clouds. You could stand the imbecility of the boys, because you had long since been disillusioned into expecting nothing else of them. What was really intolerable was the cramped, petty, exacting routine life that you had to lead, with its crowded, monotonous schedules that gave you no chance to expand or grow or develop. It dwarfed and stunted any ability that might once have lain dormant within you, awaiting only a touch of the wand of opportunity to blossom into accomplishment. Here you were deliberately killing it — the chances were more than even that it was already

dead. He tried to think of something that he had got out of his six years' schoolmastering, and could think of nothing except an uncanny glibness in quoting fragments of hymns. And for this he had stifled his ambition, killed his ability, sold his immortal soul.

In his present mood it seemed to him little better than suicide to seal himself hermetically into this insignificant corner of New England, when the Seven Seas and the Whole World lay alluring before him. Wildly he wanted to run big risks; to ship before the mast in sailing-vessels, to knock down Malays with iron belaying-pins. By Jove, he would do it! He would throw off the shackles of the cloistered academic and sail to the South Seas, where he would live in bamboo huts on Tahiti, stagger through typhoons under bare poles, and loll under persimmon trees in a pith helmet!

In his agitation his geography had become a little mixed, and his sense of humor — or perhaps the spectatorial attitude in which he was wont to detach himself from the universe and watch the pageant of life unroll itself for his particular benefit — had temporarily vanished; for no more incongruous, wildly comic spectacle could be imagined than that of Mr. Hyde brandishing belaying-pins! He was n't even sure what they were; and he had never so much as gone deep-sea fishing in summer without being dreadfully sick, and lying helpless with sunburn for several days afterward. But all such trifles were forgotten, and he saw himself quite clearly as a second Captain Waterman, subjecting mutinous crews and breaking records in clipper ships.

II

His adventurous fancies were harshly interrupted by the electric dinner-gong, which abruptly transformed him into a mild-mannered, inoffensive pedagogue.

He laid down his pipe, glanced in the mirror to see whether his hair needed brushing, and walked sedately downstairs, murmuring to himself fragments of a doggerel about teaching, well-known to rebellious schoolmasters: —

'It's up in the morning at seven;
It's kiss 'em good-night sharp at nine;
It's show 'em the short road to heaven;
It's tell 'em that Cæsar is fine.'

Mr. Hyde had once more experienced, and emerged from, the second attitude toward schoolteaching — an attitude that prevails among masters toward the fag end of long terms, and is merely another manifestation of the term-end tension aforesaid.

The table at which Mr. Hyde presided during meals was long and narrow, with places for some fifteen boys; but the only ones who greatly concerned him were his two or three immediate neighbors. In this respect he was fortunate, for at his right sat Low, a polished, gentlemanly youth of athletic proclivities, whose home was Philadelphia, and whose lessons were his smallest concern. Opposite Low was Smallie, of Minneapolis, a genial light-weight, with a fondness for conversation and a mild interest in good books. Next to Smallie was Tris, a magnetic ball-player from St. Louis, whose passion was argument, who backed every good thing in the school, and who was the best student of the three. All were fifth-formers. Their average age was seventeen.

On this occasion Destiny decreed, while Mr. Hyde was ladling soup, that these three young gentlemen should embark undaunted on the subject of Literature; and since generalities are rarely of enduring interest to boys, the question was soon reduced to shrewdly naïve comments on the book they were reading in their English course, *The House of Seven Gables*. The situation was the more intricate because no two of the boys had reached the same point

in the story. Low had labored doggedly through the first two chapters and was in a hopelessly bewildered state of mind as to the chronology of the events, and was not at all sure which of the characters were alive and which were dead; Smallie had read it all and had an intelligent but superficial line of comment to contribute; Tris was about half-way through, and found it a fertile field for debate. They attacked their soup and the book simultaneously and with equal vigor. Low opened fire.

'How far have you got in *The House of the Seven Gables*?'

'Page one-fifty-six,' came like a flash from the corner of Tris's mouth.

'Talk sense, will you! Who's going to know where page one-fifty-six is? What's happening?'

Tris scented an opening for an argument. 'Well, you asked me how far I'd got and I told you, did n't I? "How far" means what page.'

'I suppose you expect a guy to know just exactly what's on every page. That's sensible all right!'

'Accuracy, feller! That's me. If you want to know what's happening, say so.'

In spite of himself, Mr. Hyde began to be amused.

'All right — what's happening? Can you understand that?'

'That's more like it,' said Tris complacently. 'Phoebe's blown in and started to patch up old Cliff.'

Low was far beyond his depth. His muddled ideas of two chapters hardly qualified him to enter this discussion. But he ploughed manfully on.

'Cliff? Is that the guy with the bubbles in his throat?'

'Say, wake up! How much of this book have you read anyhow? Did you get beyond the title? Cliff's the duke that's dippy.'

At this point, much to the secret relief of Low, Smallie piped up.

'You're dippy yourself. Cliff's all

right. He's only dizzy from being in the jug.'

Low took a long shot and missed.

'Sure. They got him for doing old Matt out of his house and barn.'

'Hey, feller,' observed Tris; 'you don't bat in this league. Talk sense, will you?'

'You can't talk so much yourself. You thought he was dippy and he's only dizzy.'

'Any guy that smells a rose and starts raving about it looks dippy to me, that's all I got to say.'

Smallie continued his defense of Clifford's sanity.

'Just because you have n't got any sentiment in you does n't mean that nobody else has. You mean to say any guy that likes roses is bats?'

Tris dodged.

'Well, how about his starting to pike off the roof through the window to join the parade? Was n't that bats?'

'He did n't do it, did he? If he'd done it, he'd have been bugs, but he did n't do it, so he's all right.'

Mr. Hyde was beginning to enjoy himself, and had been guilty of several chuckles. He had nearly forgotten his longing for belaying-pins and mutinous Malays. The conversation jumped to another phase of the same subject.

'You can't learn anything from old Stuff, anyhow,' said Low. 'All he does is talk for three quarters of an hour, and I never know what he's talking about; and every once in a while he'll ask you a question, and you can't answer questions if you've just waked up; and then he gives you zero for the week and says he ought to have known better than to expect intelligence from youth. He thinks that's funny.' Low's tone was replete with a fine scorn.

'He might know the stuff all right,' remarked Smallie, conscious of the virtue of his tolerance, 'but he can't get it across to me. You got to hand it to

him, that 's a bone-dome outfit though.'

'Any outfit would look foolish with a guy like that trying to teach it. Did you get what he said to me this morning? He picked two words, something about an "impalpable now," and asked what I thought about it. Good-night!'

Mr. Hyde's curiosity and amusement were by this time considerable, so, instead of checking this flow of vernacular, he joined in the conversation.

'What did you tell him?' he asked.

'I told him it looked all right to me — I could n't see any mistake in it,' replied Tris; 'and then he got sarcastic and said no doubt Hawthorne would be vastly gratified to have the approval of such high authority. He gets my goat. What was the right answer, sir?'

Mr. Hyde laughed outright. 'Don't know, I'm sure, Tris,' he said.

'I did n't even know what "impalpable" meant,' Tris went on. 'What does it mean?'

'Unreal,' said Mr. Hyde.

'That's about his speed: ask a guy what's an "unreal now" and get sarcastic if he does n't know. That's about the way the whole book is, as far as I can see — "unreal." Look at the way the picture of the old bird starts to jazz around with its eyes every once in a while. Hot dope!'

'It's a romance, you boob,' said Smallie. 'The notes say it's a romance, and that stuff goes in romances.'

'Some romance without a Jane,' interjected Low; but luck was against him again.

'Sure there's a Jane, you plumber! Is n't Phœb a dame? Have n't you read anything *at all* in the book?'

'That is n't the kind of romance it is, anyhow,' said Smallie. 'This kind of a romance means a fairy story.'

'That's about their speed,' grumbled Low — 'giving us fairy stories to read.'

'I guess it has n't bothered you much reading it,' remarked Tris.

Even Low the persistent had no reply to this, and the conversation veered off on a new tack. Mr. Hyde, in a vastly more tolerant frame of mind, finished his pie and folded his napkin. A bell rang, announcing that dinner was officially over; he left the table amid a pandemonium of scraping chairs and jostling boys, and jockeyed his way to the door. After all, he thought, these youngsters were not quite without virtue: they were at least amusing sometimes. He smiled half-heartedly as he thought of the literary discussion he had just listened to. That was really funny, if only he had been in an appreciative state of mind. Well — probably he was getting old, and he must be careful not to become crabbed and narrow.

He selected a cigar from a glass tobacco-jar, lowered himself into a well-worn Morris chair beside the window, and looked out. Already a dozen boys had donned old clothes and were somersaulting and tumbling and romping about on the snow-covered lawn, unconsciously working off some of that inexhaustible store of energy that seems to increase miraculously in the very act of being consumed. Yes, they were good boys, thought Mr. Hyde; terribly youthful, of course, and inexperienced, but that was inevitable. It was n't fair to blame them for what they could n't help. And really they had cheered him up a good deal during dinner, with their careless, irresponsible chatter.

But that was the trouble, — the shadow of a frown flickered across Mr. Hyde's face, — they were so irresponsible. Sometimes it seemed as if there were no seriousness in them; they were undeniably comic, frequently entertaining, and sometimes altogether charming; but Mr. Hyde wished they had, as a leaven to these virtues, a dash of seriousness and some feeling, if only a little, of responsibility. But then, he reflected, he must n't expect too much. No doubt

they would lose more than they gained if they had it. Boys were boys. He sighed gently. His cigar was drawing well. There were, after all, worse fates than being a schoolmaster. He had known all this for the last four years; he never really forgot it. It was only now and then, when he saw parents in the gallery of the Chapel, or when his digestion was a bit upset, that this knowledge vanished momentarily. He determined never to let it vanish again, even for an instant. But he was in his normal state of mind once more, so he grinned a bit ruefully, reflecting that vaulting ambition exists, even in school-teachers.

III

His glance rested on the clock. Good Lord! Quarter to three! In the excitement of his rapidly shifting emotions, he had forgotten that he was a school-teacher in fact as well as in theory. He was fifteen minutes overdue at the Lower School study, to take charge of the younger boys for an hour.

He grabbed his hat and coat, threw away his half-finished cigar, and bolted. The study would be chaos! There was just a chance that one of the other masters had happened in and started the period for him, but it was n't likely. They had enough duties of their own. If he could only get there before Smythe, the head of the Lower, heard the row! Smythe was a fine old boy and a good friend of his, but a terrible stickler for routine. An interrupted schedule broke his heart!

Mr. Hyde began to run unsteadily along the slippery board-walk. By the time he got to the study, he would be twenty minutes late. As he approached the Lower School, he listened anxiously for sounds of riot; but everything seemed calm and peaceful. He took heart; no doubt one of the other masters had saved the situation for him, after

all. He entered the Lower and climbed the stairs to the big study-hall on the second floor. The youngsters were all in their places, quiet, and apparently busy, and at the desk, cheerfully vigilant, sat Tom Hallett, a sixth-former!

Mr. Hyde could hardly believe his eyes. He hurried up to the desk.

'How the deuce did you get here, Tommy?' he whispered. 'I'm eternally obliged to you, but how did it happen?'

Hallett grinned happily.

'Oh,' said he, 'I was going by and heard a young riot up here, and thought something must be the matter, so I came up. The kids were all over the place, rough-housing and yelling, waiting for someone to come and ring the bell and start them off. So I straightened 'em out. I knew some one of the masters would be along pretty soon.'

In his enthusiasm Mr. Hyde shook Hallett warmly by the hand and repeated his thanks. Hallett grinned more broadly still and went his way, leaving Mr. Hyde at the desk. This was a new experience for the schoolmaster! In six years he had never known anything like it! It was puzzling and needed thinking out. Mr. Hyde knit his brows in bewilderment; he knew that boys were fine stuff — delightful, care-free, and, he had always believed, irresponsible; but here was a case of one who had not only accepted responsibility when it was given him, but had gone out of his way to find it. There was no call for Hallett to go up to the study and quell an incipient riot. It was n't his business. Why had he done it? Was it possible, after all, that the boys, the older ones, took an interest in the welfare of the school? Did they really prefer to see things run smoothly, and were they willing to help?

In his dealings with boys Mr. Hyde had always, in theory, adopted the platform that they are whatever you expect them to be. He argued that, if you ex-

pect them to be crooked, they probably will be crooked, and that, if you take it for granted that they are straight, they will probably be straight. But he had never been optimist enough to subject his theory to any such test as this, for this was quite beyond the bounds of mere crookedness or straightness: it was the unhesitating assuming of a responsibility that belonged to the masters.

Mr. Hyde positively glowed with excitement. Where, thought he, were those embittered old pedagogues now, who sang the song of youth's ingratitude? What would they have to say to this? Why, it was perfectly amazing! Where, indeed, was his own sufficiently cheerful doctrine that he had worked out half an hour before in his room? Inadequate and antiquated — a relic of the days of darkness. Deep and powerful emotions stirred in the sensitive heart of Mr. Hyde. He could hardly define them, so subtly were they composed: there was joy, affection, pride, mingled with perfect confidence and a glorious enthusiasm. Ponce de León need not have sought in far countries the Fountain of Youth: he need only have been a schoolteacher. For who could thus associate daily with these splendidly youthful boys and fail himself to be rejuvenated? Who could see their perfect trustworthiness and fail to get inspiration? Did there exist anywhere in the four corners of the earth — nay, or in the Seven Seas he had but now so savagely desired — anything more wholly satisfying than boys? It seemed now to Mr. Hyde that they were everything — not merely exuberant, spontaneous, and joyous, but responsible as well. He had heard talk in learned circles about the defiant irresponsibility of youth, and he had believed it. But now he realized that these wise men had not seen below the surface; these boys of his (for they all suddenly belonged to him) seemed irre-

sponsible, and because of their light-heartedness deceived the unwary into believing that they did n't care. But Hallett had shown him that they did care greatly, and yet had treated the whole incident as a joke.

If only he had realized this before! So far, in his conversation with the boys, he had carefully confined himself to subjects that had no connection with the management of the school; for, in his blindness, he had supposed that they had no useful ideas on the subject. But now he was beginning to realize the enormity of his mistake — he, who had thought he understood and sympathized with boys! The sixth-formers were, after all, almost mature, and what they lacked in wisdom because of inexperience, they made up for in freshness of ideas and force of imagination. Mr. Hyde had known this for some time but had never thought of applying it to school matters. He began to wonder how far down the forms this might extend. The sixth at all events; probably the fifth; the fourth? Who could say?

The end of the study-period came as he reached this point in his meditations. He rang the bell, dismissed the youngsters, and walked toward his room, excited, enlightened, humbled, like a man who looks for the first time on an unexplored continent. It had been a great day for him. In it he had passed through all the attitudes, right and wrong, that people hold toward school-teaching. He had seen its faults and its excellencies, its vices and its virtues, its sacrifices and its rewards. And at the end he had discovered that there remained far more to be learned than he had yet mastered. How much more he could not say, — time and his conversations with sixth-formers would tell, — but, in any case, a great deal; so Mr. Hyde forgot his thirst for blood and his yearning for tropic isles, and continued to teach school.

GROVER CLEVELAND

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

WHAT a comfort it is to find a statesman who did not succeed by his tongue! No doubt many statesmen have admirable qualities that go a little deeper; but there are so few for whom the tongue does not open the way that gives the other qualities a chance! It was not the tongue with Cleveland, at any rate. What was it? Some say, — or used to say, — largely a curious concatenation of favorable circumstances. But this explains nothing, and a careful study of his character and life will make it appear otherwise.

The astounding rapidity of Cleveland's advance in the world does seem to favor the theory of accident. The son of a poor country minister in New York State, he had to make his way, and made it. He began to earn his living as a boy in a grocery store. Curiously enough, like his great rival, Blaine, he later held a position in a blind asylum. Afterwards, he found entrance into a lawyer's office and by immense industry gradually established a solid practice. He was district attorney and sheriff of Erie County, but not exceptionally active or prominent in politics. Then, in 1881, at the age of forty-four, he became Mayor of Buffalo; in 1882, Governor of New York; in 1884, President of the United States; in 1892, President for a second term. Is it strange that during his first years in the White House he should have said, 'Sometimes I wake at night and rub my eyes and wonder if it is not all a dream'?

How far was personal ambition a

driving force in this extraordinary progress? If you will listen to Cleveland's eulogists, you will think it was mainly absent. According to them, it would appear that great office called for such a man as he was, and he complied with the demand much against his good-nature. It needs but little knowledge of the human heart to find this view somewhat exaggerated. Men may distrust their own ability. They may weary of public cares and burdens. But few men have high dignity actually thrust upon them. I have no doubt that Cleveland liked to be Governor, liked to be President, especially relished all his life the grandeur of having filled those offices.

This does not mean that there was any untruth in his statement that 'I never sought an office of any kind in my life.' It does not mean that he would have sacrificed one grain of self-respect to win any office. As dignities came to him, he accepted and enjoyed the honor of them; but what they brought chiefly was duty. He set himself earnestly, strenuously, to fulfil that duty, and the task was so absorbing that he hardly perceived the necessary result of such fulfillment in another step outward and upward. When the presidential nomination came to him in 1884, he was occupied with his gubernatorial duties at Albany. Naturally he had divined what was coming, or others had obligingly divined it for him. But neither the nomination nor the campaign distracted him for a moment from his regular work. He stayed in his office and

let others do the talking; or, if they talked too loudly around him, he went off for a day's fishing and forgot them. The campaign was ugly, saturated with abuse and scandal. He paid no attention. Tell the truth, he said, and take the consequences. He appeared so little before the campaigning crowds that the sight of a great, surging, triumphant assembly was nearly too much for him. 'In an almost broken voice he said: "I never before realized what was expressed in the phrase 'a sea of faces'—look at it; as beautiful and yet as terrible as the waves of the ocean."'

The honest earnestness of his attitude through it all shows in nothing better than in his way of receiving the news of his nomination. As he sat at his desk in his office, firing was heard outside. 'They are firing a salute, Governor, over your nomination,' said General Farnsworth. 'That's what it means,' added Colonel Lamont. 'Do you think so?' said the Governor quietly. 'Well,' he continued, 'anyhow, we'll finish up this work.' That was the man. Whatever happens, life or death, we'll finish up this work.

II

With so much work and so little talk, it was natural that the country should not have known a great deal about the man it had elected president. It never did know him. It has only begun to know him since his death. Even to-day it is difficult to penetrate beneath the apparent stolidity, the calm, unshaken, impersonal reserve, to the warm human soul. And we have no such charming, indiscreet confidences as lurk and linger in the letters of Mrs. Blaine. But there was a human soul there, just the same.

There was intelligence, solid, substantial, reliable, if not broad. Early oppor-

tunities of education there had not been. The fierce necessities of bread and butter cut them off, and they were always deeply, perhaps excessively, regretted. There are some evidences of desultory reading: for instance, a rather surprising allusion to Sterne, and an out-of-the-way quotation from *Troilus and Cressida*. But, in the main, large culture was not the foundation of Cleveland's thought or life.

Nor was the lack of cultivation supplemented, as so often, by quickness or alertness of wit. Some men appear learned, and even are learned, by seizing the end of a thread here, another there, and patching all together into a respectable fabric of wide converseance. This process was foreign to Cleveland's nature. He did not generalize, did not move readily and swiftly among abstract ideas, did not spring instantly to the far-reaching significance of the immediate. It is true, we have a most interesting saying of his: 'I cannot understand the meaning of any theory until I know how it happened.' But this implied apparently rather the lawyer's close and curious search for precedent than the scientist's ample reach into the infinite relations of things.

On the other hand, if the intelligence was not swift or restless, it was vigorous, thorough, and exact. Once a problem was fairly stated, it had to be solved, and it had to be solved rightly. I cannot make this clearer than by quoting a most discerning account of Cleveland's methods in conversation, which were evidently his methods in all intellectual activity. 'At first there was a gradual approach to the question from one side, and then, perhaps after a little pause, unexpectedly from another. He was exploring, looking around, feeling his way, searching for the general dimensions. He literally "went around" the subject carefully and cautiously, and on all sides. And if some part neces-

sary to its completeness was lacking, he made note of it, and took it into account all the way to the end of his discourse. When he had made his tour around the subject, as could be noted by a penetrating word here or a phrase of discovery there, his work was almost done, and with one step he went straight to the complex question. And then he was done and the talk was ended.'

A great deal has been said about Cleveland's manner of writing. It is interesting to us because it is thoroughly significant of the man and of his intellectual quality. It is formal, elaborate, almost artificially literary, and people are surprised that a nature so simple, so elementary, in some respects so rudimentary, should adopt such conventional expression. They do not see that it is precisely because he was simple, reserved, an actor, not a talker, that his effort in words was labored and far-fetched. Perfect simplicity and directness of form come naturally to those to whom words are an inborn gift. Those who deal by instinct with deeds, when they do talk, are apt to talk ponderously. Yet when Cleveland put the hammer of his character behind his words, they beat themselves into the memory of the nation; and few presidents have supplied history with more phrases that are remembered.

Cleveland's general intellectual qualities are admirably illustrated in his spiritual and religious attitude. The metaphysics of religion had no attraction for him. He did not care to discuss speculative theology; and so-called higher criticism, with its fine-spun analyses and subtle interpretation of Scripture, was extremely distasteful to his practical bent. He had a certain fine, large, human tolerance, well illustrated in his excellent story of the old Baptist whom his Presbyterian friends tried to get into their church. 'No; you folks are Presbyterians, and if I go over to

your church I could n't enjoy my mind.' He liked to enjoy his own mind and to let others enjoy theirs. Nevertheless, his personal religion was essentially conservative. What his father had preached and his mother had practised was all he needed. 'The Bible is good enough for me,' he said: 'just the old book under which I was brought up. I do not want notes, or criticisms, or explanations about authorship or origin, or even cross-references. I do not need or understand them, and they confuse me.'

It is true that, like other human beings, he did not always practise as he preached. There were irregularities in his earlier life which would have scandalized his mother. And his summer church attendance was not quite what his father would have approved. But if he did not always go to church, he rigidly respected the Sabbath. And he had all his life a fineness of conscience rather notable in a man of such wide experience of the world and so practical a temper. When he was offered a considerable sum for a magazine article, he refused to take so much because he had accepted less for a similar contribution. Again, he writes to a friend that he had declined an offer of a position, 'to which was attached a very large salary, because I did not think I could do all the situation demanded and make the project a success.' Still more striking is the account of his remorse over a possible misstatement in telling a fish-story. His hearer assured him that the statement must have been essentially correct and quieted him for the moment. But he returned to the matter several days afterward. Again he was reassured, and told that, with the circumstances as they were, his story must have been exact. 'I hope so, I hope so,' he assented doubtfully.

It is evident that the æsthetic element of religion would not have had

much appeal for Cleveland. And in purely æsthetic matters he was even less responsive. Of the beauty of art he had little knowledge. To the beauty of nature he was more susceptible, and Professor West has admirably preserved for us the account of one experience which must have been representative of hundreds. 'I can't find a word for it,' he said quietly, after a flood of sunshine had burst through a light April shower. 'What makes it so beautiful? There is no word good enough. "Ravishing" comes nearest, I think. Where does it come from? Do you know what I mean? It is too good for us. Do you understand me? It is something we don't deserve.'

The dumb but pervading sense of such natural beauty is bound up with what was always one of the greatest delights of Cleveland's life — outdoor sport. He was an ardent fisherman and hunter. His little book of fishing sketches brings one right close to him, brings one right inside the garment of formal, conventional reserve more than anything else possibly could. You seem to be spending days of large, quiet pleasure with him, in the woods and on the water; to be hearing his quaint stories and shrewd comments, and entering into feelings which he never showed to congressmen or reporters. The very effort and obvious artifice of the expression reveal a simple nature doing its best to make refractory words convey what it seeks to utter and cannot. Under the calm, controlled surface you divine latent possibilities of excitement which could be aroused by keen sport as well as by human rivalry. There is temper there, there is depression there and discouragement, there is intense enthusiasm. There is the suggestion of imaginative range, also, though it is instantly checked and cooled by gentle irony: 'The keen delights of imagination which should be the cheering con-

comitants of the most reputable grade of duck-hunting.'

It is characteristic of Cleveland's conservative temper that his passion for sport was not modified into any of the later nineteenth-century equivalents. It was simply the hearty, out-of-doors expression of full-blooded health and vigor. There is no sign of the slightest scientific curiosity connected with it. There is no pretentious humanitarianism. The object of hunting was killing; not wanton or wasteful, but plain killing, for the excitement to be extracted from it. Yet it must not be for a moment supposed that he was a hard or cruel man. He was much the contrary. Lowell's keen vision detected this on slight contact. 'With all his firmness, he has a very tender and sympathetic nature, or I am much mistaken.' The tenderness showed in many ways. Even as to animals there was an almost exaggerated sympathy, when they were not objects of sport. He once worried for days because he had not interfered to protect a cat which some boys were chasing. He had all the horror of death that is natural to persons of energetic vitality. He had the deepest pity for suffering, and the pity tended quickly to take active forms of relief.

He had especially one of the surest signs of sensibility and tenderness, a constant love and appreciation of children. He felt their sorrows. 'The cry of a child always distressed him. It made him quite miserable sometimes when he was walking through the village. He always wanted to stop and find out what was the matter.' Their sports and spirits amused him and he entered into them quietly but keenly, as if he were a child himself. Children perceived this, as they always do. General Wood, who knew Cleveland well, says, 'He was as fond of children as was Lincoln. He understood them, and they instinctively

knew it and felt it, and they came to him as a friend.'

It is notable that this intimacy with children often goes with a rather reserved and generally unsocial temperament. This is strikingly true of General Lee, as of Cleveland. The explanation is simple. Children ask sympathy and attention. They never ask you to give yourself. To Cleveland, as to Lee, the conventional restraints of formal society were irksome. Cleveland could indeed supply charming platitudes on social duty, as in the *Fishing Sketches*: 'Every individual, as a unit in the scheme of civilized social life, owes to every man, woman and child within such relationship an uninterrupted contribution to the fund of enlivening and pleasant social intercourse.' This recalls the pretty saying of the old dramatist: 'We were all born, my lord, in our degrees to make one another merry.' But Cleveland avoided the obligation when he could, hated long dinners and pompous ceremonies, and on such occasions would often sit perfectly silent and not manifest an overpowering interest in the talkativeness of others.

He hated the display and luxury and extravagance of society, also. He believed that a community showed its sanity in its simplicity, and the attacks in his writings on the money craze of his contemporaries and their mad rush for wealth are so frequent as almost to suggest a hobby. He practised frugality as well as preached it, cared nothing for costly clothes or fare or ornament. One day, during his second term as president, a train stopped at the Gray Gables station. 'Look,' called the conductor to the passengers, impersonally, 'there's Mrs. Cleveland and Grover on the platform.' The passengers looked. 'Well,' said one woman, 'if I had fifty thousand dollars a year, I would n't dress like that.'

It must not be for a moment sup-

posed, however, that Cleveland's economy arose from any taint of meanness. He was as indifferent to the accumulation of money as to the spending of it. He tells us so himself, speaking of the sacrifice of several thousand dollars for an unnecessary scruple. 'But I don't deserve any credit for that, because money has never been a temptation to me.' And others, many others, bear him out. Even in his early law practice 'he was indifferent and careless as to his fees. His clients had to offer him money.' And the failure to accumulate arose not only from indifference, but from wide generosity. Without the least ostentation, he helped many a poor and struggling applicant — and non-applicant — over difficulties and tight places. When he left the law, his partner wrote: 'I am now closing up a case of Cleveland's which has been running on for years, during all which time he has paid all disbursements . . . because the man was too poor to meet these necessary expenses. And this is only one case out of many that are here on our books.'

The assertion that Cleveland avoided general society does not mean that he did not appreciate human fellowship. To be sure, he found politics rather detrimental to friendship. Where there is so much to give, casual affection is apt to look for what may be got and to wither when disappointed. Also, such firm and self-centred natures are less disposed to form human ties than those which naturally turn to others for advice and comfort and support. But for that very reason the friendships formed are founded on a deeper comprehension and sympathy and are usually loyal and permanent. In the very last years of his life Cleveland wrote some touching words about his own — perhaps imagined — deficiencies in the matter of human association, and about his love and longing for it. 'I have left many

things undone that I ought to have done in the realm of friendship . . . and still it is in human nature for one to hug the praise of his fellows and the affection of friends to his bosom as his earned possession.' Certainly no one can read Gilder's charming *Record of Friendship* without finding in it all the evidence of deep and genuine feeling. And the close association of Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, so different in character and in their life-interests, yet each so finely tempered in his own way, is one of the pleasant traditions of American biography.

Cleveland's personal affection went even deeper in his domestic relations than with his friends. His mother's memory and the reflection of her tenderness were treasured all his life. When he was elected Governor of New York, he wrote to his brother, 'Do you know that, if mother were alive, I should feel so much safer.' After McKinley's term had begun, he said, 'I envy him to-day only one thing and that was the presence of his own mother at his inauguration. I would have given anything in the world if my mother could have been at my inauguration.' All the glimpses that we get of his own home life, with wife and children, are charming, and show it as simple, devoted, sympathetic, undemonstrative, but participant of joy and grief alike.

And in these intimate relations with those who knew him best the quiet, shy, reserved Cleveland of general society melted and mellowed into the best of company and the most responsive of listeners and talkers. 'He had a real "gift" of silence,' says one of his biographers; that is, he could be silent in a way to chill impertinence and curiosity and again, in a very different fashion, to inspire enthusiasm and tempt confidence. And then, with the right company, he would talk himself, would drop reserve and restraint and give out

his hope and heart with singular and engaging frankness, and so simply that you almost saw the life right through the severing veil of speech.

The picture of Cleveland in these elementary social connections would be quite incomplete without recognition of his very attractive and winning humor. People who know him only as the heavy and somewhat solemn official do not appreciate this. Yet even in public addresses he could indulge in a vein of pleasantry. And all the testimony goes to show that in conversation Cleveland could relish a joke and make one, less often perhaps with pointed wit than with those shrewd, quiet, turns of ironic humor peculiarly American. The *Fishing Sketches* are permeated through and through with simple fun of just this sort, which at its best sometimes recalls the frolic fancy of Lamb, although it is a Lamb with the slightly cumbrous gambol of an elephant. The ways of fishermen are inexplicable, says the ex-President: 'The best fishermen do not attempt it; they move and strive in the atmosphere of mystery and uncertainty, constantly aiming to reach results without a clue, and through the cultivation of faculties non-existent or inoperative in the common mind.' And again, fishermen, 'to their enjoyment and edification, are permitted by a properly adjusted mental equipment to believe what they hear.'

III

From the preceding analysis of Cleveland's personal qualities, it will be evident that in some respects he was not adapted to political success. Few great statesmen have made themselves by their own definite action in behalf of right more deliberately unpopular. Cleveland himself was perfectly aware of this, and could even state it with a certain grim enjoyment. In speaking of

one of his vetoes as governor, he said, 'Before I married, I sometimes used to talk to myself when I was alone; and after the veto, that night, when I was throwing off my clothes, I said aloud: "By to-morrow at this time I shall be the most unpopular man in the State of New York."' He had little or none of that tact which enables some men to ingratiate themselves more in refusing than others when they grant. Shyness, reserve, obstinate determination to do right, regardless of anybody's feelings, are all far from being passports to triumph in American politics.

Moreover, Cleveland hated publicity and was always suspicious and distrustful of newspapers and representatives of the press. He had no tincture of the useful art of appearing to tell them everything and telling them nothing. He had an excellent memory, and a paper which had once criticized him unjustly, or, even worse, ridiculed him, was disliked and avoided. Though self-controlled and self-contained in all his passions, journalistic indiscretion was more apt than anything else to arouse him to a burst of temper. Of his many snubs to reporters perhaps none was neater than the remark to a young fellow who was trying to elicit comment on some question of foreign policy: 'That, sir, is a matter of too great importance to discuss in a five-minute interview, now rapidly drawing to its close.' The retort was shrewd, but not calculated to promote affection.

On the other hand, even politicians and journalists could not fail to appreciate Cleveland's great public merits. There is his honesty, his infinite candor. Said one journalist, after an attempt to get something, 'He is the greatest man I ever met — and he would n't promise to do a thing I wanted.' Nothing touches the American people like straightforward truth-telling. When Cleveland's youthful morals were im-

peached and he said at once, 'Tell the facts,' he won more votes than any possible subterfuge could have gained for him. Honesty was a habit with him; it was constitutional. It was so ingrained that, as a fisherman, he could even afford to make a jest of it and give as the principle of that fraternity, 'In essentials — truthfulness; in non-essentials — reciprocal latitude.' When it was a matter of life, not fishing, there was no question of jest. His son once brought out the truth under great temptation to the contrary, and Cleveland remarked to an intimate friend that the boy 'evidently was going to be like him; because untruthfulness seemed to be no temptation to either of them.'

And as his candor appealed to the American nation, so did his democratic way of living and thinking. He knew the common people, he had passed all his early life in intimate contact with them, and watched them and studied them with insight and sympathy, saying little but seeing much. Lowell, with his quick discernment, said of him, 'He is a truly American type of the best kind — a type very dear to me, I confess.' He grasped the large daily facts of human nature, because his own temperament was peculiarly and singly based on them. He needed no effort to enter into common lives, because his own life was common, in the best sense. He would fish all day with an old farmer and swap long stories with him, and then incidentally get and give homely views about the political questions of the hour. When, as governor, he was walking down to the State House at Albany, if he came up with the blind crier of the courts, he would take his arm and help him along over the crossings, and let the business of his great office wait.

He cannot be said to have won votes by pure oratory. He was not a natural speaker, had not a trace of the magnet-

ism that carries vast multitudes away in a storm of excitement. At the same time, especially in later life, his speeches told. He prepared them with the utmost care and delivered them with dignity and measured ease, and every hearer felt that they had character and purpose behind them. Even his appearance, while never splendid or imposing, carried the stamp of the square, determined energy which conquers the world.

These things touched the general public. But how was it with the political managers? Cleveland is generally supposed to have been weak here. His admirers often urge that all his success was gained, not through the politicians, but in spite of them, and that he did not stoop to or understand the ordinary methods by which the political game is played. Their arguments are to a certain extent borne out by his own remark, 'This talk about the importance of "playing politics" — look at the men who have played it. Have they got as far, after all, as I have?' On the other hand, he was not so wholly ignorant as some supposed. He knew men thoroughly, and such knowledge is the first requisite of political success. Moreover, even character will not make a man Governor of New York without some acquaintance with political machinery. And against the above comment of Cleveland we can set another, which may not contradict but certainly amplifies it: 'Somehow there seems to have been an impression that I was dealing with something I did not understand; but these men little knew how thoroughly I had been trained, and how I often laughed in my sleeve at their antics.'

Another thing: in political management, as in everything else, labor counts. Cleveland's superb physical strength and tireless industry enabled him to attend to details which others are forced

to neglect. He always knew what was going on, and this is the first step to controlling it. He believed in doing one's own work, doing it carefully and systematically, and leaving nothing to chance. There is an immense secret of achievement in the apparently two-edged compliment of Tilden to his distinguished follower: 'He is the kind of man who would rather do something badly for himself than have somebody else do it well.'

And Cleveland had another element of political success. He was an intense party man. We have seen the pleasant humor which played over the surface of his temperament. But it did not enter into his politics. Life was not a game to him, as it was to Seward, or a dainty work of art. He took the Democratic Party with an almost appalling seriousness. Over and over he reiterates that the salvation of the country, if not the salvation of the world, must be accomplished by the Democrats. His elaborate statement of the Democratic creed in 1891 is, to be sure, fairly general; but its possibility of fulfilment was, for him, completely bound up with Democratic organization. 'Of all the wonders that I have seen during my life,' said he, 'none has quite so impressed me as the reserve power of the Democratic Party, which seems to have the elements of earthly immortality.' And within a few months of his death he gave cordial assent to the most sweeping possible declaration of party loyalty: 'Whatever your own party may do, it is always a mistake to vote for a Republican.'

Yet, from what we have already seen of the man, it is hardly necessary to say that he never sacrificed and never would have sacrificed duty, as he saw it, to any party consideration. At an early stage in his career he wrote officially: 'I believe in an open and sturdy partisanship, which secures the legitimate advantages of party supremacy; but par-

ties were made for the people, and I am unwilling, knowingly, to give my assent to measures purely partisan, which will sacrifice or endanger their interests.' He never did give his assent to such. When he was being considered as a candidate for a third nomination, he declared, 'If I am ever President of this country again, I shall be President of the whole country, and not of any set of men or class in it.'

And, however he may have disappointed of Republican principles, he was always fair and even friendly toward Republican individuals. His repeated judgments of McKinley and of McKinley's administration showed the broadest allowance for practical difficulties and the keenest sympathy with honest effort.

Further, he did not hesitate to fight the objectionable elements in his own party, wherever he found them. 'We love him for the enemies he has made,' said General Bragg, at the time of Cleveland's first nomination. The American people loved him for those enemies and do still. But the wire-pulling and ring-running politicians in the Democratic party did not love him, and at times he seemed more severed from them than from even the Republicans. Colonel Watterson declares that 'He split his party wide open. The ostensible cause was the money issue. But underlying this there was a deal of personal embitterment. . . . Through Mr. Cleveland, the party of Jefferson, Jackson, and Tilden was converted from a Democratic into a Populist.' This is an exaggerated view. Yet it is certain that lack of political tact, and perhaps a slightly increasing fixity in his own opinions, brought Cleveland into a vast deal of friction. Speaking of him and Harrison, Henry Adams says, in his epigrammatic way, 'Whatever harm they might do their enemies was as nothing when compared with themor-

ality they inflicted on their friends.' There was too frequent trouble with friends and enemies both. Cleveland's difficulties with the Senate are matter of history; and although he may have had the final wisdom on his side, the results for his administrative usefulness could not but be harmful.

Also, all these public conflicts were isolating, produced a feeling of helplessness and depression, even in a temperament so calm and solid as his. In 1894 he wrote: 'There never was a man in this high office so surrounded with difficulties and so perplexed and so treacherously treated and so abandoned by those whose aid he *deserves*, as the present incumbent. But there is a God, and the patriotism of the American people is not dead; nor is all truth and virtue and sincerity gone out of the Democratic Party.' The patriotism of the American people is not dead yet, and the very isolation which at the time seemed to prove the President impractical and impracticable, serves to-day to increase his dignity and to place him secure above all parties as a great American.

IV

But let us elucidate a little more definitely what Cleveland actually stands for in American history, since it must be supposed that the man who suggested the phrase, 'Public office is a public trust,' and who gave his life to working from that text, must have left some memorial of permanent significance.

It may be said at once that this memorial is not to be sought mainly in positive, progressive administrative achievement. Cleveland would not indeed have denied the possibility or desirability of progress. Some of his utterances, especially as to wealth and capital, have a radical tone which sounds like the advanced twentieth century.

Still, it cannot be said that he initiated great movements or changes of any kind. Even his most positive efforts, as with the tariff and civil-service reform, like his splendid private usefulness in the insurance world, were rather in the nature of a return to purer and saner ideals, an endeavor to put public business on the basis of thrift and common sense that is absolutely necessary to success in the conduct of private affairs.

For the man was essentially, by habit and temperament, a thorough conservative. It may seem a little surprising to find such a type in the Democratic Party, at least in the North. To understand this, we must appreciate the wholesome, admirable truth that in our American system each of the two major parties is capable of being either conservative or radical. We usually think of the Republicans as conservative, entrenched in tradition and custom. Yet the cardinal principle of Republicanism is the strength and vitality of the Federal government, and, as substantially all progress and radical change must come through that government, it is natural that radical and progressive elements should be constantly found in Republican alliance. On the other hand, while the Democrats suggest radicalism, their two fundamental tenets have always been the reduction of all government interference to the lowest terms, and in especial a jealous assertion of the state governments against the Federal. Under the American Constitution these two principles mean instinctive, persistent conservatism.

It is thus that we find Cleveland, in the midst of so many radical, disturbing factors, the incarnation of conservatism, of a firm, insistent, reiterated negative. The value of such a negative force in any popular government may be measured by the difficulty of maintaining it. To say no is the ordinary

politician's stumbling-block. Even when he is forced to say it, he mouths it with qualifying adjectives and explanations, seeking in vain to mix the opposing bitter with the seducing sweet.

This was never the trouble with Cleveland. A good, round, sonorous 'No' came from him without the slightest difficulty and there was no disputing and no revoking it. From this point of view even his limitations were a help to him. He was not a broad, speculative political thinker, did not suffer from the doubts and qualifications that always accompany such thought. His most abstract writing, *Presidential Problems*, is perfectly concrete, though the questions treated in it would have been tempting to a discursive, imaginative philosopher. 'It is a condition which confronts us — not a theory,' is perhaps Cleveland's best-known saying. He was always dealing with conditions, dealing with them fairly, honestly, but practically, and leaving theories on one side. The strong features of his character were all such as to give the conservative, negative element full force and vigor. He was simple and direct, and that helps. He was immensely silent, and that helps. He had illimitable patience, and patience is as indispensable in conservatism as in other things. As he himself said, 'Certainly the potency of patience as a factor in all worldly achievement and progress cannot be overestimated.' Finally, he had determination pushed to a degree which he himself was perfectly ready to call obstinacy, 'his native obstinacy, which he always insisted was his principal virtue.' He said on one occasion, 'I want to tell you now that if every other man in the country abandons this issue, I shall stick to it.' He said it and he meant it.

We have only to consider the chief historical events associated with Cleveland's name to see how marked in all is this negative side. I have already

said that it was largely characteristic of his tariff activity. Negative, his effort to check the free coinage of silver. Negative, his superb action in the great railroad strike. Negative, essentially, the most criticized of all his performances, the Venezuela message to Congress. As we look through his writings and those of his biographers, the thing that impresses us most overwhelmingly is veto, veto, veto. No doubt this is the chief function that all American constitutions leave to the Executive. But in Cleveland's case it seems to have been exercised with temperamental readiness. Take his mayoralty, take his governorship, take his presidency: always the veto. His presidential vetoes in four years amounted to more than twice the number in the aggregate of all his predecessors, says Richardson. And, of course, in no case was the motive mere opposition or petulance, or personal grudge. Every veto was thought out with the most scrupulous care and motivated with the most patient reasoning. The first functionary in the country sat up night after night till the small hours, studying why he should say no to the petty and insignificant petition of some fraudulent pensioner.

From one point of view there is infinite pathos in seeing a great statesman spend his soul on such minute detail of negation, instead of on the great problems of the world. The ultimate value and fruitfulness of this negative attitude appears only when we consider that it was based upon the deepest, strongest, fundamental belief in the people and in popular government. For all his conservatism, Cleveland was no reactionary, no aristocrat, no advocate of ruling the masses by the assumed superior wisdom of a chosen few. He held that the people should rule themselves, that they could, and that they would, if a free chance was given them. He believed in American ideals, Amer-

ican traditions. He speaks of his 'passionate Americanism,' and the phrase, coming from one who knew and swayed his passions, is immensely significant. And he believed in popular government because he put behind it the whole mass and solidity of his belief in God. God had ordained the framing of the American Republic. God sustained it. 'A free people,' he said, 'without standards of right beyond what they saw or did, without allegiance to something unseen above them all, would soon sink below their own level.'

It was just because he believed heartily and wholly in American popular government that he wished to guard it as it was. Let those who believed in neither God nor man keep restlessly trying experiments, overturning the old without any assurance of the new. He had studied the Constitution as the Fathers had left it. He had seen it working and believed it would work still. It might be imperfect, like other human things. Would the new devices be less so? The thing was, to take the old and treat it honestly, industriously, faithfully. So treated, it would justify itself in the future as it had done in the past.

Thus it was that, as a superb negative force acting for a great positive purpose, Grover Cleveland did his work in the world. A few grand phrases of his own show how he did it better than any description I can furnish. Speaking of Lincoln and his many military pardons, he said: 'Notwithstanding all that might be objectionable in these, what was he doing? He was fortifying his own heart? And that was his strength, his own heart; that is a man's strength.' Fortifying his own heart! Again, there is the splendid sentence about Secretary Carlisle: 'We are just right for each other; he knows all I ought to know, and I can bear all we have to bear.' Could a man say it more

simply and humbly? 'I can bear all I have to bear.' Finally, there are almost the last words he ever spoke, and what finer last words could any human being speak? 'I have tried so hard to do right.'

A four-square, firm, solid, magnificent Titan, who could speak the everlasting no, so rare and so essential in democracy. We still await the genius, even greater than he, who can speak the everlasting yes.

THE FOWLER

BY GRETCHEN O. WARREN

I HAD too much; a star, a sea,
A swift descending strength to cover me,
As winds enfold a hill.
Athirst I drank my fill,
Leaning with him above deep Beauty's well,
Then on my day dark evening fell. . . .

Long are my nights and lone and cold,
And I am old
With grief for him. But my love knows. . . .
He hears the footsteps pass of one who goes
To look for him, who weeps and strains her breast
Against the earth wherein he lies at rest.
He feels her broken wing, her cry is heard,
The fowler hears his bird.

THE PASSPORT

BY JOHN IRWIN BRIGHT

AN affair of some urgency required my presence in the Antilles; and having made all arrangements for the journey, I left written instructions at the desk of a southern hotel to be called in time to catch the five o'clock train, and retired for the night. At five-thirty I was awakened by the night clerk, who told me that the five o'clock train had gone about half an hour before, and that his neglect to inform me earlier of this interesting event was simply an oversight and was not intentional. The incident was closed.

But, after all, how fortunate it is that things do not always run according to plan; for, if they did, our lives would be devoid of color—existence would be a drab and even thing.

I must say, however, that these philosophical reflections occurred to me considerably after the event, and for the moment I took pleasure in thinking what I could do if I were Trotsky and I had that clerk in Moscow.

During the morning, while awaiting a later train, I made diligent inquiry as to what might happen if I arrived at the port after the office-hours of the man who had to visé the passport. Of course, there was a passport with photographs of the bearer on it, the whole mess costing thirteen dollars. Each authority gave different counsel, ranging from 'By no means attempt it,' to 'It is a cinch; people do it all the time.' As there were sailings only on alternate days, I decided to chance it, although forty-eight hours on a coral reef were to be the price of failure.

A drummer who sat near me in the train told me just what to do on arriving. There would be three officials to see. I was to do thus and so. Nothing could be simpler.

Following instructions, I went first to the income-tax agent. This was wrong. He should have been the second in order, and judging from his indignation at my mistake, it was indeed fortunate for me that he had n't been third. My income-tax record had been found to be perfection itself in my home town, and was recertified to when the passport was issued; but that availed nothing. It had to be done all over again by this pathetic little person, who, it seemed, was powerless to act until Mr. Bowles had signed the passport; and if I did n't make haste and catch him at his office, I could not sail that night.

George Sanders—a spiritual descendant of Captain Kidd: he asked me if I ever returned would I look him up—drove the taxi that carried me to Mr. Bowles's office just around the corner. No Bowles (fifty cents for Sanders). But he generally went right home after work, an old darky averred; so we followed and got there before him. The construction of the preceding sentence seems odd to me, but it must be right, for that is what happened. (Two dollars for Sanders.) Mrs. Bowles had no idea where he could be, but he was never later than six or seven at the outside; and to while away the time, I ate fried yellow-tails (that's fish) at the New York Café, run by a Mexican.

(Fifty cents for Sanders, not to mention the war-tax on yellow-tails.)

Sanders was given clearly to understand that, if he could locate Bowles, he was to receive a monetary reward; and as the last yellow-tail was disappearing down the red lane, friend Sanders hove in sight and reported that he had been to the Elks' Club and every other place, and nary a sign. He had asked everyone and no one had seen him.

The evening was pleasant, and feeling somewhat lonely in a strange city, I boarded Skipper Sanders's craft and called upon Mrs. Bowles, having a premonition that her husband would not be at home. And from there to the Elks' Club *via* his office, and thence to his residence to consult with Mrs. Bowles, who was trying to keep the supper hot and was getting just a little peevish about it. No Bowles.

Lots of people in the seaport were taking an interest in me by this time, and from a store where my friend the drummer was plying his vocation, I telephoned and got in touch with my man, who had finally returned home.

I told him what I wanted,

'No,' he said, 'you're entirely mistaken. I don't have to sign it. If you have a passport, that is all that is necessary. Go to the Custom House.'

So I went to the Custom House, and they said that I should have gone first to the income-tax man; but in any event, Mr. Bowles had to sign it; that was flat and final.

Back to Mr. Bowles, who reluctantly consented to glance over my document. 'This is not a passport,' said he sternly (just imagine how I felt). 'This is only an application for a passport.'

A long pause.

'When I sign it, it becomes a passport.'

'But why should I do this for you?' he continued, with a tremor in his

voice. 'I have been working like a slave all day, and should n't I be permitted to have some time with my home and family?'

The bosom of his family had not known him for the last three hours, to my certain knowledge, but I did n't think it would be tactful to remind him of that. Well, I told him why he should do it for me. First, from one human being to another. Second, from one father to another. I went on to tell him about the night clerk who had failed to wake me. How I had tried to get up at 4 A.M. so that this ordeal could be spared him; and groping in the dark, I finally had the good fortune to hit upon a reason that appealed mightily to Mr. Bowles.

'Well, of course,' said he, 'that last thing you mentioned might make some difference'; and if I would come back at half-past eight, when he would have finished supper, he would go with me to his office.

Mr. Sanders and I were not late, and after all the children had been kissed and the wife had stopped us several times to give some last messages, we started for the office, calling upon several friends on the way, one of whom was a doctor, only to discover, much to Mr. Bowles's chagrin, that he had left the passport — on which he had carefully put his glasses so that he would n't lose it — in the house. So back we went and found the passport just where he had put it and actually arrived at the office. And then he SIGNED it.

In our farewell hand-shake there was something more substantial than mere friendship.

The income-tax personage now enters upon the scene. He wrote something and questioned me very narrowly about Mr. Bowles, about charges and things, because he, that is to say Mr. Bowles, had no right to charge anything or even so much as to ask a question.

Just sign on the dotted line. That's all he had to do. But I stuck up for Mr. Bowles. No sir-ee, he was one of the nicest men I had ever met. This part of the business was concluded without any hand-shaking.

On the way to the wharf and the Custom House, I encountered a pair of my new friends, who asked what progress I was making; and when I told them I was about to take the final step, they assured me that my troubles were all over. I approached the door. Heavens, it was locked! Nothing. Not anybody. A ship had had the fiendish impulse to arrive from Cuba that very minute, and the Custom-House officers were busy examining the baggage. Finally a man came out, locked the door behind him, and confirmed the above bad news, but added that, as soon as the examination was finished, my case would be taken up and that I would n't miss my boat, which was making sinister noises with its whistle, preparatory to backing out. They made me a little nervous, those sounds did, and I asked the vanishing Custom-House man if he was sure that I would n't lose out at the very last minute. Spitting to the right and left, he qualified his former optimistic statement by saying that he *thought* I would be on time, and moved off into the gloom.

In this new crisis I dug out a kind-faced employee of something, perhaps of our 100 per cent government, and related to him the story of my recent experiences, not omitting a single detail. But, as Mrs. Scheherazade was wont to remark, it is not necessary to repeat it.

'Come with me,' he said; and taking me by the arm, he led me to a large

sliding door in a fence, on the other side of which passengers from a foreign land were having their pockets rifled and their breaths analyzed under process of law.

Presently a duly qualified person passed within hailing distance, and my kind-faced friend, acting as spokesman, set forth my urgent requirements. There were unmistakable signs that the boat upon which I still hoped to sail, which was lying on the other side of the dock, was about to depart, for the whistle was bellowing with greater and greater frequency. The official took my paper, looked it over, and what he said would be impossible to divine in a thousand years. He said, 'Why did n't you come before my office was closed?'

There was no help for it. I recited to him the story of my immediate past, not omitting a single detail. But it is not necessary to repeat it. He turned his head and walked away. I think he was crying, — I don't see how he could help it, — and in a few minutes he returned and handed me my papers, my dear little passport, which had so narrowly escaped being but an application, duly adorned with the third and final signature.

Four hours and a half to obtain three specimens of chirography, each one of which was a mere formality, entailing not the shadow of responsibility upon any one of the signers! As I turned to go, there was Sanders! But this was simple. Ten dollars. No writing; no receipt; no nothing. Just ten dollars. He was the only one of the crowd who had earned his pay. May the Lord forgive me for calling him a son of Captain Kidd!

ISLAM

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

To millions of men and women the war has been as a book of Revelation. What did so many of us, coming out of the West, know about our dusky brethren of the East? Less than nothing; for were we not cursed with that 'little knowledge' which is far more dangerous than a perfect ignorance? We had, perhaps, read Burton, and even Burckhardt, and Marmaduke Pickthall, and Kipling. Pickthall, by the way, is easily first, where it comes to English-written fiction dealing with Mohammedans. Then there is Doughty, whose *Wanderings*, however, are confined to Arabia. I, like so many others, had read all these, and I dare say more to the same effect: Moltke's *Reisebriefe*, for instance, Loti, Vambéry, Russian and Polish stories of the Turk and Tartar. One was chock-full of this shadow-show, which revealed so little; which awaited the fertilizing stroke of actual contact and a practical experience. Well, I have had four years of it, and six months of leisure for digestive purposes. Now Islam, to me, is a living thing, instead of a mystery concocted of forlorn warfare, domes and minarets, veiled women, and sacks of gold, and prayers, ablutions, and prostrations.

I would like the reader at this juncture to attempt a serious definition of Christianity and its exemplars. At only one point, so far as I can discover, is the normal Christian in complete accord with other Christians. He attempts to practise monogamy. He does

not always succeed in this attempt; in fact, his failures are a constant source of mirth and comfort to the Unbeliever. But monogamy and all that it implies in the way of home and children is his ideal, and more often than not he achieves it. In most other respects the Christians of this world achieve variety. In the Levant, for instance, the typical Christian is an accomplished liar, an abject coward, and a noxious parasite, pimp, and pander. One may explain and, perhaps, pardon these aberrations, and even admit that there are numerous exceptions to a general rule. In Great Britain, I am thankful to say, the Christian is, generally speaking, a brave and honest man, who respects women and children and whose ruling passion is a desire for fair play. The North American Christian, I believe, is not dissimilar. In France the Christian displays a more sanguine and, at the same time, a less reflective temperament; in Prussia he becomes a braggart or a servile knave; in Russia he is rather a simpleton; in Serbia he is a lion for courage and endurance; in Australia his exterior is rough and his heart is that of a little child.

One might go on for a week, enumerating the varied species that inhabit this particular field of natural history; but in the main one must agree with Buckle and that noble torso which enriches and adorns our vast heritage of British thought.

As with the Christian, so with our

Moslem brother. Climate, environment, and heredity have conspired to make him a person of infinite variety. Courageous, simple, and brave in a state of innocence, — I allude, say, to the Turkish peasant or the *fellaheen* of the Sudan, — in Egypt he becomes a coward and a prevaricator; in Palestine and Syria a weakling; in the Desert a sportsman and a gentleman; in Afghanistan a bloody-minded fanatic; in Northern India a soldier or a peaceful cultivator; in the Malayan islands a secretive and remote survival. And as the Christians of the world are united by a common impulse toward monogamy and the family, so the Moslems of the world achieve at one point a unity by subjecting their women to polygamy and a system whercin the tribe or clan replaces our smaller and more intimate unit. The Moslem civilization is, beyond all other things, masculine; the Christian civilization is of both sexes and has in the main, I believe, been preserved and guarded by its women.

Islam, I sometimes think, is being destroyed by its men. The downfall of the Turkish Empire may certainly be ascribed to such an exclusively masculine and emasculated domination.

Life, and even religious life, is a perpetual warfare. We may disguise this fact and cover it up with catchwords, such as Progress and Reform, Evolution and Revolution. But warfare it remains. Islam was all these things. It was a better faith than the 'Christianity' which it supplanted in the East, a 'Christianity' chiefly notable for feud, faction, greed, persecution, and sectarianism; for anything and **everything** but the application of the Christian doctrine. It was a better faith than the image-worship which it destroyed and supplanted. It even made the attempt — vitiated by its own puerilities and inherent animalism — to combine in one faith the beauties

and the truths revealed by Moses and by Christ. If the world had stood still, moving neither forward nor backward, from, say, 1900 A.D., and had remained so standing forever, Islam would have been as good a religion as any other. But the world has not stood still. The Christian faith, energized by its own dynamics and the temperate climates wherein it found expansion and gathered forces at once magnificent and irresistible, has moved the world; has transformed it beyond any vision or dream permitted to the Prophet of the Arabian God.

Had Islam conquered the world, there would have been no printing-press, no Renaissance, and no Americas. The Western Hemisphere would still be undiscovered. It is an almost incredible supposition, but, envisage it as one may, it is indisputable. All the mechanical and adventurous aspects of the human Saga are primarily of Greece and Rome and the Christian heirs of these two civilizations. Arabian culture died an early death, sterilized by too great a reverence for the letter of the Koran and the savage irruptions of those Central Asiatic hordes whom, to-day, we call the Turk. Never a very vigorous plant, the culture of the Arabic theologians, mathematicians, astronomers, architects, historians, craftsmen, poets, had run its appointed course, and had, moreover, received the wound from which it has only recently, thanks to Allenby, Lawrence, and Feisal, made some sort of a recovery. The Turk took charge of the religion of his victim, and with more or less success imposed his will upon Islam. And, incidentally, he also enslaved such Christian communities as came under his hand — Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Syrians, to name but the most familiar, and to omit those liberated by Pole and Russian, Austrian and Spaniard, Venetian, French, and

British, in the more recent centuries.

Truly one plunges into a strange and dramatic stratum of history when one surveys the rise, decline, and downfall of Islamic power. And even now I have omitted, and must perforce omit, the Western chapters of that epic; must leave the Alhambra unvisited, the deeds of Moor and Frank and proud Castilian to the reader's own passion or research. Persia and India too, free-thinking Omar and the anonymous painters who defied the Prophet, must be taken for granted, together with a score of heaven-ascending monuments, a host of kings and conquerors, and that devout lover who raised the Taj Mahal.

II

My own first contact with Islam occurred in Macedonia. The Turk had ruled here and had made a wilderness. At every step one took, one thanked the Lord that he had been kicked out. The Greek could not be worse and might be better. All that remained now of Islam was cemetery after cemetery falling to ruin, falling back into the wildness and the savagery of those deserted moors. There had been forests here; the Turk had destroyed them. There had been aqueducts and water and good roads; the Turk had let them fall to ruin. His business was war; in the pursuits of peace he had proved contemptible. He could neither govern, nor administer, nor organize, nor do anything but suck the blood of this fair province. Greek, Jew, and Bulgar did their best under his exactions, till at last Greek and Bulgar, grown tired of fighting with one another, turned on the common enemy and kicked him out. A furtive remnant lingers on in the city of Salonica, but it is moribund and powerless. You and me it despises, as it has been taught to do in its mosques and in its schools; but it is

extremely glad to take our money. We are still unclean and we are still the Infidel; but at the same time we are the Conquerors, and must therefore be obeyed, until Allah, in his own good time, decrees our overthrow. Doubtless he has some good reason for our present elevation, temporary and disgusting though it be.

Thus, more or less, argue the learned Mussulmans of Macedonia. The unlearned and the simple, however, are not so severe. I am quite unrepentant where, perhaps, I ought to be ashamed. To me, as to most other Englishmen, the unlearned Turk is infinitely preferable to the Levantine, be he Jew or Gentile, Zionist or Greek. I put the Cretan in the place of honor; the Cretan Christian is the finest thing in the near East. But after him I would place the Christians of places like Bethlehem and Ramallah, and, after these, the unlearned Turk.

Though I spent two years in Macedonia, never a Greek or Jew came near me but to sell me, at three times its value, something I did not want; or he might have been a pimp, or a vender of damnable liquor, adulterated from dregs to label. There are numerous exceptions to this general rule — of that I have no doubt; but such was my own experience, and that of practically every Frenchman, Canadian, Serb, or British private and officer of the Salonica army.

The Moslem, however, won often our respect and even our affection. For the educated of that faith I had little use. Those I met, and they were fairly representative, were mainly political refugees and assassins who had fallen out with Enver and the Committee of Union and Progress. Ridiculous title of a more than ridiculous society! And yet for several years this group of adventurers, murderers, and dupes won the support and confidence of all

the 'liberals' and 'humanitarians' of the enlightened West!

O—— Bey was quite a good sample of the educated Turk. He had been in the diplomatic service, but had lost his job through a characteristic and typical misfortune. Appointed to a position of some consequence in a Protestant country, he had failed to respect the sexual prejudices of the Infidel. In Sodom or Gomorrah, or even in Cairo or Teheran, he might have served his country with distinction; but in the less imaginative North he was *de trop*. I used to talk politics and play chess with him.

The bey's politics amounted to this: why did British diplomacy allow German diplomacy to lead poor Turkey by the nose? He presupposed, firstly, that the Turk could do no wrong, and, secondly, that the Turk was an irresponsible and charming child whom it was the duty of the Great Powers to pet and spoil. To my unregenerate mind, a good hiding would have been more salutary. As a chess-player, the bey was equally unconvincing. He would begin well, and then lose patience and make an ass of himself. At first I thought these wild moves had some deep and hidden significance; but after a game or two it was plain that my friend had lost his self-control and was heading straight away for ruin.

The same psychology applied to politics will explain a deal that puzzles us about the conduct of the Turk, be it the massacre of Armenians or his pathetic attempts at government, beginning with himself. O—— Bey died suddenly. My own impression is that he was poisoned; for of such is the kingdom of politics in the Near East.

Our illiterate and untraveled Turkish friends were of quite a different stamp. Every time I came into Salonica from the wilderness, Achmet the barber would welcome me as if he

were the hound of Ulysses. He did not care a button for my money; he would have paid me to enter his shop; he would have fed me and sheltered me and found me a bride. I am not deluding myself; I am stating a simple fact. And in the Turkish villages up-country were men of the same stamp — simple, loyal, industrious, and clean. I lay peculiar stress upon their cleanliness. The Greek Christians, who likewise had their villages, were the reverse of clean. My friend Adossides, who governed this country under the direction of *his* friend, Venizelos, was wise enough to see that the Turkish peasant was, more or less, its greatest asset.

These simple men, enjoying for the first time in their lives a stable and honest administration, and free from the incubus of perpetual and futile wars, were citizens of whom any country might be proud. The more I saw of them, the more I admired them. They had dignity and a perfect courtesy, and added to these were honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, and an interest in their work which made them independent of the merchants and middle-men. They made one understand those travelers who report that the Turk is the only gentleman in the Near East.

Once only — and that by accident — did I have the opportunity of holding converse with a maiden of this simpler class. It is rather a ridiculous story, as any story of the kind must be in the East, where a man is permitted to see the faces of only his wife or wives and such near relatives as the law allows.

One summer afternoon I came to a walled garden, the door of which stood wide open. In the centre was a flagged space, with a stone well and a tree bearing some strange fruit. I have grown many kinds of fruit, but this kind I could not recognize; so in I stepped to investigate. A young girl, unveiled and

dressed in black, came up and joined me. She must have been about sixteen, and she was quite the most charming thing I had seen for months. I asked her about the tree that had so puzzled me. It was a pomegranate, heavy with fruit, and the first I had ever seen. The girl spoke French, — France has long supported a very noble series of schools in the Near East, — and soon we were the best of friends. We sat on the stone circle that ringed the well, and talked away for quite a while. It was just like talking to a very bright and questioning school-girl at home; and so we sat, chatting and laughing together, till an old woman — I suppose she was old — came out to us, all veils and fury, and chased my little friend indoors. What happened to her afterward I was never able to discover; but I can assure the reader that she was no young woman out of a Pierre Loti novel, but just a happy, healthy kid such as you may find by the dozen in Europe, and, for all I know, in America as well.

Such were the first Moslem ladies I had the luck to encounter: the duenna, obviously of the orthodox old school; the young one, less concerned with the proprieties, and trustful as a terrier pup that has never met unkindness.

In a higher class — the class of my defunct companion, O—— Bey — I encountered absurd young women who raved about Enver. These were hopeless. Neither European nor Moslem, they seemed purely a destructive species; and it is to be hoped that by now they are safely under lock and key and thrice guarded by officers of the harem.

The next time I met the Turk, it was in Palestine, and he an open enemy and very much mixed up and muddled with his friend the Hun. Almost one felt sorry for the Hun. And one felt quite sorry for the common Turkish soldier. The common Turkish soldier had been

lied to more than any of us. In war and peace the Moslem has one sure advantage over the Christian. He can always raise the devils of religious fanaticism and hate, which we of the West have long since outgrown. As a Turk said to me one day, over a meal we shared in Jerusalem, 'You Protestants seem to have no religion.' In his sense of the word, we have none; for we had neither murdered nor enslaved our beaten foe, nor had we dishonored his women. Nor had Allenby, like his Turkish opposite, Djemal, established a harem of two hundred selected ladies of the country; nor had he robbed his soldiers of their pay, sold their rations and equipment, and let them starve and go naked.

Saladin, by the way, was a finer gentleman than any of his Crusading opposites. By so much has Islam degenerated and Christianity ascended since the twelfth century; though the great majority of our politicians, so I am told, can still give points and a beating to any knight or bishop who wore the Cross.

Another Moslem country with which I am familiar is Egypt, truly the most mirth-provoking land on this planet. Macedonia is sinister and tragic; Syria and Palestine and Sinai and Libya are charged with drama and the tears of things; but modern Egypt is pure classic comedy from end to end. As my friend Judge X—— once said to me, and he had known the place with a judicial thoroughness for twenty years, 'Everybody out here is a bit *magnoon*.' *Magnoon* means 'touched,' or agreeably insane. Hamlet, for instance, was *magnoon*; and so, I fancy, are many of the home-keeping Irish. The tedium engendered by great heats and a monotony of sunlight may account for this perversity. Whenever I think of Egypt and the Egyptian, I have to laugh. Otherwise, one might weep over him.

England has given him two great men, Cromer and Kitchener. The rest have been nonentities, though Allenby may prove to be a third.

It is interesting to talk with an Egyptian about Cromer and Kitchener. The first he respects, the second he loves. Cromer was a great English gentleman, without much Arabic, immersed in difficult affairs, and something of a scholar and a recluse, as any study of his writings will more than testify. Kitchener was more Egyptian than the Egyptians, a rare speaker of their tongue, a man who had read other men more than books; and he was power — which means devoted service — incarnate. Ardent Nationalists have spoken to me about Kitchener as Verlaine speaks of that imaginary mistress who *'m'aime et me comprend,'* and whose *'regard est pareil au regard des statues.'* When there was riot and murder in Egypt during the first half of 1919, similar Nationalists repeated, *'If only Kitchener had lived!'* And they meant it, too! The Oriental adores a master who says, *'Yes,'* or who says, *'No';* and Kitchener not only was such a master, but he had the means and the strength to enforce his decisions. With that, he ever treated the Egyptian as a man and a brother. In his heart, no doubt, he preferred the brave and devoted Sudanese, unspoiled by contact with the West, who had fought his battles, and whose battles he too had fought; but he never showed this preference, and to all men and women, and especially to the poor, the learned, and the unfortunate, he was alike. Allenby has this same perfection of courtesy combined with firmness, a similar prestige and aura of great deeds and famous victories; but as yet he lacks his precursor's intimacy with the people and their language, and years of make-shift government have made his task no easier.

III

In dealing with the East, it is necessary to have the patience of fifty camels, and, furthermore, one must avoid being too censorious. One's own standards of truth, honesty, self-control, and especially of sexual morality, need not be laid aside; but one must accept the fact that the East views most of these matters in a totally different light. The East lives by its senses, the West attempts to follow its ideals; in the one world, matter is more dominant than spirit; in the other, climate, religion, light, and sanitation have reversed this position. Nor were we always the chastened heroes of to-day. Read, for instance, the story of the Oddi and the Baglioni of Perugia, as recovered by John Addington Symonds; read the Restoration dramatists or the minor Elizabethan playwrights; or Rabelais or Boccaccio; or the filth that was written and printed in Paris before the war, and read throughout Europe and America. We are very far from being immaculate, and it is only of recent years, as history goes, that the Highland clansman has ceased to murder and rob his neighbor, the French serf to lie and accept forced labor, the Virginian to own slaves, and the English Catholic or Protestant to burn his fellow Christian at the stake. I really dare not say that Islam is much worse than we have been; and, more than anybody, it is we who have set its present face toward revolt.

I am told that, if President Wilson's views upon self-determination were applied to the state of Florida or Mississippi, where the negro population exceeds the white by many thousands, there could be but one outcome to such an application, which I sincerely hope and trust will never be permitted. In some such light one is forced to view what is called the Egyptian Question,

where a numerically inferior Christian population is asked to accept the rule of an Islamic or pseudo-Islamic majority, calling itself for political purposes the Egyptian Nation, but in reality being neither a nation nor markedly Egyptian.

In the light of historic truth, as well as in the light of factual experience, one has to admit that Egyptian nationality ceased to exist a good many years before the birth of Christ; that it has never recovered from this overthrow; and that there is neither Egyptian language, literature, nor art. Greek, Persian, Roman, Arab, and Turk have held Egypt by the sword; Mameluke and Frenchman and Albanian have been its master; and to-day, failing the support of France and Italy, to whom a joint guardianship was offered, the British are in charge. No native-born Egyptian has governed in the Nile Valley for well over two thousand years.

Nor is there any race of people in that country which may be regarded in the way one regards the Frenchman of France, the Englishman of England, or, say, the Dane of Denmark. A native of Egypt may be anything, from a woolly-haired negro to an ivory-colored landowner or government official. The practice of polygamy has made a hotch-potch of the race and destroyed its identity. Patriotism, in the Western sense of that much-abused word, democracy, and those liberal institutions which are at once the glory and the stigmata of the Christian world, do not exist in Egypt or in any other Moslem province. The East is well content to do without them.

My soldier-servant, Ibrahim, put the whole political situation in a nutshell, when, before we were separated by order of the higher authorities, he asked me to get him a new job.

'Why don't you go to one of your

own people?' I replied. 'I am only an Unbeliever and an Englishman.'

We were excellent friends and understood one another perfectly, and so I could permit myself these candors.

'If I go to an Egyptian, he say, "Bring me money, or bring me a girl, and then I find you a job." If you send me to an Englishman, he say, "What can you do?" and he give me so much pay.' Thus Ibrahim.

'Where would you find a girl?' I asked next.

Ibrahim shrugged his shoulders and said, 'My sister.'

The Egyptian Nationalist politician, invariably a lawyer, journalist, priest, or some other windy individual, wishes to get hold of Ibrahim's money and Ibrahim's little sister. In Europe and America, gullible Intellectuals and Labor people, of both sexes or none at all, applaud and sympathize with the noble periods and mendacities which come as easy to the Oriental as tumbling off a log. What, however, he is really after is Ibrahim's money and Ibrahim's little sister.

IV

The white man is in Egypt, India, and elsewhere, primarily to protect Ibrahim's money and Ibrahim's little sister.

We of the West have managed to set some bounds to the rascality of our priests and politicians; we have created a Public Opinion which they fear as the Devil fears the Cross. In the Moslem world it is different, just as in our own world it was different before the Reformation and the major revolutions.

Fundamentally, there is not much difference between Islam and the Christian world of the Middle Ages. The trouble with Islam is that it is tied fast by the Koran and the intense individualism of the normal Mohammedan. In the modern world man must coöperate

or go under. A religion that ignores the personal existence of an entire sex; that forbids the lending of money, and therefore places its followers outside that whole system of loans and credit upon which, for good or for evil, our modern civilization is based; a religion that is so full of exclusions as to make the murder or robbery of an Unbeliever a matter of little or no account, can hardly hope to survive outside the dark places of the earth. In its own way it is honest, and in that it is pathetic; but the world needs the cotton of the Egyptian, the barley of Palestine, the silks and spices, the oils and minerals, the fruits and tobacco, and all the other produce and raw material that God has placed in the countries which are at present occupied by the followers of the Prophet. And it seems to me that if the Mohammedan cannot irrigate and sow and dig and cultivate and mine and bore, under the direction of men of his own faith, then he will have to accept the direction and, with that, the political ascendancy of the despised Christian.

The French and Dutch, in their colonial administration, have accepted this point of view quite frankly and with a quite admirable logic. They are firm, but tolerant. They do not trouble to force their own national ideals on this unready soil, and they are spared, in Tunis and Algeria, in Java and Sumatra, all those ridiculous events and manifestations which must occur when an Oriental people is led, *nolens volens*, into a blind alley. The Anglo-Saxon, inevitably perhaps, has preached Milton and Mill, and at the same time denied an immediate practical application of their theories. In this, Great Britain and America are much alike. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, however, though fine words to write upon a banner, are the most misleading of symbols. Man has to be

ready for these ultimate gifts before he is fit to be intrusted with their dangers and felicities. The Christian world has only in spots arrived at such a consummation; the Moslem world is quite unready.

During the four years that I lived among Mohammedans I never fell in with an original thinker or a mind that could be regarded as in any way important. And, indeed, Islam has contributed little or nothing to the sum of human knowledge. An English friend of mine, a well-known educationalist, once said to me, 'I have given ten years to the study of Arabic; I read it and I write it; but there is next to nothing to read, and there is no audience to which an original writer can appeal.'

This is perfectly true, as I discovered for myself when I looked for an Arabic version of Cromer's *Modern Egypt*. There is no such version. Let us assume that Cromwell or George Washington or Abraham Lincoln had been able to write a great book, giving a clear and convincing account of the events which he moulded, of the faith which upheld him, and of the people he led out of the wilderness. Such a book is Cromer's *Modern Egypt*; and yet so incurious and so illiterate is the Moslem world, that, for all it cares, this masterpiece might have remained unwritten.

Islam is a faith of inhibitions. It says, 'You must not,' a hundred times for every once that it says, 'You must.' A people cannot live by negation and denial. The West affirms, and in so doing saves itself. Every Mohammedan I have met who could stand up to and hold his own with the English or the French was a Mohammedan only by courtesy. S—— Pacha, for instance, had but a single wife, and was rather henpecked; he drank good wine and enjoyed it; and in religion he was an agnostic, with a sentimental attachment

to Islam. His social outlook was that of a feudal baron; he was hospitable and generous to a degree scarce known outside the East; and with that he was fat, self-indulgent, and the reverse of warlike. There are dozens like him in the East — capable men in their way, honest, industrious, afraid of the major responsibilities, lacking in initiative, and full of a conversation which is pleasantly superficial, and, in its larger moments, inclined to platitude.

The Indian Moslem, being farther from Mecca and with a good many years of decent government behind him, rather resembles those Catholics who live a good many miles from Rome. My own information about Mecca, by the way, is mainly derived from Hurgonje, a Dutch Orientalist, who had the unique experience of a six-months' residence in the Holy City, and of whose work there is no English translation. Some enterprising publisher should remedy this omission. The Indian Moslem — some not very convincing specimens are at present touring the world in the Turkish interest, and for fine, confused thinking would be hard to beat — is about the finest of the lot. One can, however, easily exaggerate his importance. The total population of India is 317,000,000. Out of this immense reservoir, scarcely a million men could be found who were fit to serve in the late war; and of this million only a fraction were Mohammedans. The bulk of the 66,000,000 Moslems of India are peaceful merchants, lawyers, teachers, craftsmen, and peasants, with a sprinkling of fighting men on the frontier who have little respect for their brethren of the Plains. In thinking of these warlike tribes and the similarly constituted Afghan across the border, one recalls Sir Pertab Singh's convincing reply to the Indian Nationalist: 'If India were given self-government, there would not be a virgin

or a gold-piece between Peshawur and Calcutta.'

Here one comes to the arch-difficulty about Islam — and all the semi-civilized peoples, be they professing Christians or professing Mohammedans. Islam, however, is almost entirely semi-civilized; which means that its leading notion of political action is to murder and mutilate the men of the opposing party and to violate their women. One cannot get round this fact. I have lived, revolver on hip, in the midst of it, and I have known less fortunate soldiers who were caught unarmed, clubbed to death by a mob of savages, their bodies divided and cast out to the elements. For obvious reasons the story of our women remains untold. Against such a factor no league of nations can prevail, unless it be backed by force, by the courage of its convictions, and by an undivided purpose. Islam then can accept its decisions or break itself against a wall of steel. Islam would accept such a league, and, in the long run, be spiritually by so much the richer and the wiser.

V

Having envisaged this problem as a general idea, rather than as one which very much concerns the British Empire, may I be permitted to approach it on the narrower basis? There are some 100,000,000 Moslems within the British Empire. Generally speaking, they are among the most loyal and contented of its subjects. We respect their religion and their code of law — the two are inextricably combined; they have been spared or reclaimed from the despotisms, the futile wars, massacres, fanaticisms, and savageries which are the constant and never-changing marks of the self-governed peoples of Islam.

Europe, down to the end of the Thirty Years' War, was similarly accursed;

and it is with the European of an even earlier age than that that one may best compare our Moslem fellow citizens. Therefore the words Democracy, Parliamentary Government, and Constitutionalism have no real meaning to the ordinary Mohammedan, who regards all government as a thing outside himself, wherein he has no voice. It is the business of a government to govern; and it is his business to be governed. That is his way of looking at it. He does not want to vote or waste his time attending meetings; he recognizes that Allah has made certain men whose destiny it is to be Masters, and myriads of other men whose destiny it is to work at their handicraft or to cultivate the soil. The whole thing rests with Allah. If he be ruled by Christians, he does not much mind; and if he be ruled by Moslems, so much the better. He is not a political animal; he has other excitements, spiritual and sensual, which, in his opinion, we Occidentals undervalue. He likes his rulers to be just, and, when their injustice becomes unendurable, he rises in his wrath, if he be strong enough, and slays them. A good liar, in the shape of a priest or a political agitator, let us say, can usually convince him of anything, and therefore his own rulers have invariably lopped off the heads of such orators. This simple remedy is far-sighted, in that it usually saves the killing of a hundred, or even a thousand, dupes.

Our own methods of government, however, do not admit of these solutions. Our object is to get good men and send them to the East, there to maintain law and order and blaze a trail for Western knowledge. We have not always been wise in these appointments, and of late years they have been too much dictated by interest, — political interest and class interest, — and by the desire to find some ‘nice

young man’ an easy job. A cad in the East, or a tomfool, be he never so blue-blooded or meticulously intellectual, can do infinite harm. The Oriental is a student of men and not of books, and he is quick and unerring in his estimates. The war has handicapped us greatly: we have lost so many of our best men, and many others have been temporarily withdrawn, serving in the army, the navy, or wherever a place could be found for them.

Unless he be their superior in character and breeding, the white man has no earthly business to impose his will upon the less developed races. The difference between the two, as between our own masses and our own classes, is mainly one of self-control. Sheer intellectuality does not matter; indeed, more often than not it is a hindrance, leading to doubts and prevarications.

A wise Egyptian of the educated class once said to me, ‘The English are fools; but they are honest fools. We do not want to be ruled by clever people; we are clever enough ourselves; we are far too clever. Where we fail is in honesty.’

He, at least, was honest; but the English administrator need not be a fool; far from it; and my Anglophile friend is not to be taken too literally.

An ideal solution for the recruitment of our Imperial Civil Service would be to employ a somewhat similar method to that employed in our navy. Our future Nelsons are caught young; they are the inheritors of a great tradition; the service is, in many of its aspects, a lay priesthood. Personal selection by a board of veteran officers is the main principle of this method; so that character and early training, a genuine vocation, are sought for, rather than any kind of special knowledge which answers to the limited tests of a written examination. The whole thing is more a dedication than a profession, and it

rewards are paid in honor as much as in current coin. To-day the service has been reorganized on a basis which opens the higher ranks to whosoever is fit to enter them, and officers and men are often 'a band of brothers.' Sailing, incidentally, once an art or craft, has now become one of the learned occupations. Our Imperial Civil Service might fitly be a rival to our Naval Service; and even, if a more or less general disarmament is to entail the reduction of the two senior services, then such a Civil Service might well replace and carry on the great traditions of our old-time fleets and armies.

In the East, where money, and the prestige which goes with money, count for so much, the pay should be adequate, and more than adequate, to the responsibility. Nor should any young man be allowed to occupy a position of consequence — and the lowest position is one of consequence where the white man is the observed of all observers — unless he can write and speak one language of the country, and prove himself something of an expert in its psychology, religion, history, and ethnology. Nor is a man of much use in the East unless he be a lover of horses, dogs, and children. The rest will come to him easily enough if he can master these. The above conditions are only theoretically fulfilled under our present systems of administration.

In the war, the conclusions and inconclusions of which are still distressing the world's peace-makers, one was constantly finding food for merriment, and more often for disgust, in the official attitude toward such men as Lawrence, Firth, or Edmund Candler — I name but those whose names come most readily. There were a round dozen of such men on every Oriental front, and every effort that could be made to stultify or minimize their abilities was duly made. Lawrence,

thanks largely to the enthusiasm of an American admirer, is now revealed to the whole world; but a system which cannot extend spontaneous welcome to such a man stands self-condemned. In addition to the regular imperial civil servant, a place ought to be left for the irregular whose undeniable qualifications can only enrich and broaden the none too remarkable reservoirs of human power now extant.

The old stagers will laugh at me when I make a yet more singular suggestion. Being bored and unoccupied in the dépôt at Kantara, I applied one day for a civil post in Palestine or Syria. By an early mail a form was sent me, asking me to state where and how I had been educated, the occupation and rank of my father, and a dozen other equally fatuous questions. Naturally, I tore this document across; for I have known men, educated at Harrow and Oxford, let us say, and the sons of impeccable fathers, who were totally unfit to be trusted with a five-pound note. And, absurd as it may appear to the official mind, I have found perhaps an even greater proportion of youngsters and grown men, with the qualities that make for courageous and honest administration, among those connected with the Boy Scout movement than in any such general reservoir as has been indicated. And I will even go so far as to say that from this particular source might be drawn a goodly number of potential administrators.

The undeniable mental and moral deterioration which is often induced by too long a sojourn under Eastern skies is a factor that no determined survey of the situation can overlook. Long leaves and plenty of outdoor sport and recreation are the surest preventives; but where these fail, there is only one alternative. The white official who has gone rotten must be removed. It has ceased to be a personal question;

it is a matter that touches the honor, the worth or unworth, of a whole race.

And now, reviewing this whole subject in an English light, one must inevitably arrive at certain conclusions. If our domination over Islam, or over any other of the more primitive peoples, means one thing more than another, it means that we are trying to fit them for self-government. Success, for us, means, therefore, a renunciation. If we succeed and teach the Indian and the Egyptian and the peoples of Palestine and Mesopotamia to 'run their own show,' then we have done what we have set out to do. There can be but one logical end to such a mission. It will mean that many white men will be cut off from pleasant and interesting jobs; it will mean that some of these will cry aloud and turn prophet. The air will be filled with evil tidings. We are, however, quite definitely committed to the Christian point of view; and, moreover, it is so deeply bitten into our nature that, try as we may, we cannot escape from it.

And, accepting this argument, the peoples who are so fitted for self-government in the modern world will no longer be the peoples of Islam. Call themselves what they may, they will have accepted our ideals, and with them our gods. A remnant may continue in

the deserts of Arabia and Africa, or in the mountains of Central Asia; and their sport, their business, their politics, will still be war. Well, we were ever a sporting nation. But Islam of the plains, the valleys, and the cities will have ceased to be Islam; just as the Christianity of to-day has ceased to be the Christianity of the Crusades, the stake, the conquistadors, and the Inquisition.

On the other hand, — and there is a good deal of evidence in favor of this supposition, — it may be that the more primitive races are incapable of responding to the demands and pressure of the modern world, and that it is the ungrateful destiny of the white race to function as a ruler. The late Mr. Roosevelt, admirably indiscreet, has said the last word on this subject.

Or one may contemplate a third solution, disgusting and abominable, and yet, under our present dispensations, not altogether impossible. The Christian world may destroy itself, — it has done, and is doing its uttermost in this direction, — and leave the more primitive peoples in possession. These — cheap, fertile, and nearer to the earth — may be our heirs; and amid these, Islam, patient, shrewd, observant, is watching our antics and hoping for the best.

THE INTELLIGENTSIA UNDER THE SOVIETS

BY LEO PASVOLSKY

MUCH of the pre-war interest that the outside world had in Russia was aroused by that peculiar social grouping in the life of Russia, known as the 'Intelligentsia.' In a very large sense, it was of the Intelligentsia that one usually spoke in speaking of Russia. Yet at present, when interest in Russia has become almost more variegated than even the chaotic Russian reality itself, interest in the fate of the Intelligentsia is, strangely enough, at a very low ebb; and this, too, in spite of the fact that, whatever the passing events in the Russian land, the life of Russia is closely interwoven with the fate of its educated groups, of its national brains, of its Intelligentsia.

Broadly speaking, the word Intelligentsia is used in Russia to designate the educated classes of the people. This designation, however, is something quite apart from the class-distinctions based upon social and economic privileges and peculiarities. The Intelligentsia, is, intellectually, the highest social grouping, but its membership has been and is, naturally, drawn from every walk of life, from every social class and caste. Brought to the top through the process of either natural selection or social and economic opportunity, those who constitute it are not in any sense an Olympus or a world of demi-gods. In many ways the Intelligentsia does represent Russia and reflects her national soul.

A national intelligentsia is not a peculiarly Russian institution, by any means. Every country in the world has it. And if the Russian Intelligentsia

attracted special attention in the past, it was largely because it has advanced very far intellectually and artistically; and also, perhaps, because it has never possessed to a marked degree the qualities of intellectual and group arrogance that one so often meets with among the intellectual groups of other countries.

The Bolshevik upheaval, overturning temporarily many institutions of Russian historic development, has also played havoc with the Intelligentsia. At the beginning of the Bolshevik régime the Intelligentsia divided into two general groups: a very small minority which went over to the Bolsheviks, and the overwhelming majority, which remained hostile to them. As the months of suffering went by, the grouping of the Intelligentsia became different. The acceptance or non-acceptance of the Soviet régime ceased to be a test of this grouping. New factors entered more and more. And the story of what has happened to the Intelligentsia under the Soviet régime, of how it reacted to that régime and was treated by it, is one of the most vital and interesting chapters of the events which are transpiring in Russia, and the course of which the whole world watches with such breathless attention and anxiety.

I

Soon after the Bolshevik revolution of November, 1917, the well-known Russian poet, Alexander Blok, published a series of essays, to which he gave the general title, *Russia and the*

Intelligentsia. The publication of these essays came at a time when the whole of Russia was thrown into chaotic turmoil by the first preachings and actions of the triumphant Bolsheviks, and they aroused very heated and widespread discussion among the *Intelligentsia*. Even to-day, in discussions concerning the relations between the *Intelligentsia* and the Soviet régime, one very often finds references to these essays.

In them Blok portrays what he believes to be the relations between the masses of the Russian people — that is, particularly, the peasantry — and the *Intelligentsia* — the small group at the very apex of Russia's cultural achievement. He brings out two important points. The first is his conception of the Russian Revolution and what he considers the relation to it of the *Intelligentsia*; and the second, the relation that exists between the *Intelligentsia* and the people, which he illustrates by the religious seekings, so strong and so typical in the Russian culture.

In approaching his subject, Blok first of all registers the horror which suddenly rushed over the educated classes of Russia when the Bolshevik triumph shattered to splinters all traditional rules of morality, honesty, and decency. In their despair, the best people of Russia found themselves exclaiming, 'Russia has perished'; 'Russia exists no more'; 'Eternal memory to Russia.' Blok, however, sees the Bolshevik process of 'deepening' the Russian revolution in a different light.

But I still see Russia before me; that same Russia, which all of our great writers had seen in their terrifying and prophetic dreams. Russia is destined to pass through the pains and the tortures of humiliation and division, but she will emerge from these trials new and renovated, and, in a new way, great. . . . We love those dissonances, those shouts and ringings, and the constant changes in the orchestra of the revolution. But if we really love them and

do not merely regard them as methods of tinkling on our nerves in the fashionable theatre halls, then should we not listen to those sounds now . . . when they come to us from the orchestra of the world? . . .

Music is not a toy, and the abject creatures who have thought that music is nothing but a toy should now be true to their real character, should tremble and cringe, and look after their worldly possessions. We Russians are now living in an epoch to which few are equal in grandeur in the whole history of the world. One involuntarily recalls the words of Tyutchev:—

Blessed is he who visited this world
In moments of its fatal deeds:
The highest Gods invited him to come,
A guest, with them to sit at feast
And be a witness of their mighty spectacle.

To Blok, the scope of the Russian revolution is the realization of all the dreams of mankind, from its earliest gropings in the darkness of ignorance to its loftiest flights into the rare atmosphere of knowledge and morality. 'What is it that is planned to-day?' he asks. And he answers his own question thus:—

It is planned to change everything, to make life such that everything will become new, that our false, filthy, tiresome, and ugly life should become just, clean, joyful, and beautiful. When such plans, which had ever been concealed in the soul of man, suddenly break asunder the chains which hold them, rush down in roaring streams, tearing away bridges and dams, shattering the shores — this is called revolution. Things smaller, more moderate, are called insurrection, rebellion, upheaval. But this is called revolution. . . .

The scope of the Russian revolution which wishes to embrace the whole world is this: its fond hope is to start a world-wide cyclone which should bring to the snow-clad reaches of the North the balmy breezes and fragrance of orange groves, and comfort the sunburned deserts of the South with the cooling showers of the North. Peace and brotherhood of nations — such is the standard of the Russian revolution.

This is the subject of the music that those

who have ears can hear in the onrush of the torrent. The deadly weariness gives place to new strength. After sleep, fresh thoughts come. In the white light of day these thoughts may seem foolish and stupid. But the white light lies.

Blok considers it 'the sin of haughty politics' that the best men of Russia fly into despair over their disappointment in the masses of the people, and jeer at what appear to be attempts on the part of the masses to win liberty in their own way. Instead of indulging itself in haughtiness and mockery, Blok calls upon the Intelligentsia to 'listen to that great music of the future, which has filled the air, and not to try to find separate false notes in the grandiose tones of the world-orchestra.' For, says he, 'the spirit is music. Once upon a time the Demon ordered Socrates to hearken to the spirit of music. With our whole body, with our whole heart, with our whole consciousness we must listen to the revolution.'

Listening to the music of the revolution, which Blok prescribes as the rule of the day to the Russian Intelligentsia, means, in his conception, to go to the people, to the great masses of the people, to blend with them and work with them. Revolution to him is the self-finding of the masses, the storm that goes to the very bottom of the people's soul. Crudely, clumsily, destructively, and cruelly, this process of the self-finding of the people goes on, and in it much, indeed, must perish.

Blok considers that all the horrors which are taking place around him are not the fault of the people in the same degree in which they are the fault of the Intelligentsia. In the ideas he presents he gives expression to the spirit of repentance on the part of the Intelligentsia which is met with more than once in the writings of the Russian literary men. This repentance, which borders on self-negation, is now invoked by Blok

to explain for himself, perhaps even more than for his readers, the sudden and unexpected events which have burst forth in fury.

In his fervent presentation of this idea, Blok tries to represent the tremendous abyss, which, he holds, separates the Intelligentsia from the people. In his conception they are almost at the opposite poles of that which constitutes spiritual power. He sees the characteristic tragedy of the whole situation in the religious seekings on the two sides of the abyss. With bitter irony he speaks of the religious intellectualism in the Intelligentsia, as contrasted with the primitive forms of the people's seekings. And yet, despite this irony, Blok realizes that, for generations past, the Intelligentsia had loved the people and had sacrificed much for it. He even conceives the possibility that the Intelligentsia understood the soul of the people; but, to him, such understanding must find expression in an all-embracing love for the people, a love that would include even that which is strange and inimical to the Intelligentsia itself. 'For,' says he, 'not to understand all and not to become enamored of all, even of that which requires the renunciation of things most dear to us, is equivalent to having understood nothing and to loving nothing.'

But what does the Intelligentsia find in the people in response to its efforts to understand and to love? Blok describes this as follows:—

And on the other side you find the silent smirk, the apparent gratitude for the teachings that are brought to the people; the apology for its own ignorance; but back of all this one feels that this is only for the time being. Yet what is this? The dreadful indolence, or the slow awakening of the giant?

And this gulf grows and widens. The educated classes seek to save themselves by the positivism of science, by

public activity or art. But even such men become fewer and fewer. Something higher is necessary. And if it does not exist, rebellion takes its place, 'things like vulgar iconoclasm and even the frank forms of self-destruction, such as vice, drunkenness, and suicide.'

The soul of the people is much more healthy; that is why the Intelligentsia should go to the people. But here again doubt overcomes him: perhaps it is already too late!

His analysis of the revolution thus comes down to the idea that the masses of the people, after generations of religious seeking, after an accumulation of hatred for the upper classes, based, primarily, upon envy, misunderstanding, and a feeling of utter dependence, have finally risen in elemental fury, sweeping everything away. In this explosion, the place of the educated and the intellectual classes is either out of life, or else in the ranks of the raging mass of the seething revolution, even when what the revolution brings with it is inimical to all the ideals and all the aims of the Intelligentsia itself; even if the revolution brings to the Intelligentsia destruction of its very self.

II

I have dwelt so long on Blok's analysis because it contains many elements that are extremely interesting and vital to an understanding of the position which the Intelligentsia occupies in the events which are occurring in Russia. It represents one of the views with which the Russian Intelligentsia approached the Bolshevik revolution.

It is extremely characteristic that the overwhelming majority of the Intelligentsia resented Blok's views very bitterly. This very resentment is the best commentary on the doctrine preached by the poet. The approach of the Blok analysis is from the stand-

point of generalized idealism; it is 'musical,' in a very wide meaning of that word, as the author calls it. But this approach, which might have been acceptable to a part of the Intelligentsia from the point of view of historic perspective, was entirely unacceptable from the point of view of the reality itself. Some enthusiasts accepted it; the vast majority rejected it. At the beginning of its career, the Bolshevik régime found itself entirely isolated so far as the Intelligentsia was concerned.

There are at least two vital elements which any generalized idealization of the revolution overlooks, but which are, nevertheless, overwhelmingly important.

In the first place, the idealization of the revolution ignores entirely the class character which it assumed under the Bolshevik developments. The Intelligentsia is not a class in the social sense. It has always considered itself super-class, or non-class. A man of science or of art is, really, outside of the class-struggle which the social and economic developments of the nineteenth century have brought forward so prominently. But the Bolshevik revolution of November, 1917, brought the question of the class-struggle into such sharp relief that to ignore it is to throw a falsifying light on the whole situation.

And in the second place, the idealization of the revolution, such as Blok attempts, puts the whole emphasis on the spiritual aspects; whereas the emphasis is thrown, by the very nature of the events, upon the economic and the social aspects. During the past two years or more, this supposedly spiritual prominence of the Bolshevik movement has been emphasized to a very considerable extent, especially outside of Russia. And in the light of this emphasis, it has become increasingly more difficult for observers of Russian affairs to understand the position of the Russian Intelligentsia and its relation

to the Bolshevik movement. For if the movement does represent primarily the spiritual awakening of the people and the self-assertion of the masses, then it is very difficult to understand, much less to justify, the behavior of the Intelligentsia, which, though spontaneous, has been so concerted as to be almost regarded as organized.

There is no doubt that the Russian revolution did represent a spiritual movement to some extent, particularly during its first stages. Such an upheaval as the revolution could not but assume some of the characteristics of a spiritual movement, especially in a people fundamentally as religious as the Russian. But it is also certain that the revolution never developed into anything like a complete self-assertion of the masses of the people—that is, the peasantry. No movement, however severe and deep its agitation, can suddenly, in a few days or weeks, affect such a huge population as Russia's ponderous millions. It can accentuate and emphasize certain things. It can bring some things to a head. But, unless we believe in a miracle, it cannot change everything overnight.

That there is a gulf between the Intelligentsia and the masses of the peasantry is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. And this gulf is accounted for by more than the difference between enlightenment and ignorance. Throughout the whole modern period of Russian history, since the time of Peter the Great, and even of some of his predecessors, an internal spiritual struggle has been going on in Russia. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Russia passed through a period of a violent breaking down of much of her social and spiritual fabric, created and strengthened in the course of preceding generations. She turned her face definitely toward the West. She began to graft upon her national body the cult-

ure of the West. Such a process necessarily had to proceed unevenly as between the various social layers. Very naturally, the educated classes far outstripped the less educated. The creation of a gulf between the two became inevitable.

The nineteenth century was the period of the blossoming out of what is now called Russian culture. The process of grafting began to bear abundant and luxurious fruit in the form of the brilliant development of literature, music, art, science, education. The Russian Intelligentsia really came into existence during the last century. And in its social development it became the leaven of Russian life, the very conscience of the Russian people, its voice of protest against the iniquities and injustices of state and social forms. The cultural gulf between the masses of the people and the Intelligentsia remained. But the striving for a better life, the common sufferings at the hands of the oppressive bureaucracy, really constituted a bridge, which spanned the gulf.

The revolutionary movement was, to a large extent, the movement of the Intelligentsia. It is characteristic of it that the words 'student' and 'intelligent' became almost synonymous with the word 'revolutionary.' At least, they were often used interchangeably by the defenders of the old order. The revolutionary movement was led almost exclusively, at almost all of its stages, by the Intelligentsia. And, of course, the parliamentary period of the Russian struggle for liberation was similarly led. The Russian prisons and the places of penal exile in Siberia are the best testimonial to this leadership.

III

In March, 1917, the Intelligentsia suddenly found itself the inheritor of governmental authority. When the

war precipitated the downfall of the imperial régime, the authority which had been wielded by it passed into the hands of the Intelligentsia. This authority it wielded for only seven months. And it was not its spiritual separation from the masses of the people that was responsible for this loss of authority. It was the strange inability on its part to meet a new element that had injected itself powerfully into the revolution from its very start—the element which the idealization of the revolution usually ignores.

The Intelligentsia came into power still exhibiting every characteristic of a powerful opposition. It was not prepared either for summary action or for the work of violent reorganization. It thought and acted in terms of non-class ideology. And when it was confronted by the fact of a fanatical crusade of class-struggle, it became confused, and vacillated. Prince Lvov, the first premier of revolutionary Russia, is reported as saying,—

‘We cannot hang Lenin and his followers: their corpses would haunt us forever.’

And Kerensky is reported as glorying in the fact that he had never signed a single death-warrant.

Both of these incidents are typical of the Intelligentsia. For generations it had been the wrathful conscience of the Russian people, protesting against the violence and the misrule of the imperial régime. How could it, when in power, stoop to the same practices that had made more or less secure for so long the authority of its predecessor?

It was particularly difficult for the Intelligentsia when in power to use the instrumentality of that power in order to oppose agitation against it by means of what appeared to be a violent curtailment of freedom of speech and of the press, and of all the other ‘freedoms’ that it had fought for so long.

Loath to use power, the Intelligentsia could not retain it long. It came down from the height of authority as fast as it had ascended. It refused to accept the governmental experience of its predecessor. Its successor took over that whole experience, and improved wonderfully on some of its worst details.

All through this period, however, the influence of the great masses of the people was not felt at all. Certainly, in the events brought about by the Bolsheviks, the great masses of the people had no voice. The Bolsheviks raised to the dignity of statecraft the Marxian ideal of class-antagonism and class-struggle. The masses of the Russian peasantry were not possessed of this ideal. They neither rejected nor accepted it. They remained indifferent, and are just as indifferent to-day. It was a part of the industrial proletariat that constituted the backbone of Lenin’s support—the active part of the city proletariat, trained to some extent in the school of the revolution, making revolution its business, ready to be led by those who exhibit most daring and are ready to promise most. The class-conscious proletariat was largely responsible for the overturning of the imperial régime. It was very largely instrumental in the overturning of the régime of the Intelligentsia.

Coming into power in the face of indifferent masses and of an actively hostile, if defeated, Intelligentsia, the Bolsheviks naturally had to adopt a line of action that would secure their position. The first thing that had to be done was to discredit their predecessor in power. This was especially important since, during the first months of the Bolshevik régime, Russia was still living in the expectation of a national Constituent Assembly. The class character which the Bolshevik revolution wore so prominently was excellently suited for the purposes in hand. The Intelligentsia

sia, still considering itself non-class, could not accept this class character of the new phase of the revolution. To declare the Intelligentsia an enemy of the revolution and to begin proscriptions against it was not only possible, but seemed excellent policy. This policy was adopted and was followed out rigorously for several months.

There was ample reason for the widespread refusal of the Intelligentsia to accept the Bolshevik revolution. Appealing as they did to definite social layers, striking down the ties that held the whole social order together, Lenin and his co-workers let loose the forces of destruction which characterized so prominently the first stage of the Bolshevik régime. These forces were directed against everything that had any semblance of connection with what went before. A spirit of vengeance was in the air. Men breathed it and became intoxicated with it. Things were wrecked that could ill be spared. The Intelligentsia could not remain under such a régime, and did not.

IV

The first six months of the Bolshevik régime deprived Russia's administrative institutions, its industry, and practically every other phase of its national life, of the specialists, the educated men. The Intelligentsia was thrown out and trampled into dust in some places. It left of its own accord in others. Very few remained or joined the Bolshevik forces. The unscrupulous knew how to find favor with the new régime and make their way to favoritism and reward. Some, like Blok and those who held views similar to his analysis, ignored the realities and fanatically sought in the Bolshevik revolution the idealization that was so dear to them. But the overwhelming majority found itself in the opposition.

In one sense, after November, 1917, the Intelligentsia was in the same position as under the imperial régime: everything it had fought against, the violence, the oppression, the injustice, had returned in worse guise than ever, and against all this it could but protest. The only difference was that under the imperial régime the Intelligentsia had at least a restricted field for its protest, while under the Bolshevik régime its mouth was closed altogether.

But the purely destructive period of Bolshevism did not last very long. It was only for a few months that Lenin was religiously following his theory of piling up enough fragments of the old order to begin building the new. During those few months, the whole Bolshevik hierarchy, from top to bottom, was busy destroying. But at the end of the first half-year, the leaders at the top began to realize that things could not continue long in that way. While the bottom went on with its Saturnalia, the top began to sober up and to cast about for ways out of the situation that had been brought about.

For six months or more the Intelligentsia had been hounded out of life, persecuted, humiliated almost beyond human endurance. Then suddenly it was called back. Lenin sounded the first note. In the summer of 1918 he began to call specialists back to their work. All sorts of inducements began to be offered to the Intelligentsia in order to break its opposition. For dealing with active opposition, the extraordinary commissions were created. And their work of exterminating the protesting Intelligentsia has been on a vastly more extended scale than the Tsar's police itself could ever boast of.

Passive opposition was dealt with in other ways. This passive opposition consisted mostly in refusing to do work under the Soviet government. In the terminology of the Soviet régime this

was called 'sabotage.' Educated men left their positions, and preferred to starve or sweep the streets rather than work under the new régime.

It was obvious from the start, however, that this state of affairs could not continue long. Starvation and privations are poor food for active opposition. After the Constituent Assembly was dispersed and hope of a speedy overthrow of the Soviet régime began to dwindle away, the Intelligentsia began to face the plain ordinary problem of self-preservation, unadorned by the glory of heroic opposition.

In the meantime, anti-Bolshevist military operations began in different parts of Russia. As many of the Intelligentsia as could get away fled behind the newly formed fronts. Those who could do so escaped abroad. But most of them, naturally, could not leave the country, and were forced to remain. And remaining in Soviet Russia, they had to undergo changes of attitude and point of view.

Last year the Soviet government published a volume of essays, entitled, *The Intelligentsia and the Soviet Authority*. This volume consists of speeches and articles on the subject of the relations between the Intelligentsia and the Soviet authority, by several responsible leaders of the Soviet régime—men like Lenin, Zinoviev, Radek, Gorky. Included in the book is also an article by a well-known Socialist-Revolutionary, Pitirim Sorokin, who explains why he has given up political activity and, consequently, active opposition to the Soviet régime.

This book is an interesting document, which sheds considerable light on the evolution in the attitude of the Intelligentsia toward the Soviet régime, from the bitter resentment and active opposition of 1917 and the beginning of 1918, to the passive acceptance and the hopeless indifference of the present.

V

The most characteristic feature of the Soviet régime has been the fact that from the very beginning the government took into its hands the control of the possibilities on the part of the population to earn a living. It did not succeed entirely in controlling the matter of employment and means of subsistence, but it has succeeded in obtaining almost complete control over the distribution of food-supplies. Of course, its authority in these matters extended only over the cities, but it is in the cities that the Intelligentsia is found. And the control which the Soviet government thus acquired over the Intelligentsia put into its hands a tremendous weapon: by persecution and starvation its spirit was broken. The rest was easy. Uncontrolled by the spirit, the stomach may force a man to take any decision.

It is interesting to note, however, that the Bolsheviks want the Intelligentsia only in a subordinate position. They realized early that the work of education and other cultural activities must be resumed. And they also knew that they could get the personnel for these activities nowhere except among the Intelligentsia. So they began to ask back those whom they but a short time before had denounced as their enemies. In a speech delivered before a conference of responsible Communist workers, published in the volume of essays mentioned above, Lenin said:—

When we see that the Intelligentsia make even a half-turn toward us, we should rewrite all our statements about it and say to it: 'You are welcome. You are mistaken if you think we can act only by violence. We can be reached also by agreement.' Suppressing ruthlessly the landowners and the bourgeoisie, we must attract to ourselves the small-bourgeois democracy.

Besides his speech, Lenin has also an

article in this volume of essays. He builds his argument on the statements of Pitirim Sorokin, which he calls 'valuable admissions.' Sorokin explains his position as follows: 'Those who are in politics may make mistakes. Politics may be good for society or they may be bad. But work in the domain of science and popular education is always necessary.' Noting these 'admissions,' Lenin takes another opportunity to urge the need of utilizing to the utmost the change in the point of view of the Intelligentsia.

Here we have, not only an interesting evolution in that point of view, but a curious development in the Soviet régime itself. Having more or less established its authority on a bureaucratic principle very much like that of the imperial régime, the Soviet authority now seeks to adorn and embellish its régime with the work of education, science, art. In order to achieve this, it needs the Intelligentsia, it needs the services of educated men and women. But just as the imperial régime kept the Intelligentsia out of high places of authority, so the Soviet régime wants to keep it in the position of a servant of the state. It is the imperial Russian or the old Prussian point of view over again.

VI

After all this, what is the position of the Intelligentsia to-day?

Two and one-half years have passed since the Bolshevik régime came into power. All the active forces of opposition have been crushed by the Soviet authority. The hope of its overthrow by military force has grown so small that it has almost disappeared. Faith in the Allies has been disappointed even more cruelly. The Soviet government makes overtures that look enticing after years of indescribable sufferings. And many of the Intelligentsia accept.

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E

Every time I meet a person coming out of Russia, I always ask him what the Intelligentsia is doing now. And the reply is always the same: it is so crushed in body and in spirit that it can offer no active resistance; it accepts its fate with resignation, and works under the Soviet as a means of self-preservation. I have seen educated men coming out of Soviet Russia; their general appearance, and particularly the crushed hopelessness of their mental processes, is a nightmare that haunts me every once in a while. They are a living testimonial to the processes that are taking place in Russia.

The simple classification of the Intelligentsia which was possible at the beginning of the Bolshevik régime is no longer adequate now. Then it was possible to divide it into those who accepted the régime and those who rejected it and would have nothing to do with it. Now it is no longer a question of acceptance or rejection, except for those who are outside of Russia. For the Intelligentsia which is within the territory controlled by the Soviet government, it is now a question of the degree and character of service to be rendered under existing conditions.

The Intelligentsia holds a subordinate position in the affairs of Soviet Russia; it is not admitted to the higher places of the governmental and administrative hierarchy. That this is bound to be so is obvious enough. The Soviet government still claims to be the embodiment of a dictatorship of the proletariat. It is, therefore, an expression of class-authority. Its guiding spirits and responsible leaders must be thoroughly imbued with the ideas of class-consciousness in the proletarian sense. There are very few, if any, among the Intelligentsia who would measure up to these qualifications.

The elections to the local and national soviets are so thoroughly controlled

by the Communist party that practically only its members are eligible for election. It was only at the beginning of the present year that the first 'intelligent' was elected to the Moscow Soviet. It was Professor Timiryazev, an eminent scientist of seventy-seven, who has never taken any active part in political life. Undoubtedly his election was permitted because he would be entirely inoffensive to the existing régime, while his presence in the Moscow Soviet would be an excellent excuse for the claim that the opposition of the Intelligentsia to the Soviet régime had been broken. The official poet of that régime, Demyan Byedny, even wrote a poem on the occasion of Professor Timiryazev's election, in which he laid particular stress on the fact that the Professor is still 'the first one among us,' still 'alone in our midst.' The Central Executive Committee of the Soviets issued a special rescript, addressed to Professor Timiryazev, in which he was welcomed into the higher institutions of the Communist state. This rescript contained, at the same time, a statement to the effect that the proletariat would forgive the Intelligentsia many of its 'numerous crimes' because so eminent a representative was now enrolled in its ranks. And this statement was couched in such a pompous and offensive style, as of a condescending victor, that it will scarcely add to the zest of the Intelligentsia for seeking favor with the government, even if the leaders should seriously consent to meet them even half-way.

Incidentally, the 'first intelligent' is no longer in the ranks of the Moscow Soviet. Two months after his election, Professor Timiryazev died.

Somewhat better conditions than in the higher governmental agencies and administrative organs are encountered by the specialists, who are very eagerly sought after by the government. The

nationalized industries of Russia are in a most wretched condition, and one of the most important reasons for this lies in the fact that they are deprived of specialists in the various fields. Every effort is made to bring these specialists back, and most enticing offers are made to them by the government. It is now an established rule that at least one third of the members of the committees which constitute the administrative organs of the various enterprises must consist of specialists. At present, Lenin, Trotsky, and most of the responsible leaders of the Soviet government demand even that the whole system of committee administration of industrial enterprises should be abolished and individual management substituted for it, and that this individual management should be placed in the hands of specialists.

The opposition to this plan naturally comes most emphatically from the extreme Communist elements, on the ground that the specialists, who are a part of the Intelligentsia, are not sufficiently imbued with the principles and ideals of Communism to be intrusted with undivided authority, even in their special technical fields.

Realizing the need of specialists, the Soviet authorities do everything in their power to enlist the services of those who are still in Russia. In many cases they are simply mobilized and placed in the fields for which they are best fitted, just as is being done with the officers of the old imperial army, who are now the leaders of the Red armies.

VII

The work of education and the various artistic pursuits under the government offer a refuge for the great majority of the Intelligentsia. Under Lunarcharsky, the Commissar of Education, and Maxim Gorky, the virtual

head of the government publication office, many of the Intelligentsia now find the means of subsistence. Into Gorky's department very few go voluntarily, and when they do, they do not permit their names to be used. This is particularly true of the great writers, none of whom has permitted his name to be used to advance the prestige of the Soviet régime. Classical instances of this are found in the attitude of Andreyev and Kuprin. Shortly before his death Andreyev was offered two million roubles for the rights to his works. In spite of the fact that he and his family were starving, Andreyev spurned this offer. Kuprin, while he was starving in Soviet Russia, was offered unlimited monetary compensation for signed contributions to Soviet publications. He too refused.

The only work which fairly large numbers of the Intelligentsia accept quite willingly is the work of education. Particularly has this been noticeable during the past few months. Typical of this phase of the present-day activities of the Intelligentsia is the attitude of a Petrograd group of writers, educators, scientists, and other members, who are united in a sort of association. In this group are such men as Professor Vengerov, Professor Batushkov, Leo Deutsh, A. F. Koni, V. Nemerovich Danchenko, A. M. Redko, Feodor Sologub, N. S. Tagantsev, K. I. Chukovsky and others — all of them men of national, and in many cases international, reputation. In a recent number of a monthly, published by this Association, called the *Viestnik Literatury* (The Messenger of Literature), November, 1919, an editorial entitled 'Our Unpayable Debt' appeared in prominent display. This editorial read as follows:

One of the foremost questions before us now is the question of universal literacy. And the Russian Intelligentsia, irrespective of party and position, must do everything in

its power to bring about the condition of literacy for the whole people. At one time under the imperial régime, the Intelligentsia went to the people, exposing itself to privations and dangers, in order to win for the people liberty and better life. Now it is necessary to go to the people with the torch of light and knowledge.

It may be said that the civil war and the political situation make work of culture impossible. But that is not so. Under all circumstances, under any régime, it is necessary to fight against ignorance and lack of culture. Moreover, the very circumstances of the present-day actuality ought to convince us of the fact that many of our misfortunes and difficulties would have been avoided if the masses had had more education and knowledge.

The men who hold these views, this small portion of the Russian Intelligentsia, have now apparently given up the political struggle — at least, for the time being. They have not been won over to the class dictatorship preached by the Communists; but they have been forced by the cruel realities of life to seek somewhere and in something an opening for the application of their work. Their attitude is typical of many similar groups.

An interesting movement was started lately in Moscow under the auspices of Maxim Gorky. It is an attempt to unite what is called the 'toiling Intelligentsia.' A declaration was recently issued by the organizers of the movement, among whom there are eminent professors, men of affairs, and even a former minister of the Kerensky government. This declaration notes particularly the fact that Russia's situation is very difficult at the present time, both politically and economically. The country needs proper creative work, without which all cultural activity is impossible; also economic reform and the introduction of such measures as would render possible the utilization of all forces. It is not difficult to foretell

what path the development of the Russian revolution will eventually take, and what guiding ideas will finally become dominant. But it is clear that it is impossible to bring this about through the application of force.

The thing that is most evident in the whole Russian situation, according to the declaration, is that the population of that great country cannot be forcibly cut off from the rest of the world until its social and political problems have been solved.

In the opinion of the signers of the declaration, the present moment demands the following:—

1. The cessation of all assistance to armed intervention in the affairs of Russia.
2. The resumption of cultural and trade relations with Russia, irrespective of her political régime, as soon as possible.
3. The rendering of all possible assistance to the people of Russia for the regeneration of its economic, cultural, and productive forces.

The vague wording of this declaration makes it rather difficult to tell what course the movement is likely to take. The important part which Maxim Gorky plays in it would make it appear like a movement to enlist the services of the Intelligentsia for the Soviet régime.

Such are the various currents that carry the Intelligentsia along within Soviet Russia itself. Crushed by suffering, persecutions, and starvation, beyond the point where active resistance is possible, rendered incapable of passive resistance by the crushing struggle for the very elementary necessities of life, the Intelligentsia under the Soviets seeks only the means of existence.

Outside of Russia its position is dif-

ferent. There are no large groups in the United States, but there are very large and important groups in every country of Western Europe. Most of them, embittered by their experience under the Bolshevik domination and not crushed completely by the realities of life in Russia, are seeking every means possible for the overthrow of the Soviet régime. A very few groups are for accepting it and returning to Russia for the purpose of fighting there against it and for the regeneration of the country. The most important of these latter is a group recently organized in Berlin.

This is the position of the Russian Intelligentsia to-day. Those portions of it which are scattered over the face of the earth are eagerly or hopelessly awaiting the time when they will be able to return to their native land. Such an exodus of the educated and the intelligent as there has been out of Russia no country has ever seen, and certainly no country can ever afford. With the overthrow or the disappearance of the Soviet régime they will return to Russia. What the future has in store for them and for those who are still there, who can tell? The Intelligentsia has lost everything it had. It has lived to see every ideal it revered shattered, every aim it sought pushed away almost out of sight. The only thing that still remains with it is its aversion to force and its fervent belief in humanitarianism. How much will they avail?

Embittered and hardened in exile, or crushed spiritually and physically under the present government, the tragedy of the the Russian Intelligentsia is the most pathetic and poignant in human history.

THE FUTURE OF THE COTTON INDUSTRY

BY MELVIN T. COPELAND

I

THE improvement in the design and quality of cotton fabrics during recent years has enabled these fabrics to encroach relatively more and more on the markets for other textiles, as well as to hold their own in the demand for articles of everyday use. Fine cotton cloth competes with some classes of silk goods. For other purposes, — blankets, and summer clothing for men, for instance, — cotton fabrics compete with woolens and worsteds. For still other purposes, such as table-coverings, cotton fabrics have largely supplanted linen. In the manufacture of hosiery and underwear, the use of cotton has increased far more rapidly, over a period of years, than the use of wool and silk. Although the demand for fabrics made from other fibres continues to expand, there is no apparent reason for believing that this tendency of cotton goods to invade the fields of other textiles is at an end.

The competition of cotton with other fibres manifests itself in still another direction. The woollen and worsted mills and the silk mills are heavy consumers of cotton yarn, for admixture with yarns made from more costly fibres. Cotton also competes, in the shoe industry, with leather for linings, and in some seasons shoes with tops made entirely of cotton fabrics are in popular demand.

For cotton fabrics, furthermore, the market is expanding, not only in wearing apparel and for household uses, but also for industrial purposes. Cotton

fabrics are used, for example, in the manufacture of belting for factories. Typewriter-ribbons constitute a small but not a negligible market. In book-binding, cotton cloth is used. Bags for sugar, salt, flour, and numerous other products are made of cotton.

These illustrations suggest a few of the varied and ever-increasing uses to which cotton fabrics are put in industry. These markets are by no means saturated.

A new market for yarns and fabrics has grown rapidly during the last ten years with the expansion of the automobile and tire industries. Automobile tops are made of cotton, and occasionally cotton fabrics are utilized for other purposes in the manufacture of automobiles. The automobile-tire manufacturers recently have demanded such great quantities of fine cotton yarn and fabrics, as materials for tires, that this has been one of the primary causes of the high prices of cotton stockings and other cotton goods. The quantity of yarn or fabric in each small-size tire is stated to be ordinarily about 2.7 pounds; in each large-size tire, about 5.6 pounds; and in a pneumatic tire for trucks, about 14 pounds. During the current year, it is estimated, from one tenth to one fifth of the world's entire production of long-staple, high-grade cotton will be consumed in the manufacture of automobile tires in the United States. Under existing conditions, the widespread demand for these tires tends to

hold up the price of cotton dresses. As the tire-manufacturing industry increases its output, particularly in heavy pneumatic tires for motor-trucks, it will afford an even greater market for cotton yarns and fabrics.

The industrial demand, such as that to which reference has just been made, arises primarily in the countries that have reached the stage where industries are carried on in large factories, and where package goods and automobiles are articles of common use. The foreign markets of the Orient and Africa, which at the present time absorb vast quantities of cotton cloth each year for the scanty clothing of their people, are still far below America and Western Europe in per-capita consumption.

British India is the largest import market for cotton cloth in the world; approximately 29 per cent of the world's exports of cotton cloth, in quantity, is taken by India each year. These imports into India amount to more than one third of the total exports of cotton cloth from England; they are nearly five times as great as the total quantity of cotton cloth annually exported from the United States under normal conditions. Before the war the province of Bengal alone imported as much cotton cloth as was imported by all the countries of South America taken together. In passing, it may be noted that over 90 per cent of the cotton cloth imported into India is from England, and about one half of one per cent from the United States.

The demand for cotton goods has been increasing steadily in India, where the climate makes cotton *dhooties* and *saris* the chief wearing apparel. Nevertheless, several million people in India, even to-day, are existing precariously upon such a narrow margin of income that a poor monsoon, resulting in crop failure, leaves them with no buying power to purchase clothing, even if

starvation is averted. The primitive agricultural and industrial methods still prevalent in many parts of India yield the most meagre sort of a livelihood. As these methods are modernized in the future, the buying power of the inhabitants obviously will be increased. Because of the inherent desire of these people, like that of other human beings, for more clothing in new styles, the cotton-cloth market doubtless will be one of the first to feel the effects of the new demand.

China ranks second only to India in the quantity of cotton cloth annually imported, chiefly from England and Japan. As in India, the primitive industrial methods and the lack of transportation facilities keep the buying power of large masses of people in China at a point where they barely can afford a few essential garments, much less indulge in the luxury of a wardrobe. For example, more than one half of the cotton cloth used in China, it is estimated, is woven on hand-loom in the peasants' homes. Substantial quantities of cotton yarn even are spun by hand. The contrast between these methods and the methods universally employed in England and the United States indicates one of the chief reasons for the gap in incomes and in standards of living. On a hand-loom in the Orient about four yards of cloth are woven by one weaver in a day. On one power-loom, such as is used in the United States, the daily output of cloth is fifty yards; and each weaver in an American cotton-mill tends from six to thirty power-looms. This contrast is typical of other industries as well as cotton-weaving.

When political stability is achieved, and industry is stimulated on a more productive scale, in China, by the extension of facilities for transportation by railroad and motor-truck, the demand for cotton goods surely will be accelerated. Industrial prosperity will

increase substantially the quantity of cotton cloth purchased by the Chinese. It does not seem to require an excessive degree of optimism to believe that such transformations may take place in China within a generation.

In Africa another potential market for cotton cloth awaits industrial development. The Belgian Congo, for instance, has natural resources in minerals, forests, and agriculture, which sooner or later will be developed. The world needs the materials stored there by nature. Railroad projects already planned will provide an initial stimulus to industry in that region. If the primitive savages acquire purchasing power as a result of the investment of foreign capital in transportation systems and in industrial enterprises in that country, one of the first articles for which they will spend their wealth, judging from past experience, will be cotton clothing. In such communities a bright-colored cotton garment becomes a badge of distinction. Here is practically a virgin market, which will open as fast as civilization progresses.

Estimates were prepared last year by the Research Committee of the National Council of Cotton Manufacturers of the per-capita consumption of cotton cloth in each country in the world. These figures, of course, were only rough approximations, but they suggest the possibilities of the market for cotton goods in foreign countries. The estimates were for the pre-war years 1910 to 1913 inclusive. In the United States, owing primarily to the quantities used for industrial purposes, the estimated annual consumption of cotton cloth was nineteen pounds per capita; in South America, two to eight pounds; in northern and western Europe, six to eight pounds; in Russia and southeastern Europe, three to six pounds; in Asia, two to three pounds; and in Africa from less than one pound to two and

one half pounds. In the Belgian Congo and other territory in central Africa the consumption was the lowest—nine tenths of a pound per capita. These markets await only means of increasing their purchasing power to make a latent demand effective.

II

From this brief summary, it appears that the normal increase in population, the rising standards of living, the tendency to substitute cotton, to some degree, for other textiles, the utilization of cotton fabrics for industrial purposes, and the probable opening of undeveloped foreign countries to industry and commerce—all these influences, taken together, indicate a heavy demand for cotton fabrics in the future. Taking a long look ahead, it is not difficult to imagine that the world-demand for cotton goods may be doubled during the next generation, provided adequate supplies of the merchandise are available at reasonable prices.

The problem of providing a supply of cotton goods to meet this demand, however, is not easily solved. The solution involves four factors of primary significance: equipment, labor, management, and raw material.

The facilities for manufacturing cotton-mill machinery are limited. The quantity of machinery manufactured cannot be increased within a short time, as has been proved during the last twelve months, when the machinery manufacturers operating at full capacity have booked orders two years ahead, and would have received even more orders if their plants could have turned out machinery for immediate delivery. Despite these limitations, however, it is reasonable to anticipate that, in the long run, an adequate supply of mill machinery can be provided for whatever demand may develop. Over a

period of years there appears to be no insuperable, or even particularly serious, obstacle to be overcome in securing the production of as much textile machinery as can be used.

The labor-problem in the mills is one of real concern, especially in the United States, where immigration has shown such a marked decline and where shorter hours have tended, temporarily, at least, to reduce output. While new operatives for much of the work in a cotton mill can be trained within a short period, it may be possible to obtain the requisite supply only by attracting workers to the cotton mills from less essential occupations.

Opportunities exist, to be sure, for more economical use of labor in cotton mills. The automatic loom, for example, is a labor-saving machine that is by no means universally in use in cotton mills. There are numerous American mills that have not installed automatic looms, usually because of reluctance to scrap plain looms that are still serviceable. One weaver can tend twenty or more automatic looms, whereas in the United States one weaver on plain looms ordinarily tends from six to ten machines. In other countries the automatic loom has been adopted less extensively than in American mills. In Europe one weaver generally tends two to four plain looms. In Japan, India, and China the number of power-looms to a weaver is one or two, and at least three quarters of a million hand-looms are employed in the homes of the workers in weaving cotton cloth. Although the opportunities for economy in labor may be less in other departments of the industry than in the weaving mills in which automatic looms have not been installed, nevertheless, new inventions, improvements in machinery, and means of economizing in labor through better management-methods, have been introduced constantly during the last cent-

ury, and it is idle to assume that perfection has been attained. By taking advantage of these opportunities, it may be possible to meet the labor requirements of the future.

Managers for cotton mills cannot be provided as easily as the supply of machinery and labor probably can be obtained. Men with managerial ability, however, constantly are coming up through the ranks; the mills thus provide training-schools of a sort. In the United States and in several European countries, textile schools afford a flourishing supply of men who, with experience, may become overseers, or department foremen and managers. The development of education in business administration, furthermore, will produce some apprentices who eventually will acquire the experience to qualify as managers of cotton-manufacturing enterprises. If adequate interest and foresight are manifested by the executives now in charge, it is fair to expect that the necessary recruits for managerial positions will be available for whatever expansion may take place.

The supply of raw material is the real stumbling-block for cotton manufacturers in the years to come. Just where or how an adequate quantity of raw cotton for many new spindles is to be secured is not evident at the present time. The conditions affecting the future production of raw cotton, furthermore, are as portentous for American manufacturers as for those in other countries.

The United States, during recent years, has furnished slightly more than sixty per cent of the world's supply of raw cotton. Upland cotton, with fibres varying from three fourths of an inch to one and one eighth inches in length, constitutes the bulk of the American crop. This is the mainstay of the cotton industry of the world at the present time, as it has been for a century. In

the United States the highest quality of cotton also is produced. This is Sea Island cotton, with fibres varying from one and one half to more than two inches in length. From these long fibres the finest yarn can be spun; for the spinning process in essentials is a twisting together of the fibres with only sufficient overlap to give strength to the thread. The Sea Island crop, though high in value, is small in quantity, and the output is not increasing. Other kinds of long-staple cotton, intermediate between Upland cotton and Sea Island cotton, are produced in the United States in substantial quantities; but the supply is far from adequate. There are grounds for grave apprehension, moreover, regarding the prospects of a permanent increase in the production of Upland cotton in this country.

The obstacles to an increase in the production of cotton of all sorts in the United States are the boll-weevil, lack of labor, and the competition of other agricultural crops.

Despite the efforts of the Federal government, through the Department of Agriculture, and of various other agencies seeking to check the ravages of the boll-weevil, the pest continues to spread. It ruins millions of pounds of cotton each year. In addition to this direct loss caused by the boll-weevil, its depredations discourage farmers from planting cotton in the districts where it is most active. Starting on a small scale in Texas, near the Mexican border, in 1892, the boll-weevil has migrated steadily eastward and northward until it has infested the entire cotton belt, with the exception of portions of Tennessee, North Carolina, and South Carolina. These districts are not likely to remain immune. Unless some means be discovered for getting rid of the boll-weevil, it will tend directly and indirectly to lessen the quantity of raw cotton

that otherwise would be grown each year in the United States.

The supply of labor available for the cotton-fields in this country does not appear to be sufficient for the future. For several years there has been a shortage in the supply of agricultural labor in the South as well as in other districts. The high wages and other attractions of industrial centres have drawn workers away from the rural districts. In the South, furthermore, the labor-shortage seems to be intensified by the racial problem and by the difficulty of stimulating regularity in industry among the negroes.

The cotton crop is one that requires a highly unbalanced supply of labor. Labor-saving machinery has been applied far less extensively in picking cotton than in harvesting the other staple crops. Two to three times as much labor is required, for example, to grow and pick an acre of cotton as to cultivate and harvest an acre of corn. The chief difference comes during the picking season. In order to keep the fibre free from leaves and dirt, and to make sure that all the ripe cotton on the plant is picked without injuring the immature bolls, cotton is picked mainly by hand. For three and one half months each season the cotton farmer needs a much greater supply of labor than during the remainder of the year. This seasonal peak is not easily met. A universally successful machine, with practically human intelligence, for picking cotton, would be a godsend to the South and to the cotton-manufacturing industry of the world.

Owing to the prevalence of the boll-weevil, the labor-shortage, and market conditions, cotton must compete with other crops for the favor of the Southern farmers. From the standpoint of these farmers, a diversification of crops doubtless will prove beneficial. It is possible, nevertheless, that experience

in growing crops other than cotton may wean the farmers away from it and thus tend to lessen the quantity grown in the future.

The other cotton-growing countries of the world are Egypt, India, Turkestan, Persia, China, and small districts in South America and Africa.

Egyptian cotton is of high quality and long fibre. For spinning purposes, it ranks above American Upland cotton and second only to Sea Island. Because of its peculiar suitability for certain purposes, substantial quantities of Egyptian cotton are imported each year into the United States. The yarn spun from it is used in the manufacture of fine cloth, hosiery, and automobile tires.

Cotton is grown in Egypt, in the Nile Valley, by means of irrigation. The cotton-growing area in that region may possibly be extended by reclamation. The limitations imposed by physical conditions, however, appear to preclude an increase of more than one hundred per cent in the Egyptian cotton crop at any time in the future. That would amount to an addition of only six per cent to the world's total crop. Such an increase in the Egyptian crop would be heartily welcomed as a relief to fine-yarn spinners; but the rank and file of the cotton trade cannot rely upon Egypt for alleviation of their raw-material troubles.

The Indian crop ordinarily is about one fourth as large as the American, and from two to three times as large as the Egyptian. The cotton grown in India is short in fibre and of low grade. It ranks below American Upland cotton, and can be used only for the manufacture of coarse goods. The low quality of Indian cotton is due to poor selection of seed, primitive methods of cultivation, and poor methods of picking and handling. The degree to which the Indian crop can be increased in volume and improved in quality depends pri-

marily upon the possibility of overcoming the traditions and the inertia of the native growers.

In China cotton is grown; but no one knows how much, for many pounds are spun in the homes each year by antiquated hand-methods. This cotton has short fibre but is of better quality than Indian cotton. It is possible that the spread of agricultural education and the development of transportation facilities in China may result in an increased production of raw cotton, as well as in a greater demand for cloth.

The cotton grown in Turkestan and Persia is of low quality. Heretofore it has been used mainly by the Russian mills. Because of the influence of tradition on agricultural methods and the handicaps of social and political conditions, progress in cotton cultivation in these countries probably will be slow. During the last year optimistic opinions have been expressed in England regarding the possibilities of extensive cotton cultivation in Mesopotamia, but no tangible results have yet been shown.

Experiments in cotton-growing in the Sudan and in parts of eastern and western Africa indicate that soil and climatic conditions there are suited to the crop. Transportation facilities are lacking, however, and the labor that is available is of the lowest order. The British Cotton-Growing Association, financed chiefly by English spinners, has been engaged actively in this experimental work for two decades, in an effort to secure relief from complete dependence on the American crop. Eventually, the efforts of this association, together with the industrial development that seems likely to take place in Africa, may provide an abundant supply of cotton from these undeveloped sources. The demand for cloth from this quarter, however, may develop more rapidly than the quantity of cotton grown there can be increased.

While means may be found, possibly, for producing substantially larger crops of cotton in the United States, it seems probable that sooner or later raw-cotton production will expand faster in other countries than in our own Southern states. This would not be an undesirable event. Except for the rather superficial gratification that comes from mere bigness, there is little gain to the people of the United States in having this country produce sixty per cent of the world's supply of raw cotton, if other crops are equally profitable to the farmers. Whatever the size of the crop, this country's position in the raw-cotton trade is not in any way monopolistic; the growing and marketing of cotton are thoroughly competitive, and doubtless they will remain competitive. Instead of gaining an advantage from our preponderant share in the production of raw cotton, both the American farmers and the American manufacturers tend to suffer therefrom. The trade is at the mercy of weather conditions that have similar effects, good or bad, throughout the entire growing district each season. If cotton-growing could be heavily, but not too suddenly, increased in other parts of the world, where the weather conditions would be likely to differ each season from those in this country, the result would be greater stability in prices; there would be less likelihood of a glut or a famine in the world's markets in any one year. With broader producing markets, fluctuations in prices would tend to be less severe, and the degree of certainty as to prices is nearly as important to the farmer and to the manufacturer as the absolute amount per pound to be received or paid.

III

Assuming that an adequate supply of raw material may be provided from some source by the action of economic

forces, there remains one further question to be considered regarding the future of the cotton industry. What peculiar conditions affect the outlook for the expansion of the industry in each of the leading cotton-manufacturing countries?

Since the middle of the eighteenth century, when Arkwright, Crompton, and Watt, by their inventions, founded the factory system and transformed calico from an Oriental luxury to an article of common, plebeian use, England has been predominant in the world's trade in cotton goods. At the present time about 39 per cent of the world's cotton-spindles are located in Lancashire, in England, and four fifths of the cloth manufactured in Lancashire is, ordinarily, exported. The Lancashire spinners and manufacturers have the advantage of a humid climate, free from sudden changes in temperature, local supplies of fuel, good shipping facilities, plant-specialization, and, above all, a labor force that through experience in the cotton mills for several generations has become highly skilled. The English merchants, moreover, know how to cater to the demand for cotton cloth in every corner of the world's markets.

The English cotton mills have enjoyed for a century and a half the foremost prestige. This prestige has been endangered during the last year, however, not by external causes, but by the developments within the English cotton industry itself. As a result of the inflation of values arising from credit and currency conditions in England, the nominal worth of the cotton mills rose far above their original cost. Financial promoters grasped the opportunity to enter the industry. Mills were purchased at what, in the long run, are likely to prove exorbitant prices. Amalgamations of mills have been formed that we should call 'trusts,' with heavy capitalization.

There has been ample experience in

the past to indicate that large combinations in the cotton industry, in England or in the United States, have not been successful, either financially or from the operating standpoint. The gains from the larger scale of operation are not sufficient to overcome the handicap of the more extensive system of management required, or to offset the loss that results from the unwieldiness of the large mass.

In the case of the recent combinations in England, one of the valuable assets of the industry may have been sacrificed, in part, at least. Heretofore the typical English cotton mill has been efficiently and economically managed. The manager of a mill usually has been an expert. With the manageable size of the unit under his direction, and with the high degree of specialization of his plant, he could give intimate personal attention to all the operations, and also take care of the sale of the product. Overhead expense for skilled management was at a minimum. Many of these managers were part owners in the mills of which they were in charge. With the sale of the properties, these managers have tended to be supplanted; and, at all events, the new system of management under the combinations is bound to be less flexible.

In addition to the probable impairment of the effectiveness of the management, the inflated capitalization of the new combinations is likely to prove to be a handicap to the English industry in the future, when prices come back to normal. The usual attempt to pay dividends on an excessive capitalization is likely to work against the proper maintenance and improvement of the plant-equipment. If financial instability results, it may deter other investors and *entrepreneurs* from entering the industry in England. Finally, the excessive capitalization of the combinations, in anticipation of inflated profits, already

has intensified unrest among the workers in the mills. The industry is thoroughly unionized. For fifty years it has been a conspicuous example of success in collective bargaining. So long as the new owners of the mills attempt to earn dividends on an inflated capitalization, so long will the employees demand higher wages, or resist reductions in the war-time scale.

In brief, these speculative combinations threaten to impair the morale of the English cotton industry and to retard its future growth.

The countries on the Continent of Europe before the war had in the aggregate about two thirds as many cotton spindles as England. The industry there had been expanding gradually. The continental mills were equipped largely with machinery manufactured in England. In several instances, as in some of the Russian and Polish mills, managers also had been imported from England.

The cotton-manufacturing industry on the Continent suffered severely during the war. Many of the French cotton mills were in the invaded regions. Lille, for example, was the centre of the fine-cotton-spinning industry in France. The machinery in these mills that was removed or destroyed has now been largely replaced, and with few exceptions the French cotton mills are again in operation. The annexation of Alsace, furthermore, has added twenty-five per cent to the cotton-manufacturing capacity of France. The French mills thus are in a position to supply the domestic needs of that country for cotton cloth and to maintain the trade with the colonies and protectorates; and probably they will have some surplus for export to other countries. As soon as France has recovered sufficiently from the effects of the war, new cotton mills doubtless will be built; but it appears probable that the rate of increase

in the production of cotton cloth will at best be gradual. The Belgian, Italian, and Czecho-Slovakian cotton mills are in much the same condition as those in France.

In Germany, the cotton mills had only about one twelfth their normal supplies of raw cotton for three years before the Armistice was signed. Some of the machinery in these mills was used for manufacturing paper fabrics, and the plant equipment generally deteriorated. Owing to lack of supplies of raw cotton and fuel, the German mills as yet have been able to resume operations to less than one half their normal capacity. The transfer of Alsace to France has reduced the German spindlage by sixteen per cent. This loss more than offsets the total quantity of cotton cloth annually exported from Germany before the war. Except in so far as the German manufacturers are forced to export yarn or cloth in order to purchase raw materials or to meet national reparation liabilities, there will be no surplus available for other markets for many years.

In Poland and Russia, even if normal industrial life is again restored, the effects of the war and of Bolshevism obviously will long retard the establishment of new manufacturing plants.

While it certainly is to be hoped that the cotton mills of Continental Europe soon will enjoy full prosperity, in order to provide for the needs of the people, there is no apparent reason for expecting that they will be able to supply a substantially larger share of the world's requirements in the future than they supplied before the war.

In the past the Continental mills produced chiefly for domestic consumption and for colonial markets, such as the French enjoyed in Algeria, Madagascar, and Indo-China, and the Dutch in Java. With a few exceptions, the cotton cloth shipped to neutral markets by the Continental manufacturers con-

sisted of specialties of fancy designs produced in small lots.

In the Orient, cotton-manufacturing is one of the industries that already has begun to experience the industrial revolution. In India and Japan, practically all the cotton-spinning is carried on in factories. In China, factory-spinning predominates. The quantity of cloth woven on power-looms in Asia, in the aggregate, probably exceeds the quantity woven on domestic hand-looms.

The number of cotton spindles in India, Japan, and China at the present time is about 11,500,000, or approximately one third of the number in the United States. The increase in the number of spindles in these Asiatic countries during the last twenty years has been 4,600,000. In the United States, during the same period, 16,000,000 new cotton spindles were put into operation. The Japanese have gained one advantage during these years, however, so far as quantity of output is concerned, by keeping their plants continuously in operation, night and day; this practice generally has been discontinued in other countries, either voluntarily or by legislation.

The bulk of the cotton goods manufactured in the Orient is of coarse texture, because of the lack of managers and employees trained in the production of fine goods, and also because of the general use of short-fibre Indian cotton. In securing orders in foreign markets, the Japanese have shown especial enterprise. By carefully studying demand and catering to it persistently, the Japanese manufacturers have largely displaced American cotton goods, for example, in Manchuria.

While further expansion in the cotton-manufacturing industry doubtless will take place in Japan, India, and China in future years, the mills in those countries have difficult obstacles to overcome. Well-trained managers are

hard to obtain; in India many of the mill-managers are Englishmen. Asiatic labor is cheap, but in the cotton mills it is inefficient. In Japan, moreover, it is stated that the lives of many of the girls entering the mills under a contract system have been so unhappy, that the girls have been retained only by stringent control. Such social conditions are not the basis on which large industries are successfully built for permanence and long endurance.

The Asiatic mills, finally, have been equipped mainly with English machinery. So long as this dependence on foreign machinery-manufacturers continues, the industry must be considered in a measure exotic. The rate of expansion in the future will be affected by the genius displayed by the Oriental manufacturers in making adaptations in the technique of the industry to meet the conditions peculiar to their countries.

IV

The American industry remains for consideration. The total number of spindles in the United States at present is approximately 35,000,000; this is about 23 per cent of the total number in the world. As has been indicated, the industry has shown constant growth in this country, and it has not been subject to the devastation of war or to speculative combinations like those in England. While there are many more spindles in England, the American mills, manufacturing fewer fine fabrics and using less China clay as a substitute for fibre, annually consume at least one and one fourth times as much cotton as is used by the English mills.

During the last generation, one of the noteworthy features of the growth of cotton-manufacturing in America has been the expansion in the Southern states. Forty per cent of the spindles in

this country are located in the mills in the Piedmont district of the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. The chief reason for the rise of the industry in that region was not proximity to the cotton-fields, but the supplies of relatively cheap labor that were tapped in the mountains and other backward districts in the South. Whatever saving has occurred occasionally in the cost of raw materials from nearby fields has been offset by the extra expense incurred in shipping the products to northern markets. With the depletion of the available supplies of mountaineers, wages have risen in the South; and during recent years, manufacturers who have mills in both sections have found operating costs to be fully as high in the South as in the North.

On the technical side, the American manufacturers have shown special initiative in inventing machines that are particularly suited to conditions in this country, where it is necessary to secure a large output per operative, and where much of the labor has been unskilled immigrants or mountaineers. The ring spindle and the automatic loom are conspicuous examples of this process of adaptation. These machines have helped to make it possible to continue to pay money-wages that were high in comparison with those paid in other countries, while reducing manufacturing costs.

While the Southern mills have utilized local supplies of labor, the Northern mills have employed many immigrants. Frequently, in a single mill in Massachusetts, it is necessary, even today, to post signs in six or more languages, in order to have them intelligible to the entire working force. Under present conditions, it appears that both the Northern and the Southern mills may soon be forced to seek supplies of labor from some new, untried source.

So far as foreign competition is con-

cerned, the American manufacturers seem to be in a position to meet it successfully for most kinds of staple goods. The problem of the future, however, is to provide enough goods for the world's markets. While there are certain to be occasional depressions in this industry as in others, during which foreign competition may be felt keenly, there appear to be enough new markets at home and abroad awaiting development, to absorb readily all the cotton

cloth that can be manufactured here or elsewhere. The task of the American cotton manufacturer is, not to win existing markets away from foreign competitors, but to be prepared to supply a share of the new demand that will arise, not only in this country, but in other countries, such as India, China, and Africa. To the men who are able to cope with these problems, the cotton industry affords unusual opportunities for sound, enduring progress.

THE TWO MEXICOS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

EVERYTHING in Mexico seems to promise fair weather. General Obregón has been quietly elected, and will, if all goes well, be inaugurated on December the first. The last of the great bandits has surrendered, exclaiming dramatically, 'It is time for peace!' And Esteban Cantú has given up the northern district of Lower California without a struggle. Best of all, a new and better era in Mexico's foreign relations has opened, with the promise that outstanding causes of friction are to be removed.

Most important of these is, of course, the oil question, especially as it affects the United States. But the question is a difficult one; and, if a real and lasting solution is to be reached, each side must first thoroughly understand the position of the other.

For the difference between them is not a question of fact to be ascertained, or a question of rates to be adjusted.

There is really a fundamental difference of juridic theory; and until this is clearly seen by both parties to the dispute, we may have a compromise, but we cannot have an understanding.

The present vexed situation as regards the petroleum industry in Mexico, and especially in the Gulf region about Tampico and Tuxpam, practically arises from Section 27 in the new Mexican Constitution of 1917. This new Constitution, which was worked out and adopted at Querétaro by a convention containing able men from nearly every state and district in the Mexican Republic, is in many ways a highly interesting document. There is, of course, as there has been in all previous versions of the Mexican Constitution, the initial misnomer involved in calling the country 'The United States of Mexico.' In actual fact, no group of formerly separated states united to

form the present republic. There is no analogy with the Thirteen Colonies, or with the Dominion of Canada, or with the Commonwealth of Australia, which are genuine federations, groups of states or colonies, formerly separate and now joined by a federal compact. Legally, the analogy is rather with the Union of South Africa, which was a unity before the division into states, or their equivalent, was made.

But let that pass. The Mexican Constitution of 1917 is in many ways a very able document. It is distinguished by a genuinely Latin lucidity, based upon a clear legal theory consistently applied. Briefly, this is the theory of eminent domain, pushed to its logical limit, and of paternalism, which is the same doctrine applied to the inhabitants.

It is exactly at this point that there is need for complete clarity, for a thorough understanding on both sides; for it is the extension of eminent domain in certain directions that has caused, and still causes, the difference of view that creates the oil question.

Article 27 asserts this doctrine of eminent domain. The ownership of the land is vested in the nation. The nation delegates this ownership to individuals. For Mexico, this is, of course, a quite consistent development of the original historical situation. When Hernando Cortez landed at Vera Cruz, on Good Friday, 1519, because of the day naming the place of his landing 'True Cross,' and proceeded to take possession of the country, he did not for a moment consider that the land he conquered belonged to himself, even though his expedition was unauthorized and practically a private adventure. He was quite clear in his own mind that all title was in fact vested in the Crown of Spain; and from the Crown of Spain he accepted his authority and honors.

Exactly the same thing is true of the Thirteen Colonies, founded about a

century later; and names like Virginia, in honor of Queen Elizabeth, like Jamestown and New York, in honor of the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and like Georgia, are the legal fossils of that period.

One application of Crown ownership in Mexico is of particular interest at this point: the fact that the title to all precious metals was held to be inherent in the Crown, which leased the right to mine them on payment of 'royalties,' the very name of which expresses the legal theory.

Now, what has happened in Mexico is this: the old legal doctrine of the Crown's title to all the land has been rephrased in Article 27, to meet modern republican conditions, as ownership by the nation; while the doctrine, held from the beginning in the case of the precious metals, has now been applied to other valuable products extracted from beneath the soil, including petroleum. The older constitutions had nothing to say about petroleum, no doctrine to apply to it, for the sufficient reason that, if it was known that petroleum existed in Mexico, no one thought of it as having any practical value; no one dreamed that it was one of Mexico's greatest natural resources.

This brings us naturally to the American side of the vexed question. The story has been many times told, and well told; and ample justice has been done to the insight, energy, and high constructive ability of the Americans who, a generation ago, discovered signs of petroleum on the surface of waste lands near Tampico, and who, developing these lands, added so greatly to the wealth of Mexico, and of the world, besides adding to their own already large possessions. And the part of certain able Englishmen in the further production of Mexican petroleum has been likewise put on record.

It has also been pointed out—and, I

believe, with entire justice—that, besides enriching the Treasury of Mexico, the oil-wells at Tampico, Tuxpam, and elsewhere have conferred great and very real benefit on large numbers of Mexican natives, and especially on those whom it is agreed to call ‘Indians,’ in pursuance of the original blunder of Christopher Columbus. Further, that hitherto latent qualities of energy, honesty, and practical ability have been drawn out in these Indians of Tampico, with the revelation that they have a considerable natural gift for mechanics, and can be trusted with the care of fairly complicated machinery.

All this I believe to be true. And there is a great deal to be said for the oil men; in fact, a great deal has already been said, with perfect justice.

The original developers of Mexican oil came from California. And here we have ready at hand a vivid illustration of the difference of juridical theory which underlies the Mexican oil question. The gold-miners of Mexico had, from the beginning, the theory that all the gold of Mexico belonged to the Spanish Crown; they paid royalties, the Crown’s share, on all the gold they mined. But the gold-miners of California, the ‘Forty-niners’ and their successors, had no such theory. The gold they mined was their own, to be held in absolute possession.

And Californians, coming to Mexico, have brought with them, whether consciously or unconsciously, their own juridical theory of wealth extracted from the ground, and, in their own minds, have applied it to Mexican oil. They are persuaded that what they extract is their own absolute property, to have and to hold. They do not realize the logical force, the historical ground, of the juridical theory native to Mexico.

As a nation, we can hardly ask Mexico to revise her historic view and to rewrite her Constitution to suit us. That

would be the kind of mistake, the kind of failure in urbanity, which we are rather prone to make. We are too prone to assume that we and our theories are of necessity superior; too prone to forget the long past of Mexico, which had its fine cities and, among other things, its beautifully printed books, like the great Aztec-Spanish Dictionary, sixty or seventy years before the historic landing of the Pilgrims or the foundation of the colony at Jamestown. And this forgetfulness does harm.

A happy solution, fair to both sides, can be reached. And the first step toward reaching it is a clear recognition of the different points of view, the difference of legal theory underlying the dispute.

II

There is a second danger-point, a second possible bone of contention, in Lower California; although the danger here has been greatly reduced within the last few weeks by the prudent and well-advised abdication of Cantú, so long the autocrat of the northern district of the peninsula.

One may suggest the danger by recalling a name applied to this region by one of the writers best informed as to its character and history: ‘the Mother of California.’ This name has ample historical justification. From the peninsula came to what is now our California, not only the name, but also the great industries of our Golden West. To the first religious missionaries, the followers of Ignatius Loyola, of Dominic, of Francis of Assisi, who planted gardens of European fruits, grapes, oranges, and olives, by the mission wells and rivulets of the long peninsula, our California owes its fame as a fruit garden; while the large cattle-industry of the Pacific coast has its origin in the wisdom and selfless energy of a noble Jesuit, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino,

who carried out his work a century and a half earlier, between the years 1687 and 1711.

Not only a great religious movement, very beneficent in its operation, but the germs of a great commercial movement, fostered originally for the sake of the missions, spread from Lower to Upper California, recording itself in the names of saints, which extend from Santa Barbara to San Francisco. I wonder how many of the present dwellers by the Golden Gate remember that their patron is the marvelous religious genius of Assisi, the author of the Cantic of the Sun.

This close relation between the two Californias, together with the almost complete physical isolation of the peninsula from Mexico, is just the point of danger. For a long series of years, there has been at least the germ of a movement on the Pacific coast looking to the annexation of Lower California to the United States. The argument has been the close relation, historical and natural, between them: if Upper California belongs to us, why not Lower California also? If the 'daughter' is ours, why not the 'mother' also? And, for a while, this danger was concentrated in the person of Esteban Cantú, whose relations with many people of influence in Los Angeles and the Imperial Valley region were peculiarly close.

The immediate danger has now been removed; and it is more than likely that its recognition at Mexico City was one cause of the removal of the able governor of the northern district by the government of President de la Huerta.

But the ultimate danger remains. There are wonderfully rich and almost untouched natural resources in Lower California. It is not merely the wild and torrid cactus waste that we picture to ourselves. It already has flourishing

towns and highly developed mines, with scores of known mining-sites, offering gold and silver and precious stones, copper, iron, and much more. But, further than that, I am convinced that it has a great agricultural development before it, when its present somewhat meagre water-supply is more fully conserved, and when artesian wells are systematically drilled. What irrigation can do in that marvelous soil and climate is already shown in the Imperial Valley. This veritable nature's garden is supplied with water from the lower reaches of the Colorado River, which are diverted from a point in Mexican territory northward into our own California, where Mexicali on the Mexican side, and Calexico in the Golden State confront each other across the international boundary. It results that the northern half of the Imperial Valley, within our boundaries, is absolutely dependent on Mexico for its water-supply. And this is the kind of fact which supplies fuel to the annexationists.

But I am persuaded that even more wonderful results will be accomplished by artesian drilling. Anyone who has seen the artificial fountains of New Mexico, bringing splendid fertility to a region naturally a desert, knows what magical transformations artesian wells can bring about; and it takes no great imagination to picture the same fertility extended to Sonora across the international frontier, to much of arid Northern Mexico, and to Lower California also. I commend the idea of irrigation on a large scale to the government of President Obregón.

Something has already been said of the large benefits brought to many thousands of 'Indians' about Tampico and Tuxpam by the oil-industry. The same thing, in another department, may be said of Lower California. At Santa Rosalia, about half-way down the coast of the Gulf of Pearls, you will

find a modern French city, equipped with electric lights and telephones, with wharves and warehouses, with well-laid-out streets and enlightened civic methods, which has grown up with the great group of copper mines known as El Boleo. The natives of the district, and many who have crossed the Gulf from Sonora, have greatly profited by this modern industry, just as in the oil districts, though the source of Santa Rosalia's culture is French, not American.

There is, then, the temptation to annex Lower California, which has existed more or less since the days of Filibuster Walker, who tried it in 1854. But any such temptation we should resolutely reject in the name of our national honor. We should make it clear to the Mexican government that we do not covet this Naboth's Vineyard; that the spoliation of Mexico by the United States, as they regard it, is a closed chapter of history.

III

So far, we have been concerned with only one of the Two Mexicos: the Mexico of the ruling class, with Spanish as its legal speech. There remains the other Mexico: the Mexico of the many aboriginal races and tongues, whose wide diversity in character and gifts we conceal under the general name of Indians — a name which is completely misleading as regards their ethnical affinities.

But it happens that, for my present purpose, the name Indian, with its suggestion of India, carries two thoughts on which I wish to dwell.

The first of these refers to their government. And the principle which I should like to see practically applied to them is the principle which, in India, has been successful to a degree never seen before in the world's history.

To begin with the question of lan-

guage. The government of India officially recognizes nearly a hundred different languages, among which English itself stands about thirtieth as regards the number who speak it. And this recognition is not a formal thing: it is exceedingly practical. The members of the Covenanted Civil Service, as soon as they have passed their first examination and are assigned to the different provinces, are forthwith set to study the more important languages of these provinces, such as Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Uriya, Tamil, and Telugu. Many take up, as an additional study, one of the classical tongues, Sanskrit, Arabic, or Persian.

And it is not a question of a superficial knowledge, like an English school-boy's knowledge of French. It is a question of reading, writing, and speaking the modern tongues, with a considerable degree of fluency and accuracy. And, after reaching India, the same process is continued. There are periodical examinations in both the spoken and the older tongues, and promotion depends on passing these examinations. Nor is one set merely to read printed books in Bengali or Telugu or Hindi: the examination is based rather on actual documents which have come up in the ordinary business of government, on petitions and contracts and so forth. And the oral examination is practical in the highest degree. I well remember, on a sultry day of the hot season, being confronted with a somewhat perturbed peasant of one of the villages of Murshidabad, and being invited by the native judge who was conducting the examination to 'talk to him about his family.' It happened that at that early date I knew only the book words for son and daughter, so the conversation did not flow. But the point was brought home.

I should like to see the same thoroughness applied to the ten or twelve

millions in Mexico who know no Spanish, and will, in all likelihood, never know any Spanish. Their languages are difficult — let us grant that; but so are Burmese and Malayalam. Yet the men who are charged with administrative work in the regions where these are spoken, can read and write and talk Malayalam and Burmese in a way to bring them into intimate touch with the natives, and intimate understanding of them.

And now I come to my second point. The foundation of the study of Sanskrit was laid by members of the Indian Civil Service, men holding just such positions as I have described. Think for a moment what it has meant to the science of Language, to the study of Comparative Religion, to Philosophy, that the secrets of that splendid tongue, with its superb literature, have been revealed.

There may not be, among the aborigines of Mexico, anything to compare with the *Upanishads*, with the life of Prince Siddhartha; nevertheless, there is much that strongly suggests them. In an earlier article, I said something about the *Popol Vuh*, the ancient Scripture of the Guatemalans, which, at least in its earlier chapters, so strongly suggests the Puranas of India. But it happens that, in another part of Mexico, namely in the high Sierras which form the backbone of Western Mexico, there is something which has an even closer analogy with the hymns of the *Rig Veda*.

Karl Lumholtz, the Norwegian explorer, who has a knowledge of some of the less-known parts of Mexico which is without rival, and who has a real genius for throwing himself into the life of these remote peoples and gaining their sympathy, has put on record, in one of his wonderful books, a series of hymns addressed to the very deities of the *Rig Veda* — the Sun-God, the Rain-

God, Father Heaven and Mother Earth, — which cannot fail to recall to anyone who is familiar with them the earlier Vedic hymns. So we have, in the mountains of Western Mexico, in the twentieth century, what is to all intents and purposes the Vedic religion, with its hymns and ceremonial, still in active operation. Surely there is interest in that. It is still possible to learn, from the priests of this archaic ceremonial, hymns strongly resembling those that our Aryan kinsmen chanted among the tributaries of the Upper Indus, heaven only knows how many millenniums ago.

I have spoken before of the great Aztec-Spanish Dictionary, finely printed in Mexico City about the year of Shakespeare's birth. But this is only one among many records of the early Mexican languages which is easily accessible to-day. The text of the *Popol Vuh* is another, this time in the Quiché tongue. Speaking generally, we owe these linguistic monuments to the zeal and scholarship of missionaries and members of the religious orders; for while zealots of one type destroyed much, equally zealous men of a better type preserved much. And the result is that we have in Mexico the records of a religious culture of high interest and value.

As regards Mexico, we have in the front of our minds the ghastly picture of human sacrifices, as they were celebrated by the priest of the Aztecs; and I think that what we know of them gives ample moral justification for the conquest by Cortez. But these sacrifices had been in existence only a few generations, and as the ritual of a conquering race. They are not characteristic of all Mexico, nor of any long period. Behind them, in the background, and especially in the region of the Mayas and Quichés, one finds many traces of a far more spiritual religion; and the deeply interesting fact is, that

this older and perhaps primeval worship seems still to survive among the remoter tribes; to survive with a spirit and a ceremonial which vividly suggest the *Rig Veda*.

And this earlier religion seems to have cherished very genuine virtues, which the religious orders, Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans, bear eloquent testimony to. They found a very real fervor and devotion, and they found, as one can find in the remoter regions to-day, veneration of Father Heaven, Mother Earth, and the Morning Star regarded as the Divine Son, these three deities being represented by three crosses, which are still set up before the houses of many aboriginal Mexicans in the mountains. They found also a rite of baptism, with veneration of 'holy water.'

All of which brings me to my practical point. Here are ten or twelve millions, of widely differing races and tongues. Would it not be wise to apply to them principles of government that have not yet been tried there, though they have been splendidly successful elsewhere? Begin by setting the administrators really to study their tongues — gaining, not the smattering which one finds, for example, in Oklahoma, in the so-called interpreters on whom we depend in talking to the older men among, let us say, the Southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes; but gaining a real mastery, such as makes it possi-

ble to enter into the heart and feelings, the aspirations and sympathies, the intimate nature of these neglected children of the Father. From understanding and sympathy, more of justice would follow; and they have, hitherto, had but scant justice.

The traders of the East India Company began by studying the languages of India, purely for commercial ends. When destiny forced them into administrative relations with the peoples of India, they went deeper, and set themselves really to master the Indian tongues. As a result, they stumbled on the splendid Sanskrit literature, which is still, after more than a century, enriching the world.

Once a beginning is made in Mexico, like secrets may be disclosed, for our common enriching; civilizations may be uncovered that will fill blank pages in history; race-affinities may come to light that will solve many ethnic enigmas; light may be shed on many dark places in the history of religions. But, best of all, by advancing along the path of genuine understanding, more of justice, more of compassion may be brought into the lives of these lowly races who have had scant compassion and practically no justice at all.

Here, then, it seems to me, we have the problems of the Two Mexicos. In each case, the key is sympathy, insight, a truer understanding, more of that charity which seeketh not its own.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

COMMENTS BY ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS

YES, the Grundy family next door is having another tantrum. The elders have been screaming out of the second-story windows for a considerable period, till at last little Johnnie Grundy rises from his mud-pies and screams back at them to stick their silly heads inside and finish their knitting. All immensely edifying to the neighbors — of whose existence the Grundys are, of course, totally unaware. But though our loud-shouting fellow citizens in the big house do not know us, we, the neighbors, do exist; and we are especially numerous among readers of the *Atlantic*. It is not unnatural, then, that a few whispered comments should break upon the momentary silence which follows little Johnnie's well-chosen words.

These Grundys are undoubtedly a problem. In our most unsympathetic mood we find them inexpressibly funny, with their frantic, anxious, yet uniformly successful attempts at educating the young saphead to resemble the old bonehead. At times they are merely maddening, as when their dying struggle against hypocrisy splashes mud all over everything. Occasionally they get to be an acute menace, and come very near wrecking the world entirely; for it is the Grundys who preach and worship sanctity of property, and doctrines that have just killed some millions of people.

A while ago I saw a youthful member of our own family who cast a great light on the problem by a 'recapitulation' of adolescent Grunditude. This youngster, aged three, lay kicking on the floor and yelled at the top of his

voice, 'I'm *not* a baby, I'm a GREAT BIG MAN!' Little Johnnie's highly pertinent comments on his elders are but cleverly elaborated expansions of the same idea. These two qualities of the undeveloped human — a tendency to become frantic and a total unconsciousness of his own absurdity — are, normally, conspicuous only during the first dozen years of life; by the time he has reached maturity, a healthy person has usually discovered that he is personally a fit object of mirth, and might as well enjoy it.

The Grundys, however, are people whose development has been arrested. Like other backward strains in the race, they represent a more primitive ethnic type, persisting by survival or reversion in a cultural environment which demands a higher evolutionary product. The lack of a sense of humor characteristic of all true Grundys, old or young, is only one obvious symptom of a far-reaching defect of development. It is part of a sort of delusion of grandeur, involving a conviction of knowledge of Life and of personal rightness and authority. Whether it is the philosophic Fitz solemnly assuring the world that he knows himself (and is therefore in full possession and control of the *omphalos* of the universe), or some older Grundy insisting upon the necessity of an orthodox creed, or the Wild Young Un who is so busy selling wallpaper or equally valuable oil stocks that he has to snatch his rosebuds between ten P.M. and four in the morning — all the tribe of Grundy have in common this solemn childlike sense of their own importance. Whether round-eyed and innocent, or dirtily naughty, or bully-

ingly authoritative, they are all more or less grown-up children in a children's world. It is only in the last few thousand years, of course, that the world has become too complex for the Grundys. During the long childhood of the race their spirit was in full control. Conformity was the first duty of man, and he conformed or was eliminated. Since the time when the nonconformist got out of hand, and began the long upward struggle toward civilization, the more ancient strain has had an unhappy history; but it has never been destroyed or put entirely out of power. Through all the generations it has handed down to posterity the categorical imperative with its clan-destine consequences, and the creed of the Fathers with its accompanying insincerities, and the code of the gentleman upheld by the double standard and the conspiracy of silence. Latterly the Grundy plan of salvation has been more than usually disastrous. Their conception of patriotism was carried to its logical conclusion by the obedient Germans, who followed the flag to a bad end. Before, during, and since that catastrophe, Grundyized Christianity has been adding its own modest contribution to the pile of victims. Some sort of religion, it is fair to say, is indispensable to any sane life; there are plenty of people of my acquaintance, Americans and Europeans, who have thrown their religion overboard because someone had attached it to a creed that had to go.

Whether it was the war, or the denaturing of Christianity by so many centuries of orthodoxy, or only our old friend Zeitgeist, something has certainly made the young Grundys more than ordinarily unruly. There is no sign of their leaving the family. How often a gay young débutante will say to a neighborly bystander: 'We're raising Cain all right, but just wait till the next generation tries anything like this

on us!' It is part of their frankness to recognize the mature Grundihood awaiting them; but meanwhile they insist on what seems to them a new order of things. They are all for open high jinks openly arrived at. Instead of the folly and conventionality of their ancestors, they will substitute folly without conventionality, and so bring in the dawn of a new age. With tremors of joy they dip into Freud and discover the self-regarding instincts and the newly risen Aphrodite. The reason they are not impressed with that other instinct, of adjustment to reality, is quite simple. The arrest of development to which the Grundy strain owes its origin has occurred just before the functional maturity of this very instinct.

Obviously, then, for us neighbors to preach to the folks next door would be wasted energy. We can rescue such of their victims as are within reach, and do our bit toward undermining the Grundy influence where we can. But mostly we shall be usefully occupied in fortifying ourselves against any contagion from their side of the fence. In a mad and devastated world our accidental sanity and equally accidental good-fortune are sufficiently evident. We have healthy children, our wives (one each) enjoy our society, we don't thirst for anybody's blood, and we are able to laugh joyfully at ourselves and everybody else. We suffer from various things, and we have some of us been shot at by Germans and bitten by cooties; but from time to time the sun does shine on us. We are not optimists, for the world is infested with Grundys, and they have without doubt already made a wonderful mess of it. But we do know a few cheerful facts to shelter us from the cold winds. The number of people who are fairly adjusted to reality is encouraging. Wherever we go there are more sane, vividly alive personalities than we can find time to

enjoy: at least, we are not a tiny remnant fighting with our backs to the wall; but part of an increasingly large minority. Though we can't answer all the riddles of life, or avoid being often foolish and sometimes unrighteous, yet we can and do make a reasonable success of the job of living. The love of God is no dogma to us; we know plenty of people who have it in them. The joy of friendship is more real to us than clothes or money; and love, as we know, is more than poor old prurient Freud ever heard of.

While the neighbors, then, fight over the conflict of old conventions and new follies, we may as well hold the fort, and take what comfort we can in the joy of life, true friendship, true love, and happy laughter. It would be a fine thing to save the world, if we could; but evolution is too slow to allow us much hope of Utopia for a while. Still, at least we may find and enjoy the large red strawberries which — all Grundys to the contrary notwithstanding — do grow in the woods for those who know where to look.

STONES

Democritus, in the 154th Fragment of his *Golden Sayings*, says, 'In matters of great weight, go to school with the animals. Learn spinning and weaving from the spider, architecture from the swallow, singing from the swan and the nightingale.'

This is the sort of advice our forefathers were always wont to give. When they saw a sluggard, they sent him to the ant; when they saw a popinjay, they sent him to the worm; when they saw a buffoon, they sent him to the cow; when they saw a fool, they sent him to the owl. All animate nature took on special characters; peacocks were vain, foxes were cunning, bears were ugly, dogs were lazy, sheep were stupid,

oxen were patient, cats were sly, serpents were wise. We began to live in an endless La Fontaine fable. Not even the plants were exempt from this strange psychology, and violets seemed modest, lilies pure, roses passionate, and snowdrops brave.

But how curious it is that we should have confined our lyric encomiums to the animate kingdoms. Living though they be, they are not one half so full of lovable qualities as the realm that is considered cold and stern — the mineral.

We have all had kittens and puppies for playmates. Mr. Hudson prefers a pig. Gautier — or was it Gérard de Nerval? — tenderly led a lobster through the boulevards of Paris. Isabella nursed her pot of basil; Louise her geranium. Life began, according to the Hebraic legend, in a garden, and it was an apple tree with whose fruit was seriously involved the destiny of the human race.

But how substanceless was that demand. We have tried to make friends with living things, and to no end. They really have very little use for us. We cajole them with food, we kill them with kindness, and we never understand them. Leave these pets but a day, and they will return to the wild. Even plants care nothing for us in a profound way. As soon as we cease our gracious ministrations, they revert to a jungle.

Nothing is so depressing as to walk in the country and see the animals flee at one's approach. Even the fish scuttle away as soon as man's shadow darkens the water. The lumbering cattle shuffle off. The rabbits prefer a semblance of death to the chance of making our acquaintance. The birds whirl up from the grasses in flocks and fly as far off as possible.

I look forward to the time when man shall himself turn from this social climbing into families which want none

of him, and look lovingly and with self-respect to those things which most deserve his attention — the stones.

For stones are not the dead and sombre creatures which tradition has made them. They are, on the contrary, as charming in their way as the most demonstrative of God's works. But their charm consists in a dogged persistence in being themselves. They do not flatter us by assuming our manners; they neither beg, nor roll over, nor pray, nor do they follow us to school and business. They pretend to be nothing other than they are — quiet, trustworthy, conservative, sensible beings, who know their limitations and never overstep them. They are the most perfect exemplification of the Greek caution, 'Nothing in excess.'

Most pets are noisy. They are forever whimpering or barking, squealing, miaowing, grunting, chirping, neighing, whistling, chattering, mooing. They are not reticent. When a dog would leave the room, he cries and scratches at the door. When a cat has foolishly run up the window-curtains and involved herself in the pulls and strings, she immediately begins to whine and wail, until her master has rescued her. When a parrot has foolishly flown out of his cage to the top of an elm tree, he must needs call and swear and yawp and scream until ladders and ropes are produced — at which time he coolly flies back. When a hen lays an egg, she cackles. When a duck begins to swim, she quacks. Our dumb friends? Show me one that is dumb, and I shall compose an Horatian ode to his memory. It is only the rocks that are dumb. In spite of Shakespeare and his sermons in stones, they preserve the silence of Nirvanah. They emit no sound. A rock will lie meditating in its corner, without ostentation, attracting notice, but not soliciting it.

Living pets are, moreover, bound to

fail their masters at some time or other. It is a proverb among horsemen that no horse can be trusted indefinitely. Some day he will balk, some day he will shy, some day he will throw his master. So too the wilder and more interesting animals must be watched incessantly: the lion-tamer never enters the cage without his pistol.

In this connection let me note my friend, a boy named Roland, who had a little kid. He loved the beast devotedly, and apparently his devotion was returned. But one day, the animal, grown to a goat, maliciously projected his master into the barn-door because Roland had quite properly refused him permission to eat a deck of playing-cards.

Roland became rather bitter after this, and expressed opinions about the world which, for a boy of eleven, were too accurate to be optimistic. I noticed his blighted face and patched trousers and worried the story out of him. By turning his interest toward stones, I saved him from a melancholy youth. He soon grew so fond of pebbles and rocks that they overflowed from his chamber to the hallways and stairs. Indeed, he became so enthusiastic about his new pets, that his father's residence took on the look of a petrological museum. To be sure, I gained nothing in popularity in the hearts of Roland's family after this move; for, as the head of the house remarked, all they needed was some snow to make the ascent to the attic seem like that of Mont Blanc. But all reformers expect ridicule. And Roland's choice was in principle, if not in practice, justified.

For he found he could trust his friends. They were reliable. And he was but rediscovering what the race has known for ages. From the days of Moses and the Decalogue, all important documents have been committed to stone. There were stone tablets be-

fore the Temple of Delphi. There was the Creation Tablet of Nineveh and the Calendar Stone of the Aztecs. These preserved for coming generations the immutable truths of the time. Such was the faith of our ancestors in stones that they never dreamed of intrusting important ideas to any other material.

Stones are by their very nature conservative. And in an age like ours, what is more needed than a good instrument of conservation? At this time, when every flurry of change sends us flying hither and yon like bits of down, we lack an example of steadiness and resolution.

Now, a stone, above all, knows its place in the universe. When thrown into the air, it returns with the least possible fuss to its natural position—the earth. It has none of the girlish hesitancy of the falling leaf, which floats on any breeze that will carry it farther away from its goal. The stone stays put; it does not seek disturbance; it remains in its niche until it is rolled out by the mighty forces of erosion.

But, one will say, stones have no souls. How lamentable an objection! And how easily is it refuted! For everyone knows that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or, as the sages sing, 'Ex nihilo nihil fit.' Now any schoolboy — whether Macaulayan or not — knows the story of the early rulers of Thessaly, Deucalion and Pyrrha, who alone, with Noah and his family, Tem and the crew of his boat, Utnapishtim and his household, Vivasvata the seventh Manu, Yima, Michabo and his muskrat, the spirit of the tree Ule, Marerewana and his followers, the Corn-men of Hurakan, were the sole survivors of the Deluge. He knows that, when ordered to repopulate the stricken earth by casting the bones of their ancestors over their shoulders, they did not search the flooded cemeteries, but picked up white pebbles from

the ground before their feet and threw them as directed, averting their eyes lest they profane the sacred metamorphosis. Had there been no soul in those shining pebbles, there would have been none in the race they generated. It is a choice between them and us.

Is further proof needed of the psychological nature of stones?

Stones, then, possess souls and should, were the right given its proper place in the universe, become close members of our households. It is only because we have grown further and further away from the stock which gave us birth that we have come to look down on them. I plead that the family open its doors to our primeval forebears, and as Abraham entertained the angels, entertain these humbler messengers of an older truth. They are not parvenus; they are the aristocrats of creation. And for that reason alone they should share man's estate.

The stones alone are coeval with man; legend permits no denial of this fact, unless one forsake classical sources and take refuge in Asia Minor. And even there the stone was not without honor, however degraded its cult had become. No, it is inferior animate nature which man should shun, and learn his lessons from the rocks. These worn-out allegories of peacocks, ants, and grasshoppers, these pathetic fallacies of rose and lily, would then give way to a more sturdy and enduring creed of life, founded and protected by the great mineral kingdom, which befriends us, but never seeks to dominate.

'ONLY BILL AND ME DOES IT'

We had earned a long vacation. It had been a hard year; for conscience, keen to help in reconstruction after the war, devised burdens and prolonged hours. Results were disappointing. Body and mind cried for a rest; and,

indeed, forethought in the winter had warned us to save, and to make the most of a month in summer.

Where should we go? Long before the turf on the terraces of my acre invited the lawn-mower, we contemplated maps of the Atlantic coast. The middle zone was best for sea-bathing, and we discovered a small hotel, with its own beach, remote from undesirables as well as from fashion. Yes, we could spend a month there, and I could relieve the possible tedium of a hotel by sailing and fishing. An old clientele, safe, sane, and highly respectable, assured the right companionship for the little one. So that was settled.

All but engaging the rooms. We were idling about the fringe of the garden, enjoying the sunset, when my eye caught sight of a dark pool of water. Where could it come from? The discovery led me to philosophize about the uncertainty of living in a village miles from the city, and in a house built in the second year of the Civil War. With no sewer, the ancient receptacle, forgotten under its stone slab, had filled up and demanded attention. I knew the villagers like a book. There was none prepared, mechanically, or even intellectually, for meeting this imperious need. It was not a subject that I could present for neighborly assistance. I was enmeshed in a set of those conditions in which the victim must mysteriously fly to the unknown, and consult pundits outside the pale of business or profession.

In the city my plumber raised his eyebrows: had he been a continental European, he would have shrugged his shoulders. If one will live in the country, he must take his medicine. No, no one did that sort of work now. A battered loafer in the office-chair was not so certain: Mike Hamblin might do it.

Where did Mike live? Plumber and

loafer exchanged glances. 'You might find him at Cobb's Livery Stable.'

The livery stable was far from the centre of things, across unpaved streets and down malodorous alleys. A surly man, with nothing to do, sat stolidly through my appeal. But Mike's brother, happening in, promised to take the word.

Next morning Mike and a man appeared. They both looked tired, and inspected conditions without interest. They then withdrew to the shade, and sat down. They talked in a low tone. Finally, after losing patience, I went over and asked their decision. They would do the job, and named their 'price.' I had heard that my old professor had been getting a hundred dollars a day for his technical skill, but here was skill, which I felt to be highly technical, asking twice that sum. Even granting that Mike and his partner had a special training compared with which my accomplishments as a philosopher seemed feeble, and in this *impasse*, irrational, I could not be a party to profiteering, and I split the sum in two. Again the men sought the shade, and debated.

They accepted my terms. Later in the day, when we were expecting guests, they returned. A wagon had been lengthened to accommodate twelve whiskey barrels. This they drove across the tender turf, and began their labors. People were coming and going, and a child's birthday party was being danced and played through on the lawn; but the two strange men and their barrels were not to escape unnoticed. The wagon had looked suspiciously aged to me, and when they stopped, before a rise in the driveway, I saw that the hub of one wheel was out of plane with the rim. The men whipped up the horses, the wheel dished, spokes fell out, and the wagon-bed, with its freight, settled to the ground. Emotion in those men

found outlet commonly in profanity. But with little girls about, — the collapse had put a stop to a dance, — even these night-prowlers could not swear. I believe, slightly less hardened, they could have cried with vexation and anger.

Mike stood looking at the spokeless hub. 'I kind of hate to leave all this here over Sunday,' he finally said.

I agreed that dispatch was desirable. He looked round at the wondering children, and unhitched the horses. Later in the day he returned with two wagons. Long after dark, so tired that he could hardly get into his buggy, he settled himself for the long drive home.

'Only Bill and me does it, 'n' it's hard work. We hed to bury a horse las' night — called up at one o'clock — fourteen miles down in the country — hard work.' He folded the check mechanically, and drove off.

He took away two weeks of our seashore. Yet I felt a kind of revelation no resort could have inspired. I had plumbed the depths of one kind of human labor. Physical exhaustion, such as I had known nothing about, had completed that service; mental revulsion, such as I could not contemplate, must have accompanied that labor. What compensation could the man have, other than money? 'Only Bill and me does it'! What can money possibly bring to men so set apart from the normal life and labor of a community? I knew that I could not evade this question at the seashore. I knew that, while gazing at the surf, laced with the moon's rays, and conscious of other lights and music within the hotel, I would still feel the intensity of this impression. 'Only Bill and me does it.'

Necessary, exhausting, hateful, or even disagreeable labor — I cannot be-

grudge them what little comfort the workers of the world may find in a sense of solidarity in misery, or distress, or fatigue such as we who write or read these lines know nothing about. It was no anarchist, no pre-Bolshevist, who raised the toast, 'Die Sacheder Armen!' Rather, a great-hearted man, who had lived so close to the elemental forces of society as to know that money is an ironical token for some kinds of labor, and no release from poverty of soul.

In the social degradation, in the physical exhaustion, in the hopeless abasement of his solitary labors, the man who cleaned my cesspool did more than render a service and go off with my dollars. In modes of thought unfit for leisure by a summer sea, he made me think of all penalties exacted and bargains made respectable by business. If I regard the man and his labors symbolically, I am sentimental only as the case has rural limitations. Labor so repulsive or exhausting that fewer and fewer people care to do it may one day cease to be; or it will be done on the laborer's terms; or — by a reversion stimulating to the imagination — by society itself. Certainly, for many women, the last condition is actually upon us. Already independence of a laboring class has brought rewards. Intelligence, and an unemotional objectivity such as only education — breeding perhaps — can give, transform repellent labor to a kind of art. The kitchen becomes laboratory and studio.

For men, the work of the world offers new adventure and challenge. Among my books, studious of the records of the past, I envy a colleague whose vacation is devoted to moving freight under a broiling sun in the railway yards. And I do not think of the seashore with regret.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Alice G. Masaryk, daughter of Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, now President for life of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, wrote these letters to her mother from the prison in Vienna where she was held as hostage for her father, who was outside the jurisdiction of the Austrian government. The comments in brackets are translations from an account of their prison experiences given the editor by Reta Kotikova, to whose cell Miss Masaryk happened by chance to be allocated. For nine months, A. G. M. and Kotikova were cell-mates — an experience which developed a deep and lasting friendship. After being released, A. G. M. wrote to Kotikova regularly, giving her news of the world and encouragement to keep up her spirits. These letters were recently published in Prague (in May, 1920). Miss Kotikova is at present acting as private secretary to Miss Masaryk in the office of the Czecho-Slovak Red Cross.

* * *

Charles Bernard Nordhoff is still 'strolling' in the South Seas, whence he sends us this characteristically delightful version of the story told him by his friend. **Sisley Huddleston**, an English journalist of high professional standing, represented the *Westminster Gazette* at the Peace Conference. His striking paper, 'The Menace of the World,' in the *Atlantic* for May last, will be remembered. **Viola I. Paradise** sends this, her first contribution to the *Atlantic*, from New York City. The story is based upon an actual occurrence.

* * *

Harriet Smith, having enlisted in the Red Cross for war-service abroad, was awaiting the call when the Armistice was signed. Thereafter, she gladly accepted an invitation to join a Red Cross unit being formed to accompany the Near East Relief Commission to Asiatic Turkey. She writes, —

Thus did it happen that, in addition to carrying relief to the starving refugees of the terrible

massacre and drive of the Armenian nation in 1915, after all, I got nearer to the battlefield than many who had gone to France; for in the war of the Turks upon the French Army of Occupation, a part and aftermath of the Great War, I was in the first-line trenches, as it were, for our house formed an outpost of French defense, occupied for nearly two months by a garrison of twenty to thirty soldiers, and for those two months we were continually, night and day, under rifle- and shell-fire, and the object of many direct attacks.

After a brief stay at Prinkipo (famous as the seat of the convention which did not convene), and a tour of duty at Derindje, Konia, and Aleppo, Miss Smith arrived at Urfa, in Upper Mesopotamia, and reported to Miss Caroline Holmes of the American Orphanage, 'where I was to have supervision of the health of a thousand children. This, before the war, was the Orphanage erected and presided over by Corinne Shattuck of Boston, whose name is still honored and revered throughout that part of Turkey, by Moslem and Christian.'

Urfa [she says] is a national battleground, and has been so for ages, for here Turk, Kurd, and Arab meet. It is an independent *sanjak*, owing allegiance only to Constantinople, and all three races covet it, so that every now and then the 'kings of earth go forth to war, and on their prowess rests the fate of Urfa and its hundreds of bee-hive mud villages scattered over the adjoining plain of Hassan, where Jacob served for Rebecca so many years ago.

The Mr. Weeden frequently mentioned in the narrative will be recognized as Charles F. Weeden, Jr., author of the spirited but very brief account of the same siege of Urfa, which we printed in September.

* * *

Olive Tilford Dargan, after her delightful interlude of story-telling in the Carolina mountains, returns to the form of expression that we associate instinctively with her name. **Cornelia James Cannon** is the wife of Walter B. Cannon, Professor of Physiology at Harvard. **Nathaniel Wright Stephenson** is Professor of History at the College of Charleston, South Carolina. He con-

tributed 'The Confederacy Fifty Years After' to the *Atlantic* for June, 1919.

* * *

People are still interested in manners! Who would have thought it? Yet it is so; the publication of the Grundy Family papers in the *Atlantic* has brought about a literal avalanche of replies, assents, rebuttals, rejoinders, and simple expletives. We should like to follow these pleasing divagations further, but there are other subjects on the carpet, and to the débutante author of the present letter we give a woman's privilege of the last word. That it is prettily and sensibly said, we hope our readers will generally agree. **H. C. Kittredge** is one of the masters at St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., where, it is interesting to remember, his father, Professor George Lyman Kittredge, preceded him a generation ago. **Gamaliel Bradford**, as *Atlantic* readers will like to know, is bringing out this season two volumes of poetry — one, a dramatic story in verse, *A Prophet of Joy*, issued by Houghton Mifflin Company; the other, a volume of poems, *Shadow Verses*, bearing the imprint of the Yale University Press. **Gretchen O. Warren** (Mrs. Fiske Warren), poet and lover of the Classics, lives in Boston. **John Irwin Bright**, a newcomer to the *Atlantic's* pages, is an architect of Philadelphia.

* * *

Albert Kinross, novelist and essayist, throughout the war saw service of the most varied sort. During the Mesopotamian Campaign Captain Kinross was attached to the Commissariat, and as the army lived largely off the country, he had unusual opportunities for intercourse with the civilian population. **Leo Pasvolsky**, a Russian journalist and writer, but of liberal and anti-Bolshevist sympathies, is one of the group of literary *émigrés* whom the turn of affairs in Russia after the second revolution has driven into temporary exile. Until recently he was associated with Vladimir Burtzeff, editor of an anti-Bolshevist newspaper in Paris and staff-writer for *Victoire*; but he is now residing in this country. **Melvin T. Copeland** is Assistant Professor of Marketing and Director of the Bureau of Business Research at Harvard University. **Charles Johnston**, whose experience in the British

Indian Civil Service has heretofore borne fruit for readers of the *Atlantic* in a number of interesting sketches, has made a long and detailed study of conditions in Mexico.

* * *

It is with very deep satisfaction that we are privileged to tell our readers — this time on indubitable information — that Madame Ponafidine is still living. From more than one source, rumors of her death, only too plausible, reached us; but now we know that she is living, though under most difficult circumstances. Her blind husband, worn out with suffering and privation, died last year. Certain other particulars we have learned, but for the present, on Madame Ponafidine's account, it seems prudent to add nothing to this statement.

* * *

An aspirant to the *Atlantic's* pages, to whom the chill comfort of a note of rejection was recently administered, approaches us again thus pleasantly: —

Howdy, Mistah Editors.
Ain' you-alls ter home?
I keeps a-rappin' at yer do'
Ter let yer see a pome.

Don' you take no verses
In de speech ob nigger folks?
En does you feel too biggetty
Fer li'l' songs en jokes?

Dese kin' en frien'ly wo'ds er yone
Des tickles me ter def —
Ez ef I'd drempt a happy dream
Erbouten me, mahsef.

So I'll des keep a-rappin', boss —
Hit sho'ly hain't no sin —
In hopes dat bimeby you-alls 'll
Ax me ter come in.

L. A. G.

* * *

THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Having noticed the pleasure the *Atlantic* takes in hearing its praises sung, I wonder if this tribute I heard this summer has ever been reported.

At a tiny resort on the Maine coast, when summer ended, a visitor took the discarded magazines to the lighthouse keeper. As his eyes fell upon the pile, he exclaimed, —

'I'm glad to see the *Atlantic*.'

With some surprise his caller asked if he liked to read it.

'Why, you see,' he replied, 'it just fits my knees when I paint the steps.'

Who loves a dog will love these lines,
though strange or thrice familiar.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder if *Atlantic* readers, who have read and appreciated 'Peter,' know Bishop Doane's beautiful lines? At the risk of being gratuitously redundant I append them: —

I am quite sure he thinks that I am God —
Since He is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that His bounty sends —
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To turn to God I know and own; his eye,
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God his wise corrections sends.
He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;
And from me never crumb or sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail;
And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear,
He is content and quiet if I'm near;
Secure that my protection will prevail;
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

Yours truly,

FRANK W. CREIGHTON.

* * *

Nature, the 'Whimsical Goddess' of Mr. Herbert Ravenel Sass (see August *Atlantic*), has an appreciative devotee in Vancouver, who sends us this curious instance of her crotchets.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was engaged on a warm afternoon hosing some flower-beds in my garden. One was a bed recently seeded, over which, a foot above the ground, I had suspended a wire screen covered with ferns, to protect the seedlings from the searching August sun. While I was spraying this bed, a hummingbird, a constant visitor, buzzed up to the spot and at once appeared to be greatly exercised over the phenomenon of an isolated shower under a bright sun and a cloudless blue sky. He floated over and around it, up and down repeatedly, and finally came within three feet and peered at me most intently for a few seconds. Returning to his investigation of the spray, he gradually approached it until a few of the outer drops of water touched him, when he at once floated back from the stream. Hesitating for a moment or two, as if uncertain whether he enjoyed the sensation, he once more, with an air of purpose, moved into the spraying water. This time he went well into the stream.

Not yet sure that he enjoyed the shower-bath, he again backed out, hesitated a moment or two, and again venturing with more confidence into the spray, he poised a moment right in the centre of it, then, slowly sinking, came to rest on the fern-covered screen on which I was playing the water. With his beak turned upward and the water running down over his back, he rested for perhaps thirty seconds; then, slowly rising, he

soared over to a clump of raspberry bushes, and alighting on a broad leaf, he rolled and shrugged himself over its surface, for all the world like a dog coming out of the water and rolling and drying itself on the grass; then, rustling out his wings and preening his feathers a little, he flew off.

I was so greatly interested in this extraordinary performance that I called my wife and daughter to tell them of it, and while so doing, was amazed to see the little fellow return to repeat the experience. This time there was no 'September Morn' hesitancy. He sailed right into the showering water and once again settled down on the screen. He rested perhaps a minute or more under the spray, his little head lifted upward, his wings half-spread, palpitating gently to let the water run beneath them, his whole attitude indicating a high degree of enjoyment and satisfaction. Presently he rose straight through the drenching spray, his emerald body gleaming and glistening like a polished jewel, and away he flashed, doubtless thinking more highly of himself because of his unusual and heroic toilet proceedings.

I have seen sparrows and robins come to take a bath when I have been hosing the lawn, but always outside the range of the spray, in some hollow where the water had gathered.

I never before saw a hummingbird alight on a flat surface or on anything which it could not grasp with its feet, and never until this occasion saw one take a bath under any condition.

Now, what moved this mite to a course so unusual? His movements at first certainly indicated a great deal of interest in the hosing, but what led him to such an extraordinary performance as he gave us, I confess I am at a loss to suggest. Was he a little more generously endowed with initiative and individuality than all the others in ten thousand, or was it just a freakish bit of playfulness for the enjoyment of this dainty atom of life, one of her creatures, on the part of that versatile lady, the Whimsical Goddess? Who can tell?

Yours truly,

G. F. GIBSON.

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Were we to give up, not only this department, but the whole *Atlantic*, to the repercussion of the Grundy debate, it would be totally inadequate to contain the noise thereof. All we can do is, from the mass of correspondence, to select one or two notes by way of ultimate conclusion and definitive comment.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Like the welcome thunderstorm which cleared the atmosphere a week ago comes this short, sharp article from John F. Carter, Jr., 'One of Them.' After all the beating about the bush and pussy-footing comes a statement, straight and clean, drying up the humidity of this controversy.

Have n't I sat at luncheon-tables and heard mothers of the present generation inveighing against their own young! and have n't I sat at dinner-tables and shared the extravagance and

delighted in that very beauty and simplicity, which was, in truth, but the flower of a hypocritical prudishness which does not fool Mr. Carter! And do I not know that, now, to enjoy full-heartedly my own generation, as I do, I must blind myself, as I do, to our complacent folly! Vain, idle, kindly, conscientious, well-meaning, blind, or clear-seeing and cynical, whatever our part, good or bad, we *did* make and are responsible for this Thing we have handed the younger generation; and fond of it as we may be, fooled by it as we may have been, how we can deny our responsibility for it, passes my comprehension. And yet that bland casting off of all accountability for the present state of affairs is what I hear on almost all sides. We raise our voices against labor, but have respect for traditional idleness; and damn Germans and youth, but deny all responsibility for the war and the times. Yet, somehow, we did let this poor-quality youth suffer the war and win it, while we, for the most part, vain and frivolous, amused ourselves with it. Deny it as we may, that is what we did in our spick-and-span uniforms, with our activities and our drives. For most of us enjoyed ourselves as never before, seriously deceiving ourselves as to the present, and taking no thought for the morrow. Many a time have I heard the phrase, 'My dear, I have no time to think, or read anything but the papers,' and yet it does seem as if bandage-rolling might have offered time for thought as well as for gossip.

And as for this talk of the 'decay of religion,' to my mind religion either is or is n't, like truth or diamonds, but does n't decay. No, the fault can't be foisted off onto the decay of religion, even if at their moment of greatest opportunity the priests of religion preached salvation by canon, while we in the congregation sang that in the Cross *alone* we conquered.

No, even though we did n't mean it, we have been a vain, foolish, self-satisfied lot, sowing where we would not reap, taking our eating and drinking, facing nothing half so grim as dying, but hoping, like Mr. Britling, somehow to muddle through, and that our children would not 'go a-thinking,' but would be a credit to us, in both senses of the word. Well, thank Heaven, they are, in the best sense, at least, with their high adventure and their dazed eyes, their scanty clothes, their free talk, and their unabated courage, facing a world we would have shrunk from into safe and sound investments, marriages, or charities.

Now, I am not 'telling on' my own generation, which I love and enjoy, and in many cases reverence, just for the fun of it; nor because of an inherent censoriousness; I really do not care what flowery path of dalliance my friends choose, so long as they do not, by some strange, anachronistic logic, when they find their destination, place the responsibility for it on babes and infants still unborn when the choice was made. I simply could n't stand it another minute, this shirking of responsibility, for I have nephews and nieces of my own, being (and I hope Mr. Carter may eat his words) sincerely yours,

A MAIDEN AUNT.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

After rereading the 1920 characteristic views of one of a younger generation, I could think of nothing but a scene at the breakfast-table, when an over-indulged only son slouched into the room, exclaiming, 'Everyone in this house is an Old Grouch! Papa is an Old Grouch! Mamma is an Old Grouch! Auntie Kate is an Old Grouch.' Thus rewarding the efforts of over an hour to get him to school on time.

My generation did *not* teach the three R's — religion, respect, and reverence; and unless the 'younger generation' comes to some realization of the need, we shall never revert to the fineness of the ones who are spared seeing our failure.

A[NOTHER] MAIDEN AUNT.

And here is one last disrespectful word.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is absurd for me to waste your time, instead of Mr. Carter's, with this letter, but one must occasionally throw a sop to the growling Grundys, — a concession a month, like the Boy Scout's daily good deed, — since, after all, we wild young people would never have had our generation had they not gone before us. I want merely to thank Mr. Carter for his article — we've laughed and nodded our heads over it, and read it and quoted it to our elders ever since it appeared. Most of us have been too busy, not only to explain ourselves, but even to formulate in our minds the explanations of our misconduct. What with wars in Europe, bombs in Wall Street, and a League of Nations to fight for, we simply have n't had time.

But the feminine of us chortled in our joy, and almost called, 'Come to our arms, our beamish boy,' at the 'mist of muslin, flannels, tennis, bicycles, Tennyson, Browning, and the Blue Danube waltz.' My mother is of the Grundy generation, but not of the tribe; and although sometimes she feels it her duty to remark the growing shortness of skirts, she also remembers the stockings that girls wore — Grundy girls, too — beneath their sweeping dresses back in 1890 or so. It seems that they were demurely black almost to the knee, and then — But perhaps the Grundy boys who stood about on rainy days will remember the flashes of green and of scarlet.

Of course, I am not justifying our conduct because of the lapses of the older generation. Far from it. Personally, I think we've improved. To cite Mrs. Gerould's fable of the old-fashioned maiden in the movies, I'll agree with her that we rarely — if ever — slap the young man who kisses us. We differ from the maiden's generation in that we do not permit him to kiss us unless we want him to — and then, why the silly form of a gentle slap? I'll wager that we're kissed no more often than were our mothers and aunts — and we save the energy they put into slapping for the work they've bequeathed us.

But I'm not planning to add to Mr. Carter's explanation of us — there's no need. I want merely to thank him, under the chaperonage of the *Atlantic* editors, for his splendid article, and to lay my gratitude at the feet of those same editors for putting it before the Grundys.